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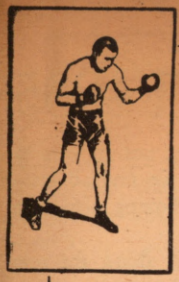

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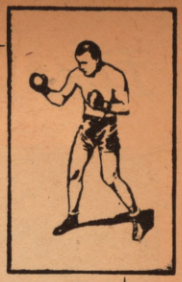

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

"Fights That Are Naturals," is a topic that every promoter, matchmaker, manager, fighter and fight fan are interested in as the New Year starts. Following a plan outlined by "The Ring" Editor four years ago whereby in each March issue, following up our annual rating of boxers, we have had some outstanding matchmaker select the fights which he deems would be the outstanding contests for the year, we have this year asked Tom McArdle, matchmaker for the Twentieth Century Club, to be our guest writer. Last year we had Nate and Jimmy Johnston tackle the story and the year before Jimmy Johnston and the first year, Jack Dempsey.

McArdle's choices are the fistic attractions that hold the spotlight and which he thinks can be arranged by the leading clubs of the country, The Twentieth Century, Madison Square Garden of New York and Boston, the Stadium in Chicago and the Olympia of Detroit. His matches will afford an opportunity for considerable discussion among the fight fans. Don't fail to get the issue.

George Bothner, America's most famous wrestling referee, who as the lightweight champion of the world, tackled the cream of the talent in every division including heavyweights, has another interesting story on "Youssouf the Great" in the March issue in his reminiscences, "Forty Years with the Wrestlers." You'll like it.

These in addition to special articles by Bob Edgren, Ed W. Smith, Daniel M. Daniel, George T. Pardy, T. W. McNiel, Eddie Borden and Nat Fleischer.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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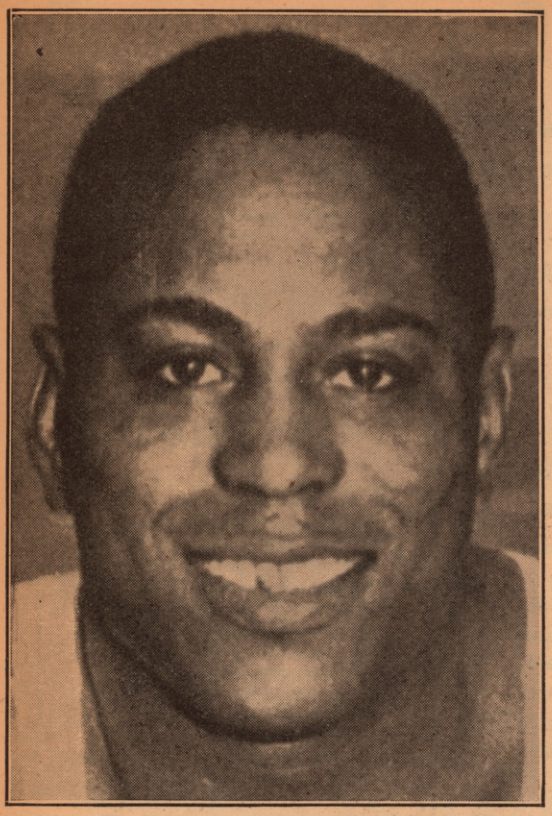
The RING'S Ranking of Boxers for 1935



John Henry Lewis, No. 1 man among light-heavyweights.

ANOTHER year has gone into boxing history. And THE RING feels that it was a year of tremendous importance, international interest, far-reaching reactions and vast activity. It was a year which sent the game back on the high road to impressive recovery from the combination of financial depression and mistakes of those inside the sport.

There is no sense in dodging the issue or joshing ourselves. The most insidious, the most dangerous enemies of boxing have been not the bluenoses and reformers, not the well-meaning but misguided old ladies of the Moral and Order Societies, not the foes from without, but the terrible breakers-down on the inside. The most serious threats to boxing always have come from within. These forces still are present. They are being broken down, but have not disappeared.

The most threatening of these various influences is politics. Boxing and politics have been mixed together from away back. The day they are divorced, that day will boxing become emancipated. In the meantime, the bodies which are entrusted with the work of protecting boxing and the public are doing a job which has mixed blessings, and mixed results.

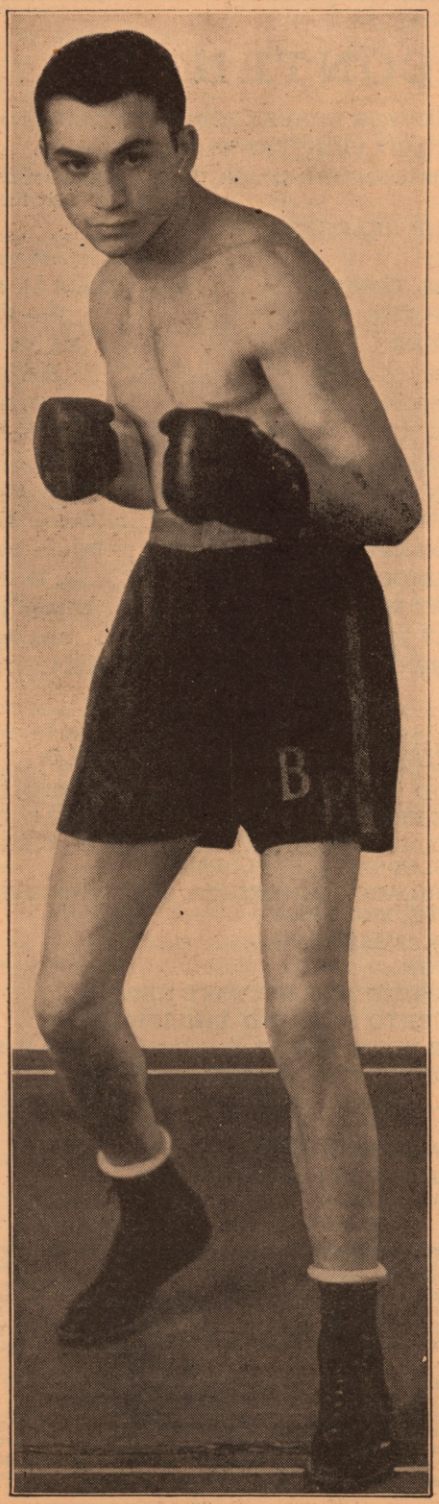
The talk about getting a national Czar for boxing is foolish because in certain states, like New York, rule by any other body but the New York Commission, is taboo by law.

IN some of our states, the boxing commissions are not performing the job for which they were created. The day we find all commissions sane and on the level, that day will boxing achieve a plane of safety from disorder and malevolent influence.

In this connection let us say that THE RING, standing alone, the sole survivor of many international publications devoted to the game, intends to remain a Vigilante Committee and hammer and hack away at every baleful and baneful influence.

* * *

THE year 1935 opened in doubt and closed in glory. It came in and discovered boxing trying to recover, but finding the circumstances which it had believed adequate, unable to help it accomplish the big result. Max Baer, for one, failed the game. In 1934, Max looked strong enough to work out the salvation of the sport. But 1935 found the Californian dawdling. He was like Nero of old, who fiddled and wisecracked while Rome burned.



Barney Ross, who heads the welters.

But 1935 saw the star of Baer go from the zenith to the nadir, and Joe Louis develop into the new Moses, to lead boxing out of the wilderness.

To this Negro from Detroit, who, during the year, knocked out Primo Carnera in six rounds, and Baer in four, goes the outstanding position in fisticuffs for 1935.

To Louis, born Joseph Louis Barrow on an Alabama cotton plantation, goes the honor of being not only No. 1 in the boxing ranking of the world for the past year, but the No. 1 man in beneficent influences, in rousing the game out of torpor, in making the world boxing conscious, in lifting the financial side of the sport back to that high prosperity which is indicated by the return of the Million Dollar Gate.

Before entering into a discussion of the various ratings, the writer would like to trace the history of this annual work which THE RING now presents for the eleventh time.

It was in 1925 that the Publisher of THE RING conceived the idea of making an annual ranking of the boxers of the world.

The assistance of Tex Rickard was obtained, and for the first time in the history of the sport, this magazine issued the ratings of the boxers, based on what they actually had accomplished in the year previous. This scheme still governs the rat-

Topped by Dynamic JOE LOUIS

Brown Bomber Stands Out as Most Vital Fighter of Year, Even Though Jim Braddock Gained Heavyweight Title

By NAT FLEISCHER

ings. They are based not on what the compiler thinks the fighters can do, but on what they really have done.

* * *

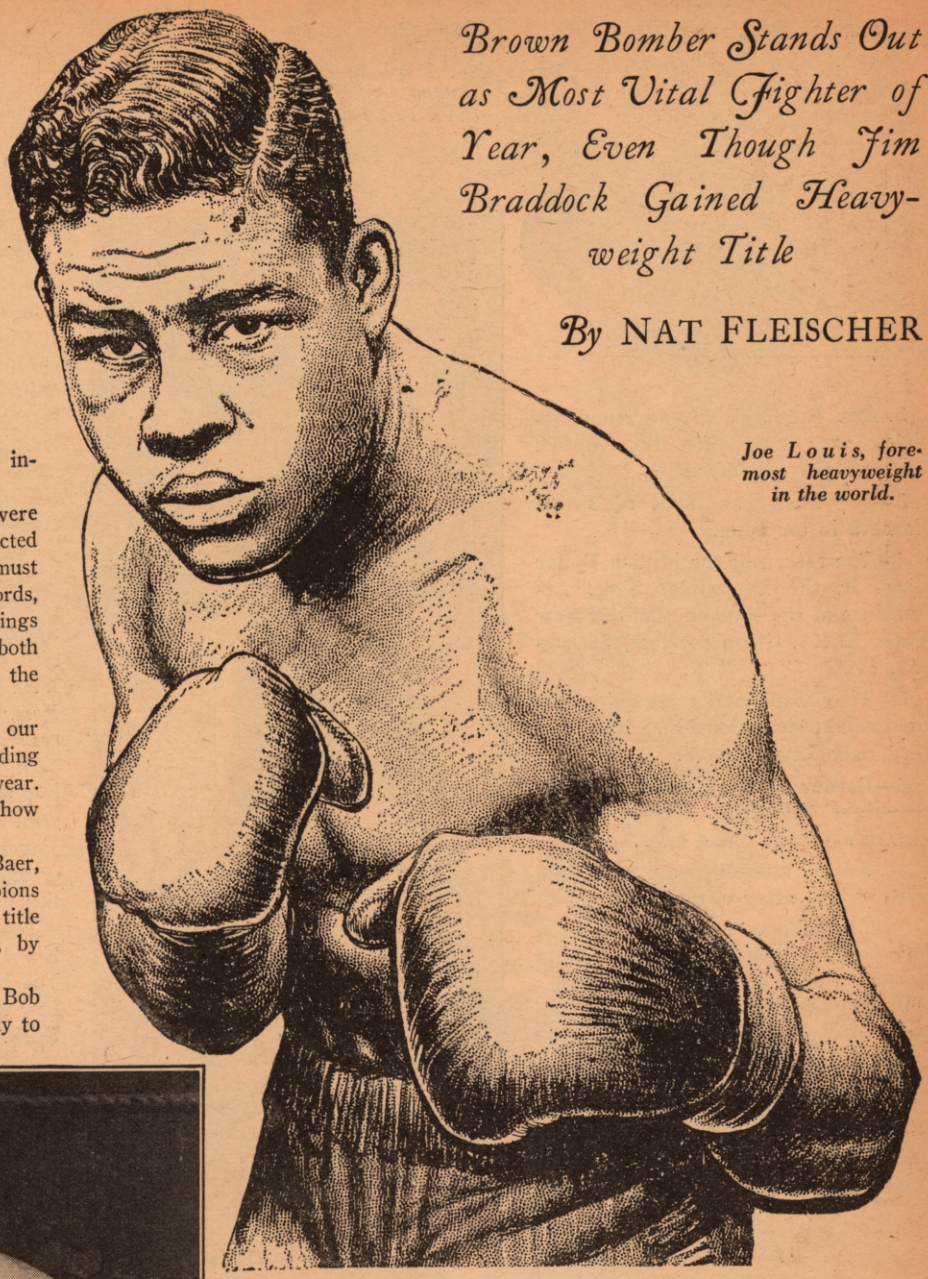
AFTER the death of Rickard, Jack Dempsey assisted THE RING in the annual ratings. Jimmy Johnston and others later helped, too. But the Publisher of this magazine discovered that the most accurate job, with the highest justice to all concerned—and the greatest respect for the ratings—could be obtained only if he himself did the work. This lifted the rankings out of the sphere of possible professional influence or bias.

The rankings of THE RING soon were imitated. But ratings must be respected universally to be recognized. They must be backed by accuracy, complete records, expert appraisal. As a result, the rankings of THE RING now stand alone, both physically and in the estimation of the boxing clientele of the world.

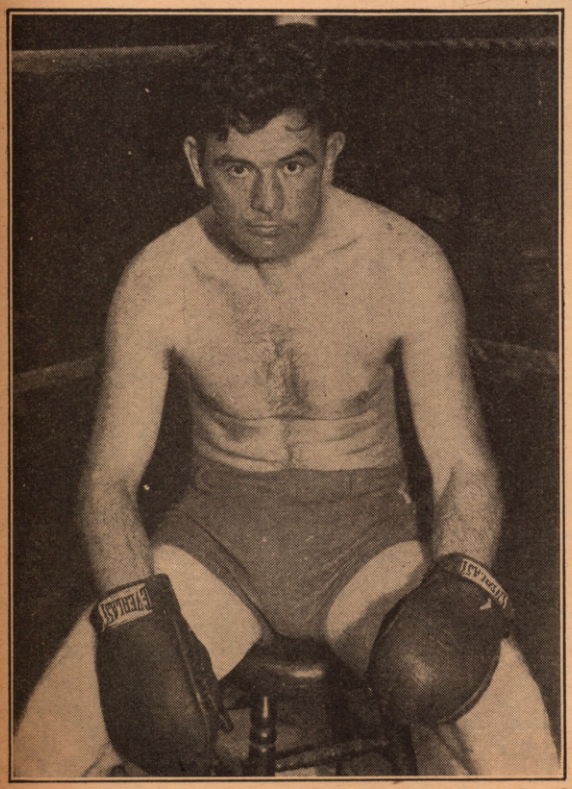
Before entering into the details of our 1935 ratings, let us note the outstanding developments in boxing this past year. Let us see how the titles were held, how they changed hands.

In the heavyweight division, Max Baer, one of the most disappointing champions in the history of the game, lost the title to Jim Braddock in fifteen rounds, by decision, in New York.

Among the light-heavyweights, Bob Olin deposed Maxie Rosenbloom, only to lose the title himself to John Henry Lewis, Negro.



Joe Louis, foremost heavyweight in the world.



Jimmy Braddock, who, although champion, is placed next to Louis

The middleweight championship of the world remained with Marcel Thil, the bald-headed Frenchman, for the third year.

Passing into the welterweight class, we find that Barney Ross regained the laurels from Jimmy McLarnin.

In the lightweight section, Ross turned in his title because he had become too heavy. An elimination resulted in Tony Canzoneri gaining the championship with a decisive victory over Lew Ambers.

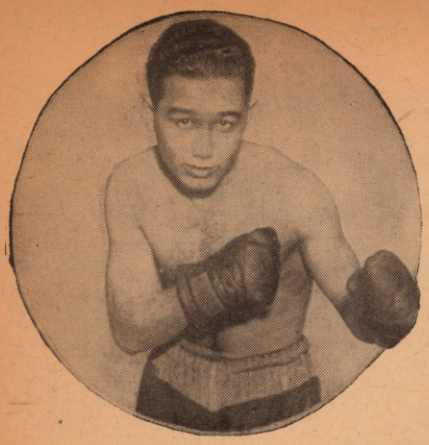
Freddy Miller held the featherweight laurels, but the bantamweight title passed to Balcazar Sanchelli of Spain, who took it from a faded Al Brown. Small Montana took the flyweight championship from Midget Wolgast—at least THE RING is satisfied that Montana rightfully earned the world crown.

As you analyze these results and go over the list of champions, you find that it was a grand year for American fighters, who hold six of the eight world titles, the lone exceptions being Thil and Sanchelli.

* * *

LISTING the ten outstanding developments in the field of boxing during the year 1935, we find these worthy of rating in the order named:

1—Joe Louis' knockout of Max Baer in four rounds.



Sixto Escobar, who is rated in Group No. 1 among the bantams with Sanchelli and Salica.

2—Jim Bradock's fifteen round decision over Baer, for the world's heavyweight championship.

3—Joe Louis' knockout of Primo Carnera in six rounds.

4—The return of the Million Dollar Gate. In the Louis-Baer fight. Attendance at the Yankee Stadium, New York, 83,462. Gross receipts, $1,000,-852.

5—Tony Canzoneri's regaining the lightweight championship, with a victory over Lew Ambers.

6—Barney Ross' regaining the welterweight title from Jimmy McLarnin, in a fifteen round fight.

7—Freddy Miller's grand campaign, with victory after victory in Europe.

8—The collapse of Art Lasky as a heavyweight contender, with defeats by Ford Smith and Charley Retzlaff.

9—The Max Schmeling comeback, with his nine round victory over Steve Hamas, and his fifteen round success against Paulino.

10—The infusion of new blood in all classes, with greater interest in the lighter divisions, which had fallen by the wayside during depression.

* * *

HAVING established the general thesis, and noted the main developments of a fine year, let us go into detailed discussion of the leaders, and the whys and the wherefores.

The big man of 1935, of course, was Louis. In the short space of two years, this former worker in a Detroit automobile plant came up into national prominence. With his triumph over Carnera, he gained international recognition. By his short bout with Baer, the Brown Bomber, who is of Chickasaw Indian blood, became the outstanding contender for the world championship.

It is not our purpose here to go into any technical discussion of Louis or his abilities, or to debate his true place among the great fighters of the last generation. It is not our intent to debate his relative merits, his chances against Braddock. All we are concerned with is that during 1935, Joe Louis became the Number One man of world pugilism.

It is interesting, in this connection, to note that Louis is rated No. 1, in a class by himself,—king of the heavyweights.

This means that the world champion, Braddock, is relegated to the No. 2 spot in our ranking. THE RING thereby is not creating a precedent. It has been moved to relegate other heavyweight title holders to subordinate places in its annual ratings.

Behind Braddock we find Primo Carnera and Max Schmeling in the third category, rated on a parity. A year ago this ranking sang the praises of Baer, hailed his rise to the title over Carnera as a most salutary development for boxing, and one promising the most glorious things in the future.

But in 1935, Baer fell down on himself, he fell down on boxing and American sport in general, and he fell down hardest on his pals, those who stood by him, because they knew his real ability and realized that the Baer who licked Carnera and Schmeling was a fighter worth while.

* * *

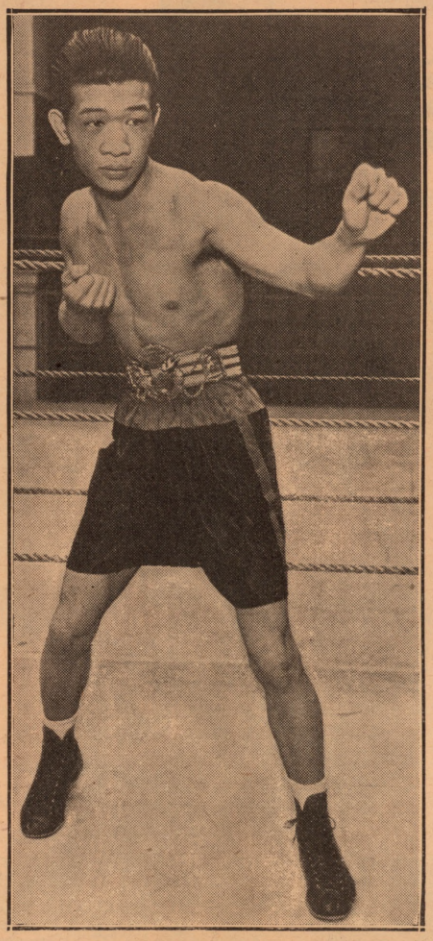
LET us leave Louis and the other heavies behind for a while and talk about the light-heavyweights. John Henry Lewis, the champion,—is ranked No. 1. Maxie Rosenbloom is No. 2.

Rosenbloom had a good year, despite his clowning. But the fact remains he lost to Olin and Olin lost to Lewis. The division became excited over Al McCoy of Canada, but his defeat by Jack McAvoy of England indicated that we may look for foreign contention of a serious nature in this division this coming year.

In the middleweight class, the No. 1 rating goes to Marcel Thil of France, the perennial champion. Freddy Steele of Seattle, who punched Vince Dundee into retirement, is our No. 2 man.

Among the welters, we rank Barney Ross, the champion, No. 1, with three fighters sharing the No. 2 niche—Van Klaveren, Jack Carroll and Jimmy McLarnin. The last named had only one fight this past year. And he lost that one, with Ross. But Jimmy did so well in it that the writer is prompted to keep him high in the classification despite his inactivity.

Tony Canzoneri stands all alone in the No. 1 rating in the lightweight division. The No. 2 berth is shared among three—Lew Ambers, Wesley Ramey, and Frankie Klick.

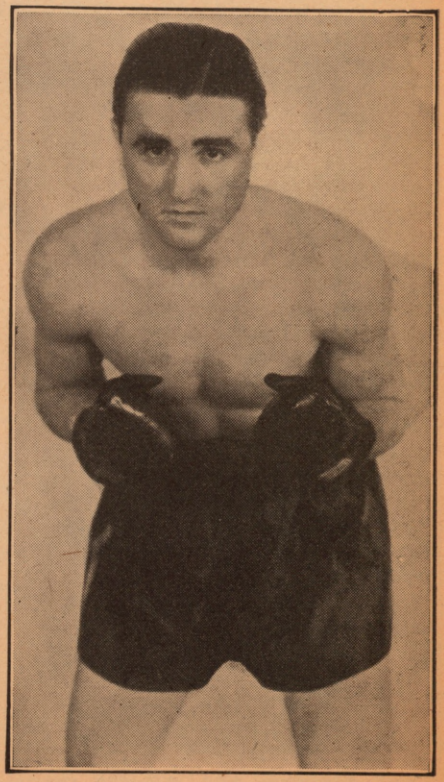


Small Montana, who, with Benny Lynch, occupies Group No. 1 among flyweights.

Freddy Miller is the No. 1 man among the featherweights. Behind him, on a parity in the No. 2 spot, are Maurice Holtzer of France, Baby Arizmendi, and Henry Armstrong.

Now we arrive at the bantamweight class. Balcasar Sangchelli of Spain, the champion, is not accorded the No. 1 spot all to himself. We ask him to split the distinction with Sixto Escobar of Puerto Rico, and Louis Salica of New York.

And now for the flyweights. Benny



Lou Salica, who occupies a high place among bantamweights

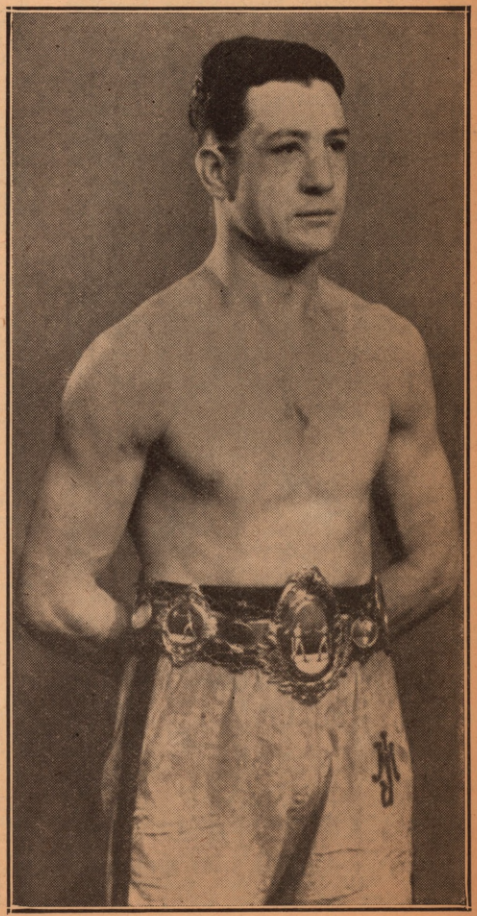
Marcel Thil, ranked by himself top man of the middleweights.

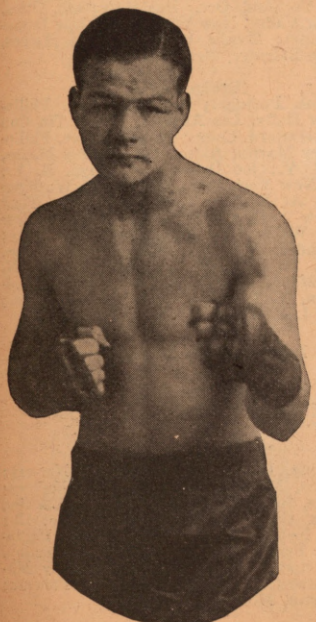
Tony Canzoneri, one of the year's outstanding fighters, rated by himself among the lightweights.

Lynch of Scotland deserves the top place all to his lonesome. The No. 2 rating is accorded to Small Montana. Montana rates recognition as the world title-holder, as he beat Wolgast, yet on the basis of their 1935 fights, Lynch gets the call over Montana as our No. 1 man.

As we go to press, we are in receipt of word from Balcazar Sangchelli informing us that he will make the trip to the States and that he is anxious to meet Escobar and Salica to prove his right to the world crown. Sangchelli and Brown weighed in at less than one hundred and eighteen pounds, the limit in the bantamweight class.

Jock McAvoy, who heads Group No. 2 of light-heavyweights.





Freddie Miller, world champion featherweight, who is in a class by himself.

Jackie Brown, No. 1 man in Group No. 2 of flyweights.

How Boxers *of the* World *are* Grouped *by* "The Ring" for 1935

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Heavyweight Division

(Group 1)
Joe Louis, Detroit, Mich.

(Group 2)
Jimmy Braddock, Jersey City, N. J.

(Group 3)
1—Max Schmeling, Germany.
2—Primo Carnera, Italy.

(Group 4)
Tommy Loughran, Philadelphia, Pa.; Max Baer, Oakland, Calif.; Hank Hankinson, Akron, Ohio; Charley Retzlaff, Duluth, Minn.; Buddy Baer, Oakland, Calif.; Walter Neusel, Germany; Ray Impellitiere, Cold Springs, N. Y.; Eddie Mader, New York City; Al Ettore, Philadelphia, Pa.; Ford Smith, Kalispell, Mont. Paulino Uzcudun, Spain.

(Group 5)
Abie Feldman, Schenectady, N. Y.; Patsy Perroni, Canton, Ohio; Johnny Risko, Cleveland, Ohio; Steve Hamas, Passaic, N. J.; Art Lasky, Minneapolis, Minn.; King Levinsky, Chicago, Ill.; Charley Massare, East Monongahela, Pa.; Natie Brown, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lorenzo Pack, Chicago, Ill.; Roy Lazer, Paterson, N. J.; Tiger Jack Fox, Spokane, Wash.; Tony Galento, Orange, N. J.; Larry Gains, Toronto, Canada; Isadoro Gastanaga, Spain; Marty Gallagher, Washington, D. C.; Arturo Godoy, South America; Hank Bath, Fort Morgan, Colorado.

(Group 6)
Al Delaney, Buffalo, N. Y.; Jack Peterson, England; Obie Walker, Georgia; Don McCorkindale, South Africa; Buck Everett, Gary Ind.; Pierre Charles, Belgium; Leroy Haynes, Los Angeles, Calif.; Eddie Simms, Cleveland, Ohio; Joe Lipps, Charleston, S. C.; Eddie Hogan, Waterbury, Conn.; Jorge Brescia, Argentina; Max Marek, Chicago, Ill.; Bob Pastor, New York City; Steve Dudas, Jersey City, N. J.; Unknown Winston, Hartford, Conn.; Bob Tow, Washington, D. C.; Big Boy Brackey, Buffalo, N. Y.; Eddie Houghton, Philadelphia, Pa.; Adolph Wiater, Green Bay, Wisc.; Bob Moody, Syracuse, N. Y.; Tony Cancela, Tampa, Fla.; Artie Sykes, Chicago, Ill.; Young Firpo, Pocatello, Idaho; Willie Reddish, Philadelphia, Pa.; Babe Hunt, Ponca City, Okla.; Eddie Wenstob, Toronto, Canada; Jack Doyle, England; Yustin Sirutis, New York City; Lew Poster, New York City; Butch Rogers, Los Angeles, Calif.; Al Boros, Bridgeport, Conn.; Art Budman, Milton, Pa.; Terry Mitchell, New York City.

Light-Heavyweight Division

(Group 1)
1—John Henry Lewis, Phoenix, Ariz.
2—Maxey Rosenbloom, New York City.

(Group 2)
1—Jock McAvoy, England.
2—Al McCoy, Waterville, Maine.
3—Bob Olin, New York City.
4—Ambrose Palmer, Australia.

(Group 3)
Tony Shucco, Boston, Mass.; Joe Knight, Daytona Beach, Fla.; Adolf Heuser, Germany; Al Gainer, New Haven, Conn.; Fred Lenhart, Seattle, Wash.; Len Harvey, England; Jack Gibbons, St. Paul, Minn.; Leo Kelly, San Francisco, Calif.; Ray Actis, San Francisco, Calif.; Tait Littman, Milwaukee, Wisc.; Bob Godwin, Georgia; Frank Rowsey, Los Angeles, Calif.; Adolph Witt, Germany; Ron Richards, Australia; Charley Coates, Akron, Ohio.

(Group 4)
Red Burman, Baltimore, Md.; Phil Brubaker, Dinuba, Calif.; George Simpson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Leroy Brown, Charleston, S. C.; Tiger Warrington, Nova Scotia; Nathan Mann, New Haven, Conn.; John Anderson, Sweden; Mickey Walker, Elizabeth, N. J.; Emilio Martinez, Denver, Colo.; Johnny Miler, Alba, Iowa; Billy Ketchell, Millville, N. J.; Mickey Dugan, Cleveland, Ohio; George Nichols, Buffalo, N. Y.; Sammy Slaughter, Terre Haute, Ind.; Nick Masters, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Middleweight Division

(Group 1)
Marcel Thil, France.

(Group 2)
1—Freddy Steele, Tacoma, Wash.
2—Lou Brouillard, Worcester, Mass.
3—Babe Risko, Syracuse, N. Y.
4—Frank Battaglia, Winnipeg, Canada.

(Group 3)
Paul Pirrone, Cleveland, Ohio; Erich Seelig, Germany; Teddy Yarosz, East Liverpool, Ohio; Young Corbett, San Francisco, Calif.; Fred Henneberry, Australia; Vince Dundee, Newark, N. J.; Gorilla Jones, Akron, Ohio; Oscar Rankins, Los Angeles, Calif.; Ken Overlin, Norfolk, Va.; Fred Apostoli, San Francisco, Calif.; Young Stuhley, Chicago, Ill.; Johnny Rossi, Worcester, Mass.; Al Quaill, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Young Terry, Trenton, N. J.; Solly Krieger, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mark Hough, New York City; Kid Tunero, Cuba; Gustave Roth, Belgium; Carmelo Candel, France; Tiny Polando, Italy.

(Group 4)
Tommy King, Fall River, Mass.; Carmen Barth, Cleveland, Ohio; Lou Halper, Newark, N. J.; Frank Goosby, San Francisco, Calif.; Alabama Kid, Dover, Ohio; Gene Stanley, Chicago, Ill.; Babe Marino, San Francisco, Calif.; Swede Berglund, San Diego, Calif.; Joe Smallwood, Wilmington, Dela.; Tommy Freeman, Hot Springs, Ark.; Allen Matthews, St. Louis, Mo.; Al Diamond, Paterson, N. J.; Red Affinito, New York City; Gus Lesnovich, Jersey City, N. J.; Tommy Rios, Wilmington, Dela.; Jimmy Smith, Philadelphia, Pa.; Jackie Aldare, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Tony Brescia, New York City; Solly Dukelsky, Chicago, Ill.; Marty Sampson, New York City; Hooky Jackson, Providence, R. I.; Mickey Bottone, Newark, N. J.; Harry Balsamo, New York City; Don La Rue, Los Angeles, Calif.; Christy Lewis, Phoenix, Ariz.; Jimmy Belmont, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Tony Fisher, Newark, N. J.

Welterweight Division

(Group 1)
Barney Ross, Chicago, Ill.

(Group 2)
1—Bep Van Klaveren, Holland.
2—Jack Carroll, Australia.
3—Jimmy McLarnin, Vancouver, B. C.

(Group 3)
Ceferino Garcia, Philippines; Jack Portney, Baltimore, Md.; Harry Dublinksy, Chicago, Ill.; Eddie Kid Wolfe, Memphis, Tenn.; Kid Azteca, Mexico; Cleto Locatelli, Italy; Young Peter Jackson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Al Manfredo, San Francisco, Calif.; Jimmy Leto, Hartford, Conn.; Joe Bernal, San Francisco, Calif.; Leon Zorrita, Los Angeles, Calif.; Bobby Pacho, Los Angeles, Calif.; George Salvatore, Boston, Mass.; Izzy Jannazzo, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Teddy Loder, New York City; Wildcat O'Connor, Carbondale, Pa.; Tony Falco, Philadelphia, Pa.; Gordon Wallace, Vancouver, B. C.; Andy Callahan, Lawrence, Mass.

(Group 4)
Andy Jesserun, New York City; Mickey Serrian, Syracuse, N. Y.; Joe Rossi, New York City; Mickey Makar, Bayonne, N. J.; Tiger Burns, Memphis, Tenn.; Johnny Jadick, Philadelphia, Pa.; Cocoa Kid, New Haven, Conn.; Tracey Cox, Indianapolis, Ind.; Sonny Jones, Vancouver, B. C.; Billy Hogan, Pierpont, N. Y.; Jackie Davis, Cleveland, Ohio; Frankie Britt, Fall River, Mass.; George Gibbs, Philadelphia, Pa.; Werther Arcelli, Boston, Mass.; Mickey Duris, Johnstown, Pa.; Maxie Strub, Erie, Pa.; Leonard Bennett, Seattle, Wash.; Steve Haliako, Auburn, N. Y.; Al Romero, Los Angeles, Calif.; Sammy O'Dell, Akron, Ohio; Chuck Woods, Detroit, Mich.; Billy Celebron, Rockford, Ill.; Al Traino, Rochester, N. Y.; Frankie Genovese, Toronto, Canada; Murray Brandt, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frankie Hughes, Clinton, Ind.; Joey Speigal, Uniontown, Pa.; Joe Pennino, New York City; Fritzie Zivic, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Buckey Jones, Elizabeth, N. J.; Phil Furr, Washington, D. C.; Emil Calcagni, Cresskill, N. Y.; Ray Napolitano, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sid Silas, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frank Sagilio, Chicago, Ill.; Chief Paris, Dallas, Texas; Tony Herrera, Fort Worth, Texas; Al Casimini, New York City; Jimmy Murray, New York City; Billy McMahon, New York City; Sammy Meadows, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Tony Roccaforte, San Francisco, Calif.; Gege Gravante, Los Angeles, Calif.; Petey Gulotta, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lightweight Division

(Group 1)
Tony Canzoneri

(Group 2)
1—Lou Ambers, Herkimer, N. Y.
2—Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids, Mich.
3—Frankie Klick, San Francisco, Calif.

(Group 3)
Leo Rodak, Chicago, Ill.; Pedro Montanez, Porto Rico; Al Roth, New York City; Laurie Stevens, South Africa; Joe Ghnouly, St. Louis, Mo.; Harry Mizler, England; Jackie Kid Berg, England; Joey Ferrando, Jersey City, N. J.; Eddie Cool, Philadelphia, Pa.; Tony Morgano, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lew Feldman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Lew Massey, Philadelphia, Pa.; Benny Bass, Philadelphia, Pa.; Ralph Hurtado, Panama; Leonard Del Genio, New York City; Norment Quarles, Norfolk, Va.; Charley Gomer, Baltimore, Md.; Holman Williams, Detroit, Mich.; Chino Alvarez, Savannah, Ga.; Jimmy Christy, Chicago, Ill.; Aldo Spoldi, Italy; Tiger Humery, France.

(Group 4)
Lou Lombardi, Jersey City, N. J.; Johnny Craven, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harry Serody, Philadelphia, Pa.; Davey Abad, Panama; Abie Wasserman, New York City; Davey Day, Chicago, Ill.; Eddie Zivic, Pittsburgh, Pa.; George Hansford, Los Angeles, Calif.; Henry Woods, Seattle, Wash.; Cecil Payne, Louisville, Ky.; Jimmy Stewart, England; Jimmy Walsh, England; Honey Mellody, Charley Burns, Lancaster, Pa.; Mexican Joe Rivers, Washington, D. C.; Johnny Lucas, Camden, N. J.; Phil Baker, Stamford, Conn.; Irish Jimmy Brady, Jersey City, N. J.; Hoyt Jones, Los Angeles, Calif.; Joey Costa, Jersey City, N. J.; Joe Zodda, New York City; Charley Bedami, New York City; Jimmy Fantini, New York City; Johnny Bonito, New York City; Roger Bernard, Flint, Mich.; Toots Bashara, Norfolk, Va.; Phil Zwick, Cleveland, Ohio; Al Hamilton, Cincinnati, Ohio; Joey Greb, New York City; Johnny Morro, New York City; Bucky Keyes, Jersey City, N. J.; Jack Willis, Philadelphia, Pa.; George Levy, Trenton, N. J.; George Daley, England; Herb Bishop, Australia; Johnny Hines, Los Angeles, Calif.; Louis Camps, New York City; Red Cochrane, Elizabeth, N. J.

Featherweight Division

(Group 1)
Freddy Miller, Cincinnati, Ohio.

(Group 2)
1—Maurice Holtzer, France.
2—Baby Arizmendi, Mexico.
3—Henry Armstrong, Los Angeles, Calif.

(Group 3)
Mike Belloise, New York City; Midget Wolgast, Philadelphia, Pa.; Young Casanova, Mexico; Merv Blandon, Australia; Petey Hayes, New York City; Petey Sarron, Birmingham, Ala.; Juan Zurita, Mexico; Vernon Cormier, Worcester, Mass.; Nel Tarleton, England; Fillo Echeverria, Cuba.

(Group 4)
Johnny Pena, New York City; Pete De Grasse, New York City; Varias Milling, Philippines; Young Rightmire, Sioux City, Iowa; Tony Chavez, Mexico; Moon Mullins, Indianapolis, Ind.; Claude Varner, Los Angeles, Calif.; Frankie Covelli, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jackie Wilson, Pittsburgh, Pa.; K. O. Morgan, Detroit, Mich.; Benny Sharkey, England; Dick Corbett, England; Baby Manuel, Tampa, Fla.; Benny Caplan, England, Mose Butch, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Ritchie Fontaine, Oakland, Calif.; Young Gildo, Philippines; Jose Girones, Spain; Luigi Quadrini, Italy; Al Citrino, Oakland, Calif.; Abie Israel, Portland, Ore.; Bushy Graham, Utica, N. Y.; Victor Vallee, New York City; Little Dempsey, Philippines; Hymie Wiseman, Des Moines, Iowa; Irving Eldridge, New York City.

(Group 5)
Jose Santos, Portugal; Gene Espinoza, Philippines; Wally Hally, Los Angeles, Calif.; Tin Can Romanelli, Stamford, Conn.; Baby Palmore, Philippines; Wesley Martin, Akron, Ohio; Jerry Mazza, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Joe Doherty, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Julie Katz, New York City; Joe Temes, Washington, D. C.; Al Ragone, New York City; Tony Passaro, New York City; Johnny De Foe, New York City; Willie Nussbaum, New York City; Tony Fernandez, New York City; Dick Welsh, Philadelphia, Pa.; Danny London, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Johnny Mauro, New York City; Bernie Friedkin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Nat Litfin, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Ray Campo, Los Angeles, Calif.

Bantamweight Division

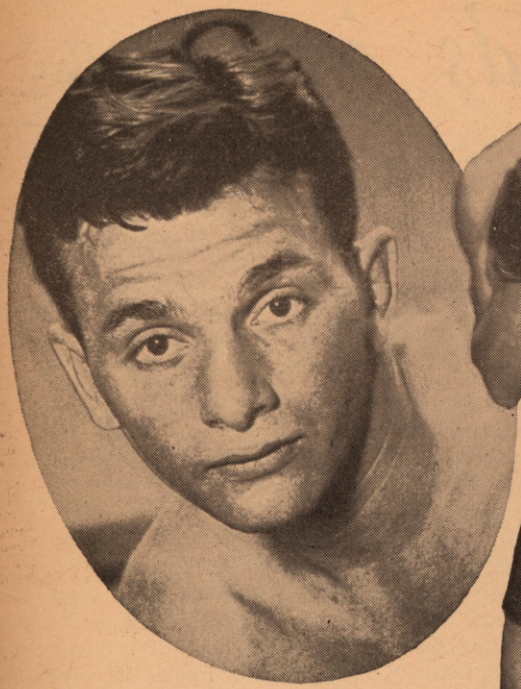
(Group 1)
1—Balcazar Sangchelli, Spain.
2—Sixto Escobar, Porto Rico.
3—Louis Salica, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Group 2)
Johnny King, England; Pete Sanstol, Norway; Bobby Leyvas, Mexico; Pablo Dano, Philippines; Henry Hooks, Indianapolis, Ind.; Frankie Castillo, Los Angeles, Calif.; Nick Scalba, Chicago, Ill.; Lew Farber, New York City; Little Pancho, Philippines; Star Frisco, Philippines, Young Tommy, Philippines, Speedy Dado, Philippines, Tony Marino, McKeesport, Pa.; Indian Quintana, Panama; Frankie Martin, Montreal, Canada.

(Group 3)
Mickey Miller, Australia; Harry Gerson, Montreal, Canada; Lefty Gwynne, Toronto, Canada;

(Continued on page 50)

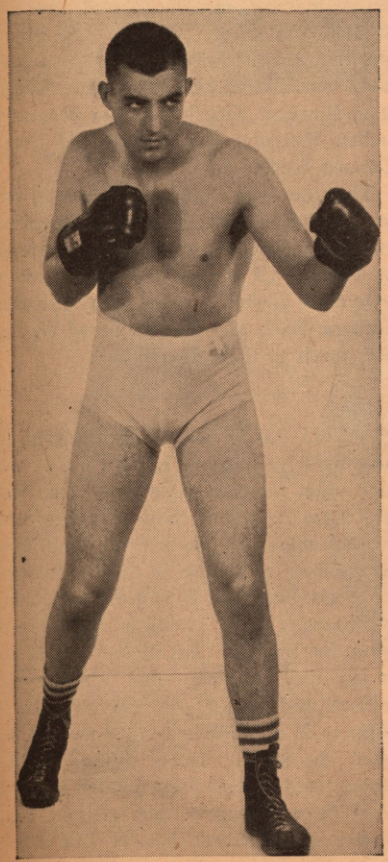
NEW YORK and COAST FIGHTERS



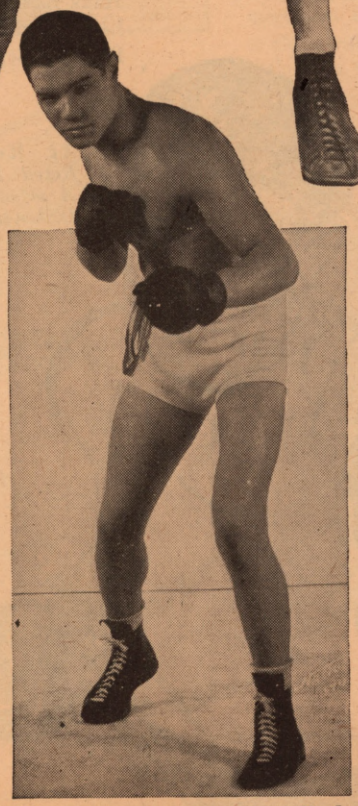
Al Manfredo, Fresno, Cal. welter managed by Suey Welsh.

Sammy O'Dell Negro welter of Los Angeles.

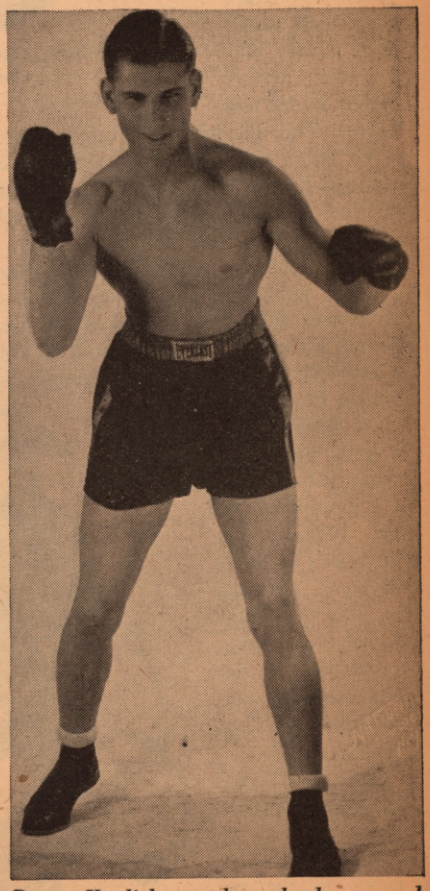
Frank Castillo, Los Angeles Mexican bantam.



Casper La Rosa, a New York welter of promise.



Salvy Baby Saban, a New York lightweight who is making rapid progress.



Danny Koplick, a welter who has proved a good club fighter in New York.

Six World Championships Changed Hands in 1935

Thil and Miller Only Title Holders to Survive Dizzy Year Which Presages an Even More Active One

By NAT FLEISCHER

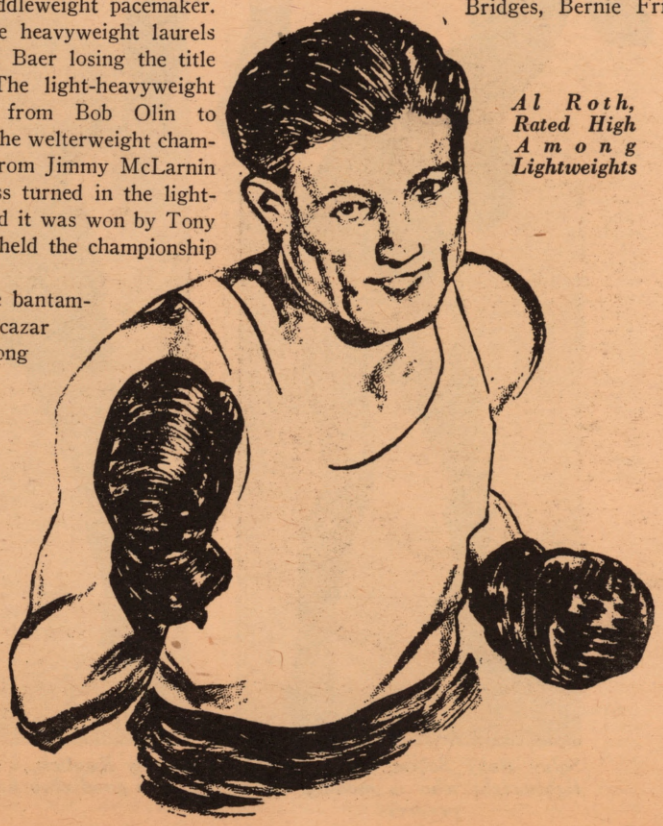
BEFORE going into a detailed analysis for the eleventh annual ranking of boxers of the world, made by and sponsored by THE RING, let us point out a most unusual development in the past year. Six of the eight world titles in boxing changed hands during the last twelve months. The only champions to retain their high places were Freddy Miller, the featherweight leader, and Marcel Thil, the middleweight pacemaker.

Lou Ambers, Outstanding Lightweight Contender.

To begin with, the heavyweight laurels changed hands, Max Baer losing the title to Jim Braddock. The light-heavyweight championship went from Bob Olin to John Henry Lewis. The welterweight championship went back from Jimmy McLarnin to Barney Ross. Ross turned in the lightweight leadership, and it was won by Tony Canzoneri, who had held the championship before Ross.

Al Brown lost the bantamweight title to Balcazar Sangchelli. And among the flyweights. Midget Wolgast was dethroned by Small Montana. Although in Europe Benny Lynch is the recognized title holder and Montana is rated only the U. S. champion.

These changes are of great interest not alone as changes, but as an index to the remarkable activity which we had in boxing in 1935, and the fine situation which is indicated in all classes for 1936.



Al Roth, Rated High Among Lightweights

With this preamble, let us go right into the task of telling you who is who, and why, in THE RING'S Ranking for 1935.

* * *

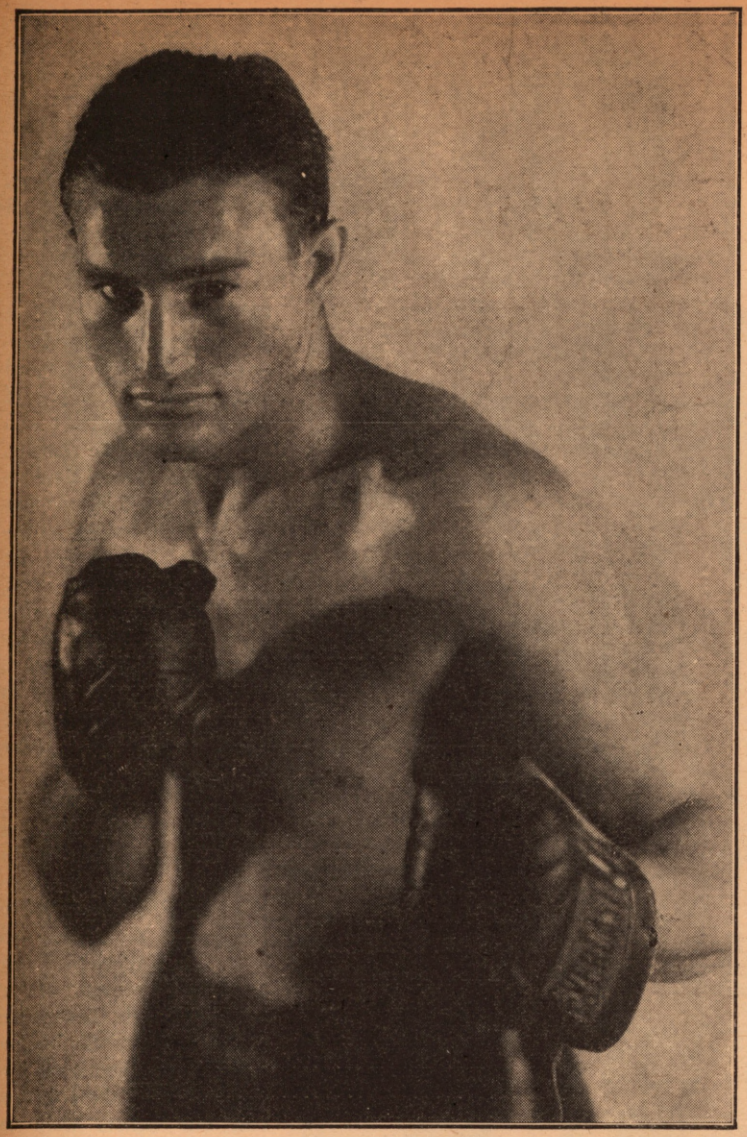
AS you pass from class to class in these ratings, you will note an amazing situation. Men who a year ago were leaders, contenders, have slipped into the category of the also rans. Especially is this striking in the heavyweight class, in which you discover King Levinsky, Lasky, Paulino, Hamas and a few others who rated high respect a year ago, now resting in the company of the gentry of the No. 5 compartment. This, too, speaks of progress and this, too, augurs for an even bigger and brighter year.

The past year saw the development of exceptionally fine talent in practically every division. In fact, from heavyweights down to the flyweights, more good prospects graced the roped square than at any time in the past five years. Among those who gained the spotlight and from whom we may expect to hear good reports in 1936, are Eddie Mader, Bob Pastor, Red Burman, Al Ettore, Hank Bath, Frankie Connolley, Hank Hankinson, Charley Coates, Leon Zorrita, Leo Rodak, Max Marek, Lorenzo Pack, Clinton Bridges, Bernie Friedkin, Norment Quarles, Pedro Montanez, Indian Hurtado, Ken Overlin, Al Quaill, Carmen Barth.

The year was featured by thrilling contests in which knockdowns and sensational knockouts added to the revival of interest in boxing. Of course the most thrilling were those in which Louis starred. Levinsky, Carnera, Baer, and Paulino tested his iron fists much to their discomfiture.

* * *

WITH this by way of introduction, let us delve into our ratings, but by way of caution, so that there will be no misunderstanding among those who differ with our selections, let me impress again upon our readers, as I have in each of the past ten years, that THE RING'S Annual Rating of Boxers is based wholly on the performances for the year just closed and do not in any way consider what a fighter has accomplished in the past nor what he is likely to do in the future. As in the past, we asked the leading sports writers of this country and several from foreign lands to select three leaders in each division, their choices to supplement those of THE RING'S army of correspondents and THE RING Editorial staff. A total of 142 persons were asked to submit their rating, and 131 replies



Freddie Steele, the leading Middleweight Contender.

were received. Their selections were tabulated and acted only as a guide for the final choices made by THE RING staff.

Where a fighter was the recognized champion of his class and in the opinion of THE RING'S experts, did not measure up to the standard of a champion or rated on the year's fights, below a challenger, we did not hesitate to name the challenger No. 1. Thus, Louis receives boxing's highest award, as the world's outstanding fighter. Not only did he merit first choice by almost a unanimous rating, but he also received the lion's share of the votes as the man who did most for boxing in 1935, and thus will receive THE RING Silver Belt that goes to the outstanding fighter each year. In that vote Tony Canzoneri, who gained the honors three years ago, rated second.

* * *

Max Schmeling, ranked number three among Heavyweights.

NOW for the ranking. Starting with the heavyweights, as I've already said in my leading article, Joe Louis stands all by himself, No. 1 in group No. 1. With fourteen fights to his credit and not a defeat chalked up against him, and sensational victories over two former world title holders, Baer and Carnera, there can be no argument over the high honors we have allotted him.

Braddock, the champion, with his triumph over Baer as his chief victory, even though the title holder, is given second choice, occupying a place by himself in Group No. 2. He fought only twice, winning from Art Lasky in the bout that paved the way for him to clash with Baer in a titular bout. Louis, on the other hand, turned in knockouts over Lee Ramage, two rounds; Red Barry, three; Hans Birkie, ten; Roy Lazer, three; Primo Carnera, six; King Levinsky, one and Max Baer, four, and kayoed Paulino Uzcudun in four rounds.

During his early fighting days last year, Louis fought Patsy Perroni and Natie Brown. Each went the limit.

Jimmy Braddock's feat of winning the world crown from Max Baer, ordinarily would have been sufficient to obtain for Jimmy the coveted No. 1 placing in our annual rating were it not for the extraordinary performance of Louis. Much as we like to fall in line with many of our readers who contend that a champion is the rightful head of his division, we must not fail to take cognizance of his work in comparison to that of others in his class. Weigh Braddock's fights for 1935 against Louis' and you cannot but reach the decision which THE RING'S consensus has reached, second to the Detroit Negro, all by himself.

* * *

THERE are many critics who argue that Schmeling deserves a place in the same group with Braddock because he disposed of the man who, prior to Jimmy's victory over Baer, was the recognized American top notch contender and also gained a decision over Paulino, but as final judge in the ranking, I have awarded the high post to Braddock and placed Schmeling at the head of Group No. 3 with Primo Carnera as his team mate. Any man who wins the heavyweight title in the face of overwhelming odds as did the present holder, certainly deserves a higher ranking than a fighter who refused to meet that fellow in an elimination test for the right to clash with Baer.

Carnera, who is No. 4 in the year's listing, although stopped by Louis in six rounds, defeated Ford Smith, kayoed Seal Harris in seven heats, Ervin Klausner in six, Ray Impellitiere in nine, Walter Neusel in four and a few weeks ago knocked out George "Big Boy" Brackey in the fourth.

* * *

NOW we come to the veteran of the heavyweights, one of the grandest fellows in the boxing game—Tommy Loughran. It is a credit to him and to the sport, that the British scribes, after watching Tommy in action, have editorially remarked that it required the presence of an American veteran to show the British what the ancient art of self-defense really looked like. Tommy, by being placed at the head of Group No. 4, actually the fifth highest ranking world heavyweight, receives an award of which he may well feel proud.

Doomed to the has-been class two years ago, this veteran who twice has come out of retirement in an effort to regain a portion

of his lost fortune, was whipped by Arturo Godoy whom he later whipped in a return engagement; drew with Al Delaney and Andre Lenglet; and turned in victories over Ray Impellitiere, Eddie Simms, Al Ettore, Maurice Strickland and stopped Vincent Parrile in nine rounds.

Not bad at all for one who has seen so many years of ring activity.

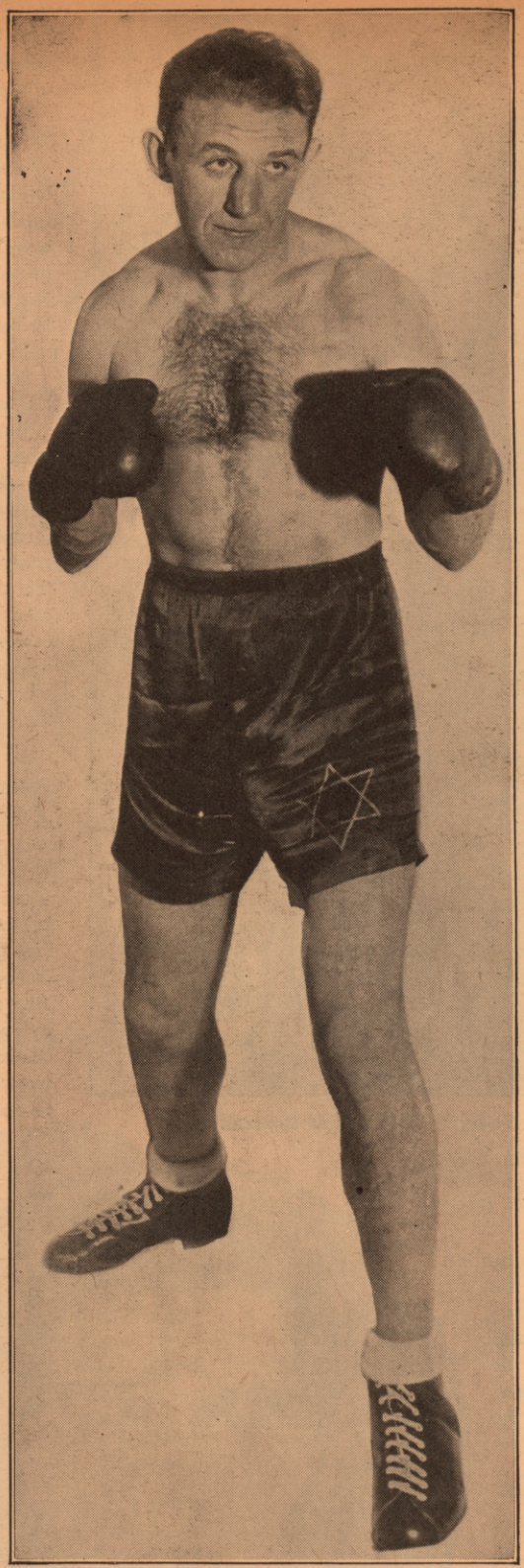
Baer's only fights resulted in the loss of his crown to Braddock and a K.O. at the hands of Louis, yet the fact that he was the reigning heavyweight for half of the year, entitles him to a place in the fourth group.

* * *

HANK HANKINSON, hard hitting Pacific Coast aspirant for heavyweight honors, gets a high rating because he defeated Maxie Rosenbloom on two occasions; Ford Smith, Charley Massare, kayoed Charley Retzlaff who since has cut quite a figure in the ranks and also engaged in a six round "no-contest" with Retzlaff. Their first bout ended in the second.

Hank also disposed of Wally Hunt in three; Red Barry in five; Butch Rogers in seven and lost to Eddie Mader in his only Eastern debut, on which occasion he claims he was not acclimated. However, based on his year's showing and the reports of those who saw him in most of his fights, including our own Eddie Borden, we give him the post to which we feel he is entitled.

Charley Retzlaff, besides the two bouts with Hankinson, was beaten by Massare, but scored over Ford Smith and kayoed Stanley Poreda in one round; Al Ettore in two and Art Lasky in one. Neusel, who also is ranked in this group, although kayoed by Primo Carnera in four rounds, disposed of Jack Peterson, England's ranking heavyweight in ten rounds and again



Erich Seelig, of Germany, an Outstanding Middleweight.

Primo Carnera, who gets choice position.

in eleven. Of the other heavyweights, without going any further into details, Abie Feldman, Eddie Mader, Bob Pastor, Al Ettore, Hank Bath, Max Marek, Frankie Connolly, and Lorenzo Pack, met with public approval and should do well this year.

* * *

THE light-heavyweight section finds John Henry Lewis, the newly crowned king occupying the post of honor in Group No. 1 with the former title holder, Maxie Rosenbloom close behind him. In fact, so close was the vote for the leadership that Lewis won the place by only seven votes. Bob Olin, the New Yorker who lost the crown in his first defense of the title to Lewis, is placed No. 5 in the rating, occupying third place in Group No. 2 under Al McCoy.

Lewis, besides whipping Olin for the title, beat him also in an overweight match previously. Twice John Henry lost to Rosenbloom before Lewis won the crown, and later, lost a third tilt in an overweight contest after gaining the title. Thus Rosie seems to have the hoodoo sign on Lewis and it was because of those three defeats that our ballots were so close. Lewis defeated Emilio Martinez, and Frank Rowsey and scored knockouts over Tom Patrick in one, Izzy Singer in one, Frank Wojack in three, Lew Poster and Terry Mitchell in six each and Don Petrin in seven. Before he won the crown, he lost to Abie Feldman.

Rosenbloom, although shorn of his title by Olin the year previously, was extremely active last year and continued to score over fighters who were thought his superior. Besides his victories over Lewis, he fought on even terms with Cannonball Green, whipped Ford Smith, Charley Massare, Bob Godwin, Oscar Rankins, Abie Feldman, Johnny Miler, Johnny Nelson, Homer Brandeis, Al Stillman, George Simpson, three times over Frank Rowsey and three over Millionaire Murphy. He kayoed Rosy Rosales in two and Terris Hill in three and lost to Hankinson twice and to Tiger Jack Fox and also drew with the last named. Rosy is still there and may surprise by regaining the crown.

Jock McAvoy, British light-heavyweight, earned top ranking in the second group through his decisive victory over Al McCoy. Prior to that, he campaigned successfully in England.

Al McCoy, French-Canadian, who was coming along in great

Jimmie McLarnin, ranked fourth in Welter Class.

fashion and seemed to be headed for the championship, lost considerable prestige in the McAvoy setback but came back strong to defeat Bob Olin in Montreal in 10 rounds. Before the McAvoy fight he had beaten Joe Knight, Lou Brouillard, Al Gainer, Billy Jones, Joe Kaminski, Don Petrin and kayoed Vincent Forgione in one, Abie Bain in two, Sammy Slaughter and Doc Conrad, three rounds each, Tait Littman, Lee Salvas and Bud Mignault in seven rounds apiece, Bob Godwin in eight, John Anderson and Lee Salvas in nine and Charley Eagle in ten, and looked like the best bet for top honors for the year, but not after McAvoy got through with him.

Bob Olin, who was deposed by Lewis for the title and also lost an overweight bout to Lewis, lost to Dutch Weimer. He whipped Mickey Dugan, and Fanis Tzanatopoulas and kayoed Henry Firpo in three rounds. In his last fight he lost to McCoy.

Ambrose Palmer, the Australian entry and the concluding member of the second group, whipped Eddie Wenstob, Leo Kelly, Pietro Georgi, Ron Richards and kayoed Son Tealey and Roy De Gans in seven rounds each. He looked like one of the best bets last spring, but the calibre of his opponents this year was far inferior to those who faced McAvoy and McCoy. He and Olin were almost on a par for the year but Olin gets the nod because he held the title until late during the year.

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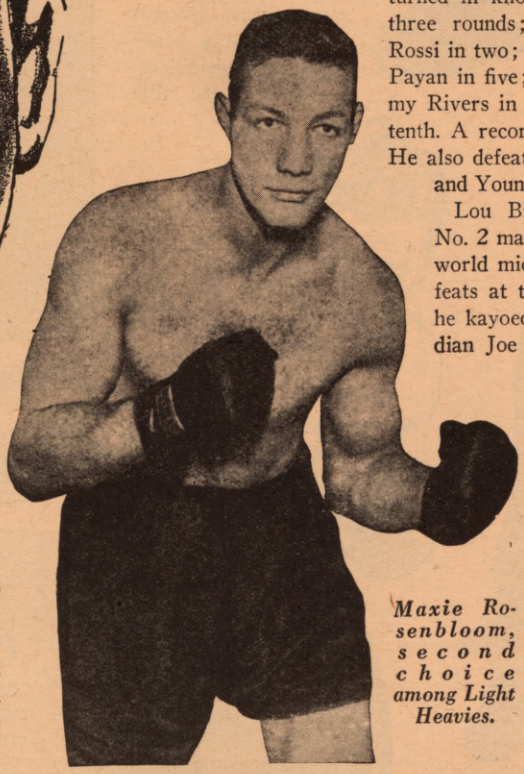
IN the middleweight division, Marcel Thil, Frenchman and the world's champion, stands out alone among his rivals. He is ranked in a class by himself by the convincing manner in which he eliminated all of his rivals. In championship bouts, he whipped Carmelo Candel and kayoed Vilda Jaks in fourteen rounds. In overweight bouts he triumphed over Jock McAvoy, Al Diamond, Kid Tunero and Lou Brouillard.

In the Brouillard fight he was downed in the last round and was losing ground, but his big early lead proved him superior. Marcel may not be recognized by the New York Commission as champion, but THE RING's ranking of fighters is what counts most in international boxing as fighters recognize when they travel in foreign lands, and THE RING, for the third time places Marcel No. 1 man, all by himself, the kingpin of all middleweights, New York's commission or any other commission, notwithstanding. If you're a fighter and you do any travelling, you'll know what that means.

* * *

HEADED in the second group by Freddy Steele, Tacoma middleweight star, the middleweight division boasts of some formidable members. Steele, by his outstanding performances, gains No. 2 spot in our ranking—the world's leading contender. He turned in knockouts over Vince Dundee in three rounds; Sammy O'Dell in one; Al Rossi in two; Baby Joe Gans in three; Mike Payan in five; Swede Berglund in six; Jimmy Rivers in nine and Fred Apostoli in the tenth. A record unsurpassed in this country. He also defeated Gorilla Jones, Mike Payan and Young Stuhley by the decision route.

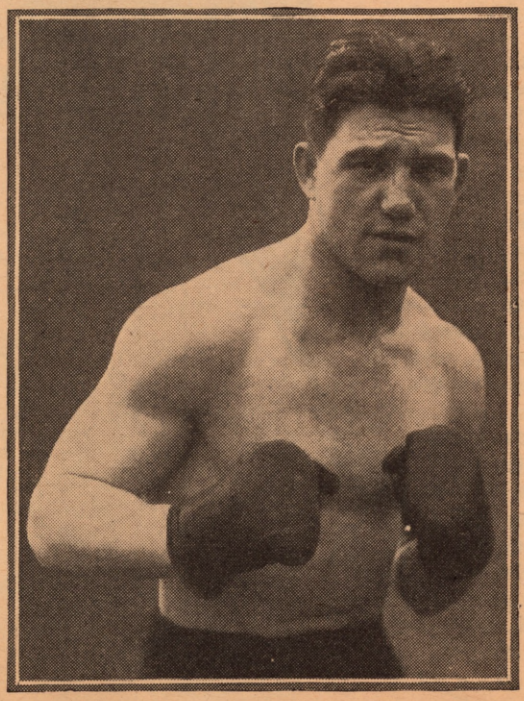


Maxie Rosenbloom, second choice among Light Heavies.

Lou Brouillard, next in line, rated No. 2 man in Group 2, is the third best world middleweight. Aside from his defeats at the hands of Thil and McCoy, he kayoed Oscar Rankins in three; Indian Joe Rivers in four and Babe Marino in eight. He also whipped Marty Simmons, Swede Berglund and Young Corbett.

Babe Risko, who is recognized as the American champion, is a much better fighter than he is credited with being. We expect him to show more class in 1936 and get nearer the top. The only decisions that he lost during the year, were to Vince Dundee, Paul Pirrone and Jimmy Belmont. He drew with Solly Dukelsky and kayoed Teddy Yarosz in seven rounds and Benny Levine in two. He whipped Teddy Yarosz, Paul Pirrone, Frank Battaglia twice; Sammy Slaughter, Chester Palutis and Jackie Aldare.

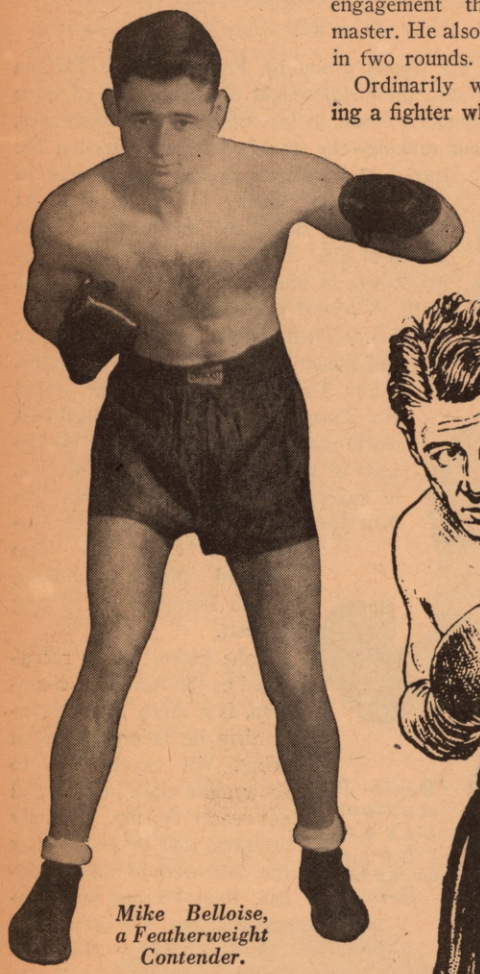
Frank Battaglia, the remaining member of the second group, lost to Risko twice, and to Jack Gibbons. He kayoed Karl Lautenschlager and Chuck Heffner in three rounds each, Solly Dukelsky in five, Paul Pirrone in six and twice whipped Al Diamond, Mickey Bottone and Johnny Phagan.



Lou Brouillard, rated third best Middleweight.

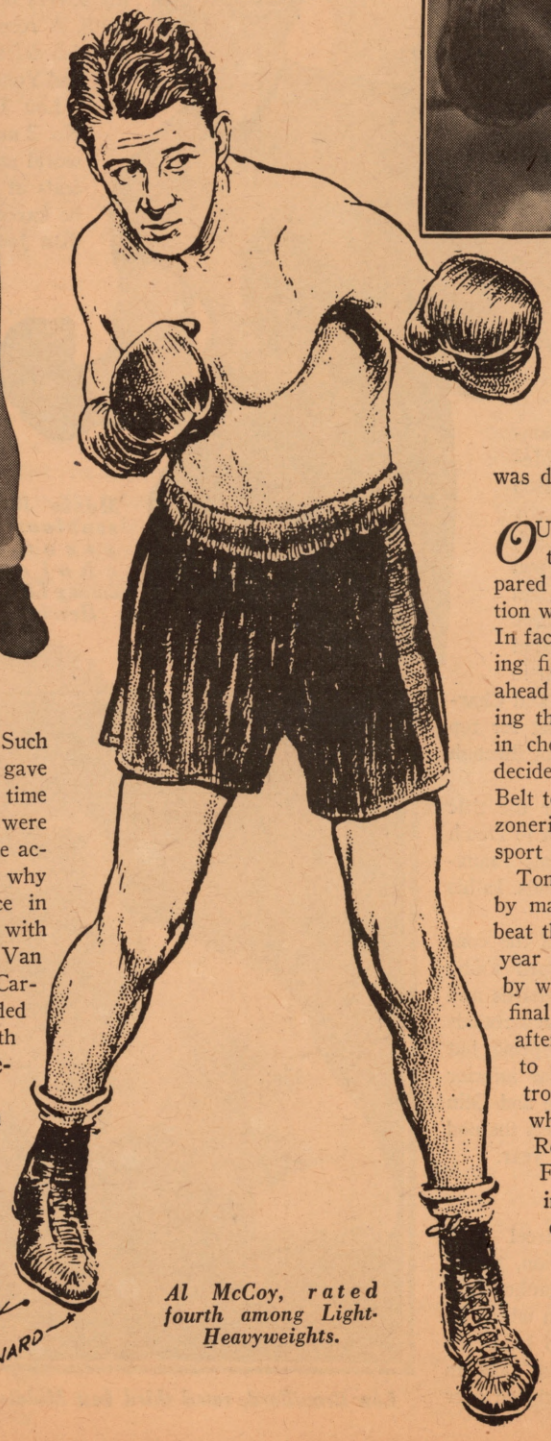
COMING down to the welters, we find Barney Ross in a class by himself. The king of the division regained the crown during the year by beating Jimmy McLarnin, and there seems little likelihood than any one of the contenders will relieve him of the title this year. Barney before winning the championship defeated Frankie Klick, and Henry Woods and then fought McLarnin. Since winning the crown he has engaged in several over-the-weight matches and has triumphed in each although he had a close call in his bout on the Coast with Ceferino Garcia. He won that bout and then proved conclusively in a return engagement that he was Garcia's master. He also kayoed Baby Joe Gans in two rounds.

Ordinarily we wouldn't be honoring a fighter who engaged in only one battle, but it has been our custom since these ratings were inaugurated to list a boxer under such conditions, if he held the title during a portion of the year. Such is the case with McLarnin who gave Ross such a close battle at the time he was deposed, that the fans were divided in their opinion as to the accuracy of the verdict. That is why we honor Jimmy with a place in Group No. 2, where he is listed with two other fighters, Bep Van Klaveren, Hollander, and Jack Carroll of Australia. Bep is awarded Post No. 1 in the group, with Carroll No. 2 and McLarnin behind him.



Mike Belloise, a Featherweight Contender.

Hank Hankinson, good Heavyweight prospect.



Al McCoy, rated fourth among Light-Heavyweights.

Van Klaveren was beaten twice by Young Corbett who has since retired and who at the time of the fights, was really a middleweight, Bep beat Kid Azteca and Carlos Solomon and drew with Al Manfredo. The result of his fight in Australia is unknown at the time we went to press.

Carroll is a welter who is worth watching. We expect big things from him this year. He drew in 1935 with Jack Portney, whipped Tommy Jones, kayoed Willard Brown in twelve rounds and won from Paul Schaeffer in six when the latter was disqualified.

* * *

OUR ranking of boxers for 1935 is unique in the number of outstanding fighters as compared to other years. Thus in the lightweight section we find the kingpin of the class all by himself. In fact, Tony Canzoneri is one of the two outstanding fighters of the year, only Joe Louis ranking ahead of him in point of achievement. After studying the votes of those who were listed in sending in choices for the year's highest award, I have decided that, in addition to awarding THE RING Belt to Louis, I shall give a special trophy to Canzoneri as a reward for what he has done for the sport in the many years of his activity.

Tony, who, like Loughran, had been designated by many scribes as unfit for further competition, beat the leading contenders, one by one. During the year he clinched the right to lightweight honors by whipping Lou Ambers in fifteen rounds in the final of an elimination to decide Ross' successor after Barney had abdicated. He lost a decision to Chuck Woods, then in a return bout, he trounced the Western lad. Others whom Tony whipped were Al Roth, Joe Ghnouly, Leo Rodak, Honeyboy Hughes, Bobby Pacho and Frankie Klick, twice. He kayoed Eddie Ran in two rounds and Eddie Zivic in seven—quite a feat for an old man, as athletes go!

* * *

LOU AMBERS is the outstanding lightweight challenger. He is listed No. 1 in Group No. 2. Ambers is only a youngster and should do well this year. As a result of a broken jaw, sustained in his

bout with Fritzie Zivic, he was on the hospital list for three months and lost considerable competition. Since resuming, he whipped George Levy.

Others whom he beat were Fritzie Zivic, Sammy Fuller, and Harry Dublinsky, and scored a four-round K.O. over Honeyboy Hughes. His only other bout was that with Canzoneri.

Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids boy, is placed third in our ranking, occupying No. 2 post in Group No. 2. His only defeat of the year was at the hands of Maxie Strub, not a lightweight. He also drew with Bobby Pacho and beat him once; scored over Jimmy Vaughn, Leo Rodak, Bucky Keyes, Joey Costa, twice over Steve Haliako, beat Tiger Kid Walker and won an eight-round K.O. over Jackie Kelly and stopped Tiger Kid Walker in ten.

Frankie Klick, long in the spotlight as a ranking contender, lost to Ross, twice to Canzoneri, and scored over Al Roth.

* * *

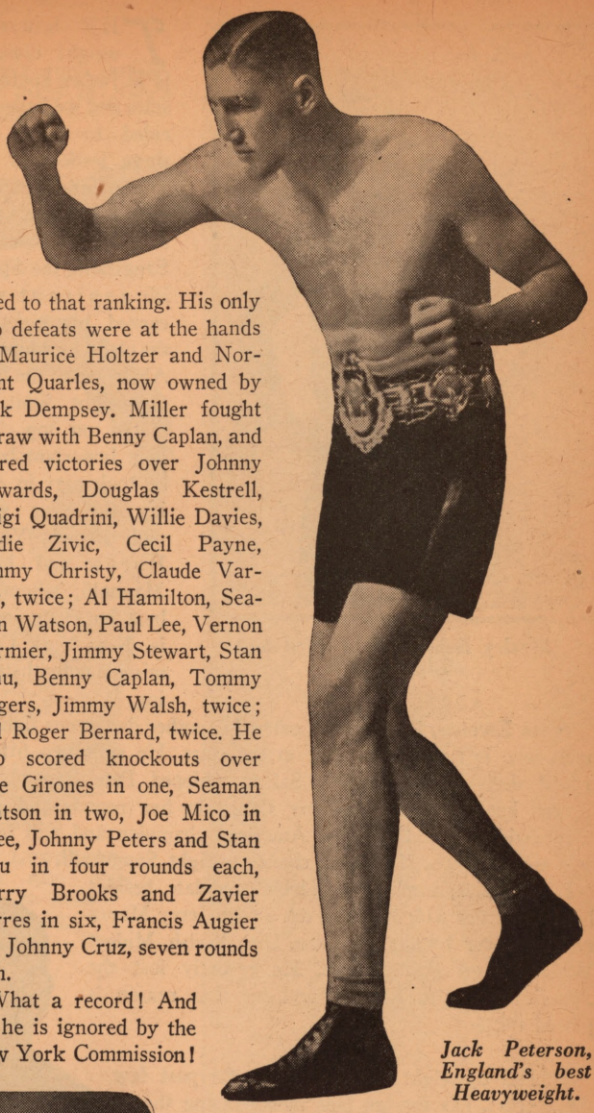
WHEN it comes to proving one's worth as a real champion, we must hand the palm to Freddie Miller. Here's a lad who not only whipped the cream of this country, but travelled all over Europe to prove his right to the reigning sceptre, yet despite his great record, one that entitles him to the highest recognition, he was kicked in the pants by the New York Boxing Commission, who won't even recognize him as a contender. What a rank injustice to a great little champion, one of the best we have had in any division in many years!

Miller receives the highest honor we can award him—No. 1 post all by himself. A champion of a fighting class, a worthy successor to the best the division has had in two or more decades.

And just to top this, he also receives THE RING world championship belt, his for keeps in recognition of his work for the sport and his clinching of the world title. Miller knows what this recognition will bring him when he makes his next trip to Europe.

He was one of the busiest fighters of the year, and certainly was the most active champion. He is rated by himself and is entitled to that ranking. His only two defeats were at the hands of Maurice Holtzer and Norment Quarles, now owned by Jack Dempsey. Miller fought a draw with Benny Caplan, and scored victories over Johnny Edwards, Douglas Kestrell, Luigi Quadrini, Willie Davies, Eddie Zivic, Cecil Payne, Jimmy Christy, Claude Varner, twice; Al Hamilton, Seaman Watson, Paul Lee, Vernon Cormier, Jimmy Stewart, Stan Jehu, Benny Caplan, Tommy Rogers, Jimmy Walsh, twice; and Roger Bernard, twice. He also scored knockouts over Jose Girones in one, Seaman Watson in two, Joe Mico in three, Johnny Peters and Stan Jehu in four rounds each, Harry Brooks and Zavier Torres in six, Francis Augier and Johnny Cruz, seven rounds each.

What a record! And yet he is ignored by the New York Commission!



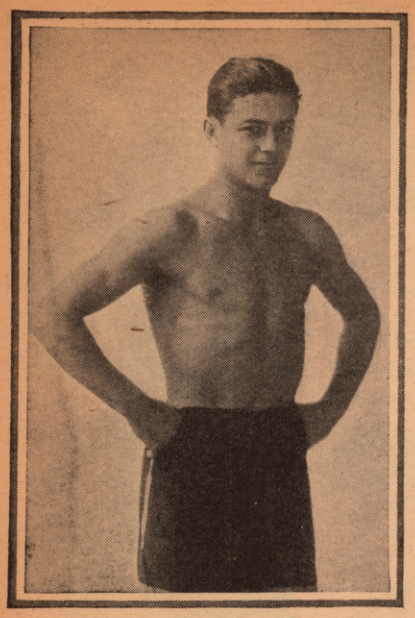
Jack Peterson, England's best Heavyweight.

Petey Hayes, a ranking Featherweight.

Maurice Holtzer, who is a legitimate featherweight, and holds the European featherweight title, is placed No. 1 in the second group because his fighting record was limited. Besides whipping Miller, he scored over Luigi Quadrini.

Baby Arizmendi, who is behind Holtzer, was beaten by Young Casanova and Fillo Echeverria. He whipped Davey Day, Henry Armstrong, Chalky Wright, Jimmy Christy, Mickey Genaro, and kayoed Frankie Wallace in six rounds. It is because of Miller's refusal to fight Arizmendi that Miller's claim to recognition is ignored by New York.

Henry Armstrong, Pacific Coast Negro featherweight, is one of the most formidable ringmen in the division. The only decision that he lost was to Arizmendi. He whipped Davey Abad, Varias Milling, Frankie Covelli, Midget Wolgast, and scored two knockouts over Alton Black in eight rounds, Leo Lomelli in six, and Lester Marston in seven heats. Watch this lad this year. He is expected East in the near future and should make the division hum with activity.



Wesley Ramey, rated third best Lightweight

THE bantamweight division is in rather confused state and we have decided to place the three leaders in the 118-pound class grouped in the same section. Balcazar Sangchelli, the Spanish aspirant who earned his right to the claim by whipping Al Brown at the bantamweight limit, is placed on top. The only important bouts he took part in during the year were with Brown, Young Perez and Luigi Magnolfi, whom he beat, but champion he is, New York Commission notwithstanding.

Sixto Escobar, Porto Rican entry, is another dangerous fighting man who is reviving interest in the class. He split two fifteen-round decisions with Louis Salica, whipped Pete Sanstol and scored knockouts over Johnny Bangs in five rounds and Joey Archibald in six. He is the American champion and will likely win world honors if given a chance to fight Sangchelli.

Louis Salica, another formidable candidate, besides his two battles with Escobar, drew with Jerry Mazza and won over Johnny Erickson, Dick Welsh, Midget Wolgast, and Pablo Dano. He recently lost the American title to Escobar and for that reason is placed third.

* * *

THE flyweight division, as in the past few years, has foreign lads monopolizing the highest posts. There is considerable difference of opinion regarding the title-holders, the Europeans and many American critics, including Eddie Borden, our rating expert, contending that the title is vacant but that Lynch has a better hold on international honors, but I differ with them. It is my contention that when Midget Wolgast lost to Small Montana on the Coast, and the California Commission went on record with the sworn statement that the Midget scaled only 112 pounds, Montana won the crown by beating the official, recognized champion.

Borden and others on the Coast who saw the fight contend that a Leonard-Tendler performance was put on, with the scribes being forced to accept phony weight for Wolgast. However that may be, we must accept the word of the boxing commission that the weighing-in was according to Hoyle, and under such circumstances, Montana is THE RING'S world champion.

But that does not prevent THE RING from listing Lynch as the world ranking flyweight. Benny receives first choice in No. 1 group, and Montana is rated behind him because, for the year, Lynch has a better record. Lynch fought a draw with Jackie Brown and then kayoed Jackie in two rounds—quite a feat. He whipped Bobby Magee and disposed of Charley Hazell in one round and Tommy Pardoe in fourteen.

Small Montana twice whipped Midget Wolgast and lost one bout to him. He drew with Tuffy Pierpont, kayoed Bobby Olivas in three rounds, won over Olivas, Joe Tei Ken, and gained three decisions over Antol Koscis.

* * *

IN the section devoted to the gamecocks of the ring, we find as in past years that the greater strides were made by boys in countries other than the U. S. A. The reason for this is that many of the nations where boxing is one of the leading sports, as for example, the Philippines, Spain, France, Germany and England, there are fewer boys who follow boxing as a vocation than there are in this country and those who do take it up seriously are in the divisions from flyweight to welters, with the flyweights predominating.

A perusal of our rating for 1935 shows that out of a total of forty-two names considered for the ranking, close to eighty-two per cent were foreigners. Of the first fifteen listed we find only one American boy, Tuffy Pierpont, who recently held Small Montana to a draw. There is one Canadian, Spider Armstrong, recent graduate from the amateurs, who is now fighting abroad, one Cuban, Valdes. This constitutes all from this side of the Big Pond.

* * *

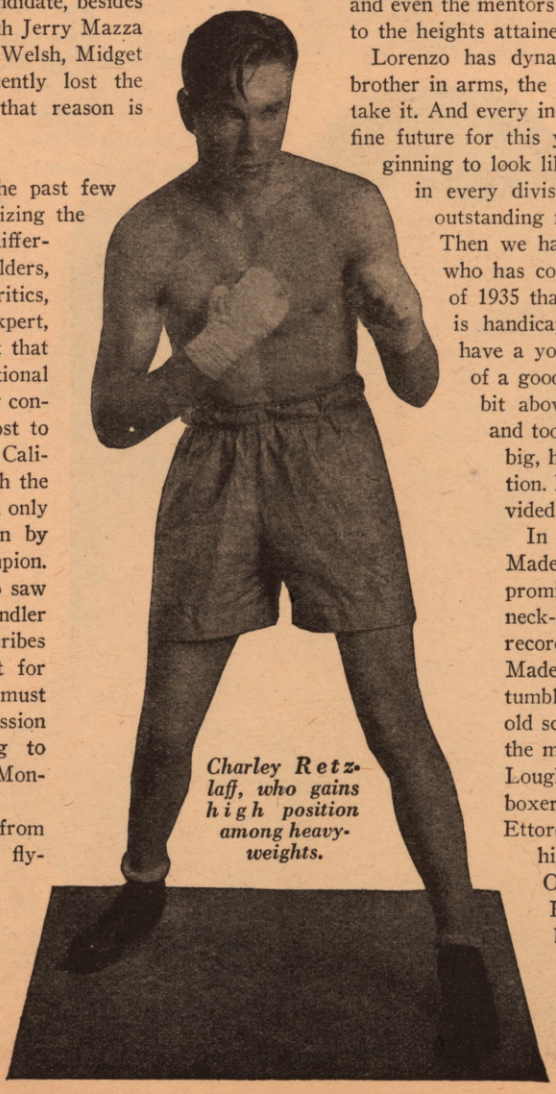
WITH our chief rating completed, we can now delve into the minor groupings and discuss a few of the boys who have been honored with a listing. Let us go down the line, starting with the heavyweights. There are a few who, although they are now grouped in No. 5 section of our ranking, if they continue to show as much as they did in 1935, should do well the coming year. Take the case of Lorenzo Pack of Detroit, who is rapidly forging to the front. Critics like Nate Lewis, Jim Mullen, Scotty Monteith, and even the mentors of Joe Louis, figure that Pack may rise to the heights attained by Louis, if properly handled.

Lorenzo has dynamite in either hand, just as has his brother in arms, the Detroit Bomber. He is fast, and he can take it. And every indication points towards an exceptionally fine future for this young Negro fighter. In fact, it is beginning to look like a great year for the Negro race, for in every division of boxing, there are at least two outstanding fighters.

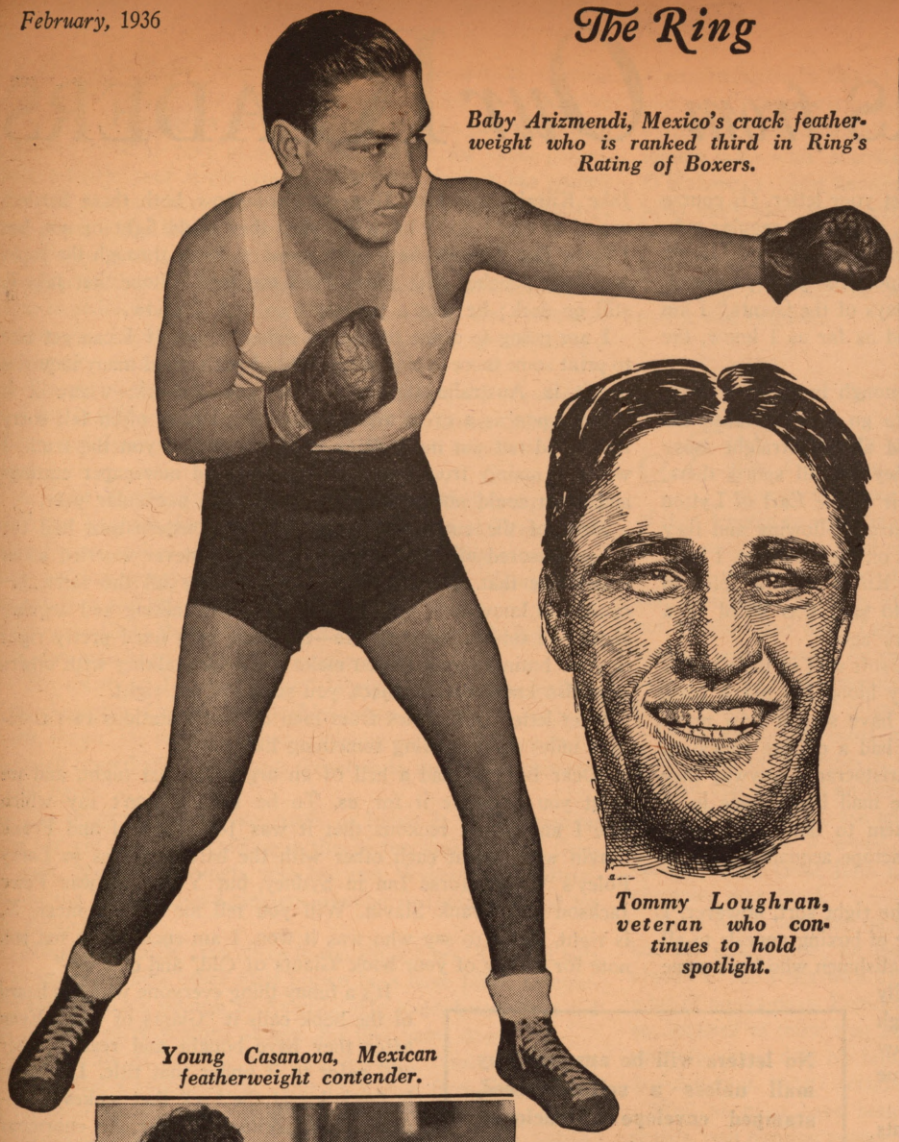
Then we have Abie Feldman, the New York lad, who has come forth with a spurt towards the end of 1935 that presages a good omen for 1936. Abie is handicapped by a weight problem. Here we have a young man who possesses every requisite of a good fighter yet he finds himself just a wee bit above the range of the light-heavyweights and too light for strong competition among the big, husky, stalwarts of the heavyweight section. I look for a good year for Feldman, provided he can put on a few more pounds.

In Al Ettore of Philadelphia and Eddie Mader of New York, we have two more promising lads who have been fighting a neck-and-neck battle for recognition. Ettore's record speaks for itself and so does that of Mader. While Ettore is of the rough-and-tumble type of fighter, exemplified by the old school of heavyweights, Mader represents the modern trend—the Gene Tunney-Tommy Loughran type of fighter. He is a combination boxer and hitter, and although defeated by Ettore on the Louis-Paulino card, he still rates high among the heavyweights for 1935.

Over in England, at this writing, there is Roy Lazer of New Jersey. He is a young heavyweight who was stopped by Joe Louis last year in Chicago, but since that kayo has made fairly good strides. Lazer is no world beater, yet as heavyweights of today stand, he probably will join the elite next year.



Charley Retzlaff, who gains high position among heavyweights.

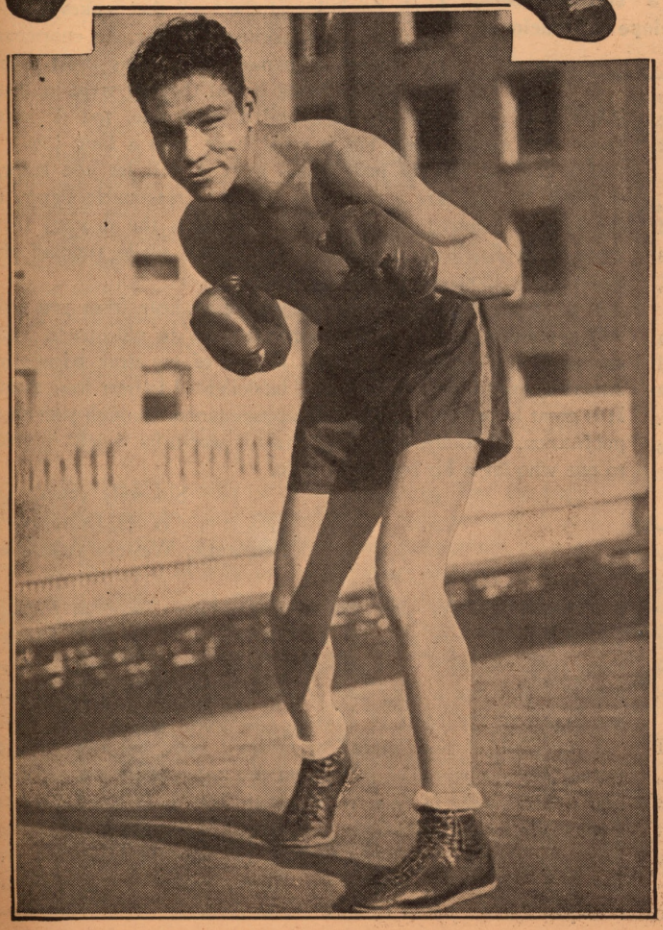


Baby Arizmendi, Mexico's crack featherweight who is ranked third in Ring's Rating of Boxers.

Tommy Loughran, veteran who continues to hold spotlight.

Bep Van Klavern, Hollander who heads second section of welterweights.

Young Casanova, Mexican featherweight contender.



Frankie Klick, veteran Coast lightweight.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I WAS very pleased indeed to get your letter. Of course I know you well by reputation, as I am a regular subscriber to THE RING, have read most of your books and have a very high opinion of and respect for your judgment. As regards copies of my book, "In the Days of the Giants," I am very sorry to state that I have none, and as far as I know, the publishers have none on hand either.

The trouble was, they did not print enough in the first place and a lot of people in Australia had to go short because the first edition was snapped up in England almost straight away by sports among the aristocrats—and they are all sports there. Young Viscount Knebworth, son and heir to the Earl of Lytton who wrote the introduction had a very large following and they regarded it as the thing to have the book on their shelves. I have letters from many of them including Knebworth, a splendid type of young Englishman, who, sad to say, was killed in a 'plane crash at Hendon, about two years ago.

The "nobs" in England seem to have a soft spot in their hearts for me, why I do not know because my blood has not a trace of blue in it—and I should know for I have seen it flow many a time in the old days—and I have not had a college education or been connected in any way with the aristocracy. Anyway they have a lot of time for me and when the mail boats come in at Fremantle I am often spoken to by them to the exclusion of people who are breaking their necks to scrape acquaintance with travellers of high degree.

Those whom I have met, seem to be the right sort, however, I must say. It's funny how the grand game of boxing appeals to all—from the highest to the lowest. The Englishmen who have come and yarned with me all have a specially good word for Peter Jackson, black though he was. The older ones who actually saw him show real pride when they can tell me that they once shook him by the hand.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Another man whom these old aristocrats think a lot of, is John L. Sullivan—what do you think of that? You would reckon that it would be Gene Tunney or Corbett that would capture their respect and admiration instead of the rough, downright democratic John L.! But not a bit of it!

Those who can claim to have shaken the hand of John L., fairly bristle with pride as do I. I have seen them talk of old John's grim long losing battle with Corbett almost with tears of admiration and sympathy in their eyes. Well, it's a funny world, Nat, and the older one gets, the harder it is to understand.

I have not had a bad time and have no regrets and am in a position to spend the evening of my life in comfort. I am still with the Harbour Trust. I like the life which is suitable to a man like myself who has never idled and could not face inactivity. And I meet all sorts of people on the wharves, for Fremantle as you know, is the first and last port of call in Australia for the European mailboats.

Sydney, of course, is the port for the American lines so unfortunately I do not meet many of the old hands from over in your country. And there are some I would give anything to see again—Joe Choynski, poor old Sam Langford, who I understand is blind, Jack Johnson, to mention a few. Poor Young Stribling, a fine lad with whom I had the pleasure of yarning for a while when he was here, and who took a copy of my book back with him—it is a pity he is gone.

But so many of them are gone, Nat, it makes me feel that I am lucky to be on deck—Slavin, Goddard, Jackson, John L., Fitz., Corbett, Griffo—Lord what a crew they were. Theirs was the Golden Age of pugilism comparable only with that first great age ruled over by Gentleman John Jackson, of whom Peter was the black prototype.

I'd like to go for a trip to America if it was only to see Jake Kilrain and Jack Dempsey. Somehow both those battlers appeal to me. I don't know whether they could fight or not, but I know that I would have been proud to climb through the ropes and swap punches with them. They are men. I hope that Jake is still on deck; he was a year or two ago, I know.

I am going to write to the publisher to see if I can get him to print some more copies of my book, I get a good many inquiries for it in Australia especially from the outback, where it is looked upon as a great argument settler. I have often felt sorry that I did not put more dates in it, but to tell you the truth, I wrote it mainly from memory and from old newspaper cuttings and often could not nail myself down to a particular year.

Most of the cuttings I found to my consternation had the dates scissored off. When I was young, I never worried about trifles like that. But it's pretty good history all the same, because you know how you get when you are talking and arguing about one subject all your life—the thing gets fixed pretty right in your brain because if you make a mistake talking with others who also know their subject, you soon get put right.

I get letters sometimes from men on cattle stations two thousand miles away reading something like this:

"Dear Bill, we had a hell of an argument last night, and we want you to settle it for us. To be fair, I won't say which side I am on—X reckons that it was Joe Goddard and Frank Slavin who got at each other with the bare knuckles in Larry Foley's White Horse Inn in Sydney, but Y says it was Peter Jackson and Frank Slavin. Will you tell me if I, I mean X, is right, and also say who was it won. I am enclosing a ten bob note for a copy of your book 'Giants of Old,' and oblige—"

It's a funny thing everyone who has heard of the book calls it "Giants of Old." Even after they have bought and read it, they still refer to it under that title. I think it is the index at the back that makes it valuable as an argument settler. An enormous number of names came to my mind when I was writing it and they all went in. The index was the publisher's idea and a good one, too. I don't know who made it out, but it must have been a long job.

If I can get him to print some more I will let you know, especially if they are a good job and at a reasonable figure. I can take a hundred or so myself, and with the demand that there is in England, it ought to be worth while running off another five thousand or thereabouts.

Well, Nat, old chap, I was very glad to hear from you and will appreciate it if you will remember me to old-timers. You can print this letter if you like. If any of my dear friends in America care to write to me I shall be delighted to hear from them. It is great to be able to renew old acquaintances through your fine publication. Candidly, Nat, THE RING is worth its weight in gold to one who loves his boxing as I do.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. DOHERTY,
Fremantle, Western Australia.

[*Thanks Bill, for your fine message. Your American friends, who remember you as a great fighter and as great a sportsman, send you their best wishes through this medium for continued health and a long and prosperous life. Men like yourself are assets to the sport of boxing, and your well written book, "In the Days of the Giants," of which I have two autographed copies, the one you sent to me and the copy which you gave to Jim Corbett, who in turn asked me to keep it in my library as a memento of his friendship, are cherished by yours truly. God bless you Bill. I'll be happy to have you write a little story for our army of fight enthusiasts on "Recollections of an old-time champion." How about it, Bill?—The Editor.*]

HAVING been connected with the reporting of oriental sports for twenty years, I have been able to watch the rise of boxing in the Philippines from its infant days, to its present rank as peer of all sports. During the same period, I have watched your RING progress fearlessly until it has gained a foothold that can never be loosened. It has become an industry, whose word is the bulwarks of boxing here.

I have just returned from a tour of the Orient, India and Australia. During the trip, I had ample opportunity to take note of the boxing situation in Japan, China, Singapore, India and Australia. While on this jaunt several points impressed me so greatly that I must mention them. They are, briefly:

1—The popularity of boxing in Japan and Singapore—Crowds in Japan hit 15,000 with such mediocre talent as Young Schmeling, Filipino, and Johnny Freeman of the U. S. Such crowds are consistent.

The Great World Stadium at Singapore is filled every week, with Aime Raphael, former lightweight champion of France, and Young Frisco, welter champion of the Orient, the big attractions. Others making money in Singapore, are Midget Ito, Young Alde, Gunboat Jack and Al Rivers of the U. S.

Boxing in China has not followed the popularity it enjoys in Japan, due mainly to differential religions.

2—The ability of Tsuneo "Piston" Horiguchi, Japanese featherweight champion. Crowds are doubled when this boy, a veritable cyclone, shows. He numbers Young Tommy and Joe Teiken in his undefeated record and would be a sensation in the States. Remember that name.

3—The progress boxing has made in India. It is fast gaining on the age-old sport of wrestling in this picturesque country. Gunboat Jack, Motee Kid Singh, who has met Wolgast, and Thajudeen are the biggest crowd pleasers. Boxing in India is bound for rapid development.

4—The rise of Little Dado here in the Philippines. This lad bids fair to succeed where other little brown boys have failed to emulate Pancho Villa's success in America. He looks better than did Villa at their corresponding stages. Jot that name down.

5—The ability of Frankie Hanford, a young American boxing in Manila. Just a youngster, he came to Manila from Seattle, and with the most scientific style of any boxer I have ever seen, waded through his opponents until now he is scheduled to meet Frisco, the welter champion, in a twelve round bout. Quite a feat for a kid still in his teens to accomplish in two months. Keep the name in mind—he plans to return to the States, and should develop.

6—The high type of boxing in Australia. Readers of THE RING can keep well posted on the splendid development of the sport in the Antipodes, and I needn't go into that angle.

The purpose of this letter is to commend you for helping to build and strengthen the morale of boxing in the Philippines, and these other countries of the Far East, through your magazine. I wanted also to show to the other readers, who might have an idea that boxing flourishes only in the U. S. and Europe, that the sport has no stauncher followers than in the Far East.

RALPH HAWKINS,
Sports Editor, *The Manila Daily Bulletin.*

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A CONSTANT reader of your magazine, I've suddenly felt the urge to speak my sentiments, pro and con. I believe you're big enough to accept one or two suggestions, even if it does come from one so little versed in the art of journalism.

Month after month, there seems to be a consistent discussion of one and the same subject. You don't call it a serial and yet it is just that. For instance: page after page has been devoted exclusively to Joe Louis. By this time I know he's the Brown Bomber, shuffles, alone in his field and capable of comparison with the past masters in the boxing game. And if I remember correctly, there was mention in this month's edition, that there would be more on this subject in the next issue. Don't misunderstand me; I'm not a kill-joy.

Now, then, aren't you prejudiced against a certain wrestling trust and in favor of another? This was never more obvious than when a paragraph in an earlier copy of THE RING, laughed down Everett Marshall's claim to championship claims. I know wrestling and wrestlers and know that O'Mahoney wouldn't be considered an even match for Marshall, were they to meet in combat. I'm not taking sides with Marshall, but if your magazine insists upon O'Mahoney's right as world's champion, then Marshall's somewhat more meritorious prowess gives him the right, not only as world's champion, but also champion of every known and unknown planet!

In general, I like the outlay of the magazine. It's both interesting and original.

"CURLEY" DONCHIN,
(Wrestling Poet) Detroit, Michigan.

* * *

I AM writing in appreciation of your wonderful publication THE RING which seems to be always so full of interest to lovers and students of boxing. Although part of it is devoted to wrestling, a sport I am not interested in, I suppose I must not lose sight of the fact that there are thousands who are, and perhaps it is that fact that makes THE RING such a popular periodical. Anyway, all lovers of boxing and wrestling cannot do else than wish THE RING, its Editor, its Old Timer, and modern writers, who, by their reminiscences, add so much that is interesting to read—prosperity and long life, in fact all who contribute their quota of interesting news.

I was much interested in a poem sent along to you, by Mr. Glen Jones of Anglesea L. Wales, G. B. a countryman of mine, a poem that touched on the late J. L. Sullivan who probably, like so many more of us, are admirers of the one time world's champion. The poem, it would seem to me, would do as a suitable epitaph to the great John L., for I do not think a more colourful champion ever lived.

Many have detracted on his shortcomings, but the old warrior had his good points, he would never see anyone down and out, always to the front with a helping hand, something we don't see a lot of now-a-days. Personally, as an admirer of old "John L." I am inclined to think that he certainly had a bark, but it was apparently worse then his bite. He certainly must have been a wonderful fighter. Why? certainly ask most of his critics.

Well he must have been to have fought Corbett twenty-one rounds, real fighting rounds at that, on his proverbial "haircut and shave" the only training he thought he ever needed, to fight any man. What sort of a man would he have been, if he would have side-stepped the booze, and got himself down to real training? It is quite apparent that Jim Corbett with all his cleverness, would never have beaten him, had he been true to himself. So with apologies to Mr. Glyn Jones, I must repeat again

Wonderful when in his Prime
Friend of Paupers and of Kings
Let him rest beyond the Sea
For his like we'll never see.
He was weary—Let him rest
In his time he was the best
Emperor of every Ring
Hush your voice, and bid Farewell
To the Great and Grand J. L.

At the request of Mr. Glyn Jones I am enclosing a photo I took a few years ago of the spot where Tom Cribb sleeps his last sleep. The photo depicts a monument of a lion in stone, surrounded by railings and was subscribed for by the numerous friends of Cribb, after his death in 1848. Tom sleeps in a little old world cemetery, that now serves as a rest garden. It is known as Old St. Marys Churchyard Woolwick, and just outside its gate, is Tom's Old Hostelry "The Mitre," only it has been subject to alteration and modernization.

Any time one pays a visit there, Tom Cribb's monument stands out very conspicuous. I trust that it will never be in danger of being removed as a great many tombstones have been there, of late years, but that it will stand in perpetuity, to a great old British Fighter, who deserved the monument that the old Corinthians gave to Tom, as a token of their esteem.

THOMAS G. BLANCHARD, London, England.

TEX'S LAST DAYS

On January 6, 1929, the sports world was shocked by the news from Miami that Tex Rickard, greatest promoter of all time, had passed into the Great Beyond. Every year since his death, "The Ring" has honored the memory of the man who popularized boxing, with a human interest story. This year, "The Ring" Editor has asked Hype Igoe, for thirty years a pal of Rickard, to contribute a story that will keep alive the name of this magnetic sports character.—Editor's note.

TEX walked out of The House That He Built, this writer at his side. It was seven years ago. As we got to the office entrance on Forty-ninth Street of Madison Square Garden, he paused to say goodbye. Had I only realized then that it was "Adios" until eternity overtake me, how I would have clung to every glance of those snapping black eyes, every word which dropped from his tight lips, warped around his big dollar cigar!

It seemed, then, only a casual parting. Subsequent tragedy brought back every word that he spoke on that cold December afternoon.

How could I ever forget them? He was bound for Miami, a new love which had come into his picturesque life. He was asking me to be sure and make the trip and be there when he was to put on Sharkey and Stribling, and open the Deauville Casino with Dempsey and Carter—it to be the most glamorous "Monte Carlo" of all the world.

He had turned in all of his Madison Square Garden stock and had the cash in his kick—$900,000 of it. He had just bought Walter Chrysler's gorgeous speed yacht, getting a $150,000 swan of the sea for $50,000. Chrysler, believing in Tex Rickard's genius as the world's top man among promoters, had turned over to him the entire state of Florida as Tex's salesroom, his own territory for the sale of Chrysler cars. If he went away from that Forty-ninth Street doorway of The House Tex Built with a single care, possibly it was—"What will I DO with all my millions when they come tumbling in about my ears?"

* * *

WE shook hands again. He had to catch a train. As a parting bit of Miami bait he "chummed" me in this fashion:

"Keed, I want you to be sure and come down to Miami. You say you never been there? BOY! What a treat you'll have!

"Wait until you git to laying out on that beach, dozin' like, and that Gulf Stream breeze reaches over and kisses you plumb in the mouth! God, Igoe, it is like all of Zeigfeld's gals sneakin' up on you in the dark! I'll be waitin' for you, Keed. I'll see you down there."

The next time I saw Tex Rickard, he lay in a costly bronze casket in the center of the arena which he had told me was his "dream child." The early morning sun came through the Forty-ninth Street windows, great purple, blue, gold and pink shafts of light, to play on the dead face which had confronted so many trials, boom dramas, so many fistic extravaganzas of his own creation.

Always will I think back to two saddened figures, standing at the head of that casket, heads bowed down, their eyes glistening with tears—Jack Dempsey, his "million dollar" buddy, and Walter Fields, brother of W. C. Fields, for thirty years Rickard's court jester. Tex ran across the Fields brothers in South Africa and he thought Walter, as brother Bill's stooge, so much more comical than Bill, he hired him to "make me laugh when I git the blues."

Fields had been jester to the court of Rickard for thirty years. His cap and bells laid aside forever, Fields was a broken, sobbing creature. It was into his arms that Rickard had fallen when stricken with appendicitis in Miami.

FIELDS and Rickard had just come off the links after a round of golf. Tex, secretly suffering from the treacherous malady for over eight years because of his absolute fear of the operating knife, was in a happy mood as they stood their golf bags in a corner of the trophy room in the beautiful home just completed. How he loved that new nest, which he hoped to grace until he was older than "Buffalo" Bill.

"Git into your soup and fish, Walter. We are stepping out tonight. We're going places." "Places" was a hospital cot from which, a few days later, he was lifted as mere clay.

"Shake up a few Mollie O's—the kind of cocktail that Tad used to like," said Tex with a grin.

Fields went to the sideboard and began to shake up the "Mollie O's" in a huge silver shaker, a gift from Walter Kelly, "The Virginia Judge." It was an extravagant shaker with a musical cap. As the court jester went through the rhythm of congealing vermouth, gin, orange juice and a dash of bitters into the delightful tipple, a hidden music box in the carved cap of the shaker played "HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN!"

* * *

HAPPY DAYS! Days to come, the saddest I've known in sport!

As he fell into Fields' arms, the jester instantly realized that the collapse for which he had watched for so many years, had crumpled the genius among showmen.

"I'm going to call a doctor, Tex," said the white-faced laugh-maker.

"You keep those damned fellers out of here, Walter. I'll be all okay in a few minutes. Happened lots of times."

The jester called in the men of medical science. One look and two of them ordered his immediate removal to a hospital.

"No you don't! You fellers ain't gonna knife me. You let me stay where I be. Nothin' to be skeered of, I tell you." The medical men insisted. It was life or death, they told him. Tex gasped these words:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll lay here for half an hour. You fellers come back in that time, and if I'm no better, I'll go with you."

In half an hour he had lapsed into unconsciousness and he had no choice in the great decision.

* * *

THE jester sat in grim watch over the King! Dempsey, his partner in the new promotions which were to make them fabulously rich, rushed to the bedside from California. He slipped into the room and Rickard's black eyes drank him in like a tonic.

"Hi, Keed! Awful tired now, boy. See you a little later, Jack. You won't mind, Keed? I'm goin' off on a long sleep." Long? God himself only knew how long that sleep was to be! They were the last words Tex spoke on this earth and it seemed fitting that they should have been lavished on the hero of all his more-than-million-dollar gates.

Rickard's "wake" within The House That Tex Built drew the greatest crowd ever to assemble in tribute to a man in sport. It was my sad mission to have been one of his honorary pall-bearers. Also my task was to write the story of that remarkable spectacle for the old New York *World*. His going brought from their hideouts from all over the world characters whom the present generation had never known.

You could tell some of the old-timers, relics of a warm, comfortable period, by the cut of their old-fashioned, Civil War day duds—the tape-edged suits and scruffed top hats which had glistened so gallantly in the gas-lit era. Old fighters, there were, every one of them named in the musty old records books, but believed to be dead and gone these many years.

Old gals with their camel's hair shawls drawn about their drooping shoulders, the satin basques which had graced their

Famous Scribe Recalls His Last Meeting With Magnetic Promoter

By HYPE IGOE

young, ivory bosoms on Jenny Lind and Patti first nights, perhaps. Up from the bottom of the old cedar trunks they had come to "dress up" Tex's last "sellout."

Magnetic, picturesque, a gambling soldier of fortune, his word was his bond. Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold. He could take his losses, if they did come, with the sweetest smile I've ever known.

* * *

ONLY once in all the years I knew and liked Tex Rickard did I ever know him to complain of a story I had written about him. I had to go a long way to get it. Some ten years ago I made a hurried trip to California. There I met my old cronie, Wilson Mizner.

Sitting in the Brown Derby in Hollywood one night, he told me of a run-in Tex had had with Jack McLeod, a killer of the Klondike days. McLeod and Tex were deadly enemies. Gun play was certain to follow if ever they met face to face.

McLeod had gone out of the gold regions for a few months and had just come back from Seattle. He met Mizner in front of Rickard's gambling joint. The outward evidences of Rickard's prominence and wealth were embodied in the huge sign across the front of the hall—"The Great Northern."

It was as a red flag to an infuriated bull with McLeod. Oh, he didn't trifle, did Jack McLeod!

He was tending bar in another boomtown cafe further up the street the year before and the sweaty sheriff of the territory walked in and called for his nip.

"Wal, Jack. I jest got the Seattle Kid. Drove him up to his neck in the river and blew his damned head off. No trouble at all. Just blazed away with the old girl here, slickest sawed-off in the diggings."

"Ya don't mean to tell me that the Seattle Kid is no more, do you, sheriff! He wasn't a real bad kid. He just got desperate and didn't know how to handle it. Sawed-off, eh? Must be a slick gun."

"Got her right here, Jack. Alers hang it on a button inside my fur coat. Mac, just take a slant along that barrel. Slick as sealskin."

McLeod, pretending only slight interest, took the shotgun in his hands and tried the fit of the stock under his armpit.

"You took a bead like this, sheriff?"

"Jest."

"And you cocked her, like this?"

"Jest."

"And you pulled—"

They were three hours washing the sheriff's scattered brains off the wall behind the bar.

"The damned fool came in here crying about killing the poor Seattle Kid and before I could lift a hand, men, he ups and blows off his own noggin," was the story Jack McLeod told a coroner's jury of sourdoughs.

* * *

THEREFORE, when McLeod spoke up and said to Mizner: "Bill, go in there and tell Rickard that Jack McLeod is outside, and to come out in the smoke when he comes." Come out blazing away was McLeod's invitation.

Mizner went up to Tex, who was watching a mad roulette plunge by a group of bilged miners. Gold was as sawdust to them and Tex chewed on the only dollar cigar in the camp.

"Tex, little Jack McLeod is out in the middle of the street in front of your shebang and he wants you to come on out, and to come on out in the smoke."

"What the hell will I go out to Jack McLeod for? I stand to win two hundred thousand here and that guy ain't got a quarter. I'm staying here, Mizner." "And he did," said the famous wit.

I had written the story for the *World* on my return from California. Tex nailed me when I walked into his office in The House He Built.

"Keed, I never seed a story that was more wrong. Why didn't you come to me fo' the real lowdown? Jack McLeod wasn't tough

Tex Rickard's last picture.

with me. He took me and my brother in his gambling place down in the States one night. My brother and me had come out of the North with a roll.

"We happened in on McLeod's place and when our dough was nearly gone, thousands of dollars, we tumbled that we were being cheated. We go out with a smile, but when we met McLeod after he closed up, we weren't smiling. We stick him up and take all our sugar off of him. We had our gats on him and we chased him down an alley. Then, knowing what he would do for revenge, we mosied around to the railroad yards and sailed away. McLeod wasn't the tough guy Mizner painted for you."

* * *

THE million-dollar-gates seemed to have died with Rickard. It wasn't until his friend and silent partner in many a bold fistic plunge, Mike Jacobs, and the Hearst papers, sponsoring the Milk Fund, ran another million-dollar-gate into the records.

Gone, how can boxing ever forget Tex Rickard?

Gone, where is the swashbuckling soldier of fortune who can fill his cowboy boots?

Gone, who, without a quarter, will have the iron nerve to offer a Dempsey and Carpentier, $500,000 guarantee, driving out such master showmen as Billy Brady and Charley Cochrane, who had started out as his partners?

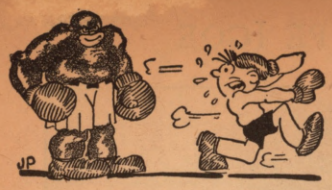
I was in Billy Brady's office the day Tex bid Billy and Charley into the discard. They were his partners because Cochrane had an option on the "Orchid Man's" services. Brady thought Rickard insane. No such guarantee ever had been heard of. Brady took me aside as we left his office and said:

"Hype, that fellow Rickard is loco. There isn't that kind of show money in the whole wide world. You'll come to me a month from now and say: "Brady, you're the smartest man on Broadway."

On the day of the fight, with only a spectator's interest in the project, Brady walked into the huge bowl which Rickard had built on Boyle's Thirty Acres in New Jersey, across the Hudson River from New York.

Brady stood like an old Indian scout on a mountain peak, peering to the far reaches of the vast pine saucer. Over 100,000 human beings were jammed in there on the premise that they really were going to see "The Battle Of The Century." The magic name of Tex Rickard had drawn them from every corner of the earth.

Brady rubbed a withered hand across tired eyes and mumbled: "God, I must be getting old!"



The RING'S

Tanker Winston sunk by schooner Sharkey in light seas off Massachusetts coast. News and views of the fistic world.

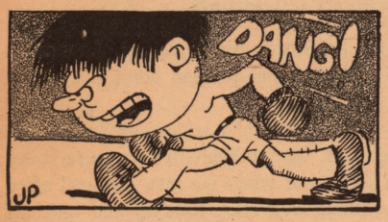
By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THE year goes out, and as it leaves, it sends into the history of boxing a heritage not only of achievement set down with the written word, but a record limned in the indelible and vibrant action of the motion picture. Thus the present boasts a valuable and thrilling advantage over the past.

Just imagine what it would mean to lovers of boxing if they could sit before a screen and see Heenan and Sayers in their memorable battle in England! Suppose we could make live again the Corbett triumph over Sullivan at New Orleans! Or the Fitzsimmons victory over Corbett at Carson City.

In this connection, the Globe Trotter wants to felicitate those who have to do with the filming of sports events in general, and fights in particular, on the vast improvements in their technique and their craft. The pictures of the Baer-Louis fight were the last word in perfection, as we now know it.

And so 1935 goes, and in the future, if we wish to make that year throb once more with its drama and its intriguing fistic gesture, we will have only to set the reel in the projector, and see the action and the combat of the past come back with its original aggressiveness, and its original allure all the more interesting by the passing of time.



And so, you see, the Globe Trotter's department is the coming most important one. The historian of the ring will bow to the motion picture machine. The lustful competition of the squared circle will be recreated chiefly not by typewriter, not through imaginative account, but by the flashing of the film on the silver screen.

And so we come to the task at hand. The Globe Trotter shows you the news and views of the fistic world—combat and comedy, aggressiveness and sluggishness, fight and frolic—in profuse display on the screen of the socking science. There is a grand variety of subjects this month, and they call to us not to delay. So, out with the lights, Chumley!

Boston, Mass.:—The Tanker Winston goes down in a light wind off the Massachusetts Coast.

WHAT a tragic sight! The old tanker Unknown Winston, which has roamed the seas for some years with its dark mystery, rides the waves, sighs in the zephyr, and goes down into the briny deep. It is one of those hard and terrific tragedies of the ocean of fisticuffs.

As the picture is flashed on a perhaps unwilling screen, we find the schooner Jack Sharkey, once proud master of the waves, but in late years retired and fastened by hempen cords to the dock in Boston, sailing again, uncertainly, in quest of the riches of the Indies—and the dough of the sucker.

There are gaping holes in the planking of the Sharkey. The sails unfurl into shreds, the mainstays creak ominously, it has a starboard list as the waves wash scuppers, and tear at the hatches. The sea is calm, the day is bright, but the Sharkey cannot go to sea any more. It steers a zigzag course.

Out of the horizon comes the tanker Winston, without sufficient provisions, with no adequate crew, floundering, flopping, the toy of the sea, calm as it is. The tanker slithers, and the Sharkey hails it—and the tanker begins to sink.

"Avast, belay!" shout onlookers from a distant shore. "No blow has been struck, yet the tanker Winston goes down. This is travesty. This is a slur on the drama of the sea. The tanker is heaving its entrails into a sour wave. Nix. It looks like a plot to get the insurance."

The news is roared to the Sharkey. The good skipper Jack is sore wroth, and he hollers into the gathering wind: "What do the mugs want for their forty-five cents?"

The mugs holler back into the wind and it sounds like an onrushing gale. Up comes the committee of ship inspectors, licensed by the state.

"You will have to ram the tanker again," the inspectors announce. So the Sharkey, with planking bereft of oakum, heads for the Winston once more. The schooner ticks the tanker, and the tanker goes down, to stay down. In a black wallow, the tanker sinks. See the deep eddy where the inky war galley slinks into a wet limbo. The Unknown Winston goes to an unknown bourne, to be eaten by the fistic pollywogs.

The ship inspectors row over and say, "It is the judgment of this august body—never wrong—that the tanker Winston did, of its own volition, sink without provocation or intent to stay up. It is the judgment that the Winston be allowed to stay sunk, and that a wreath be given to the Sharkey for behaving according to all the known and unknown traditions of the sport of boxing and the science of the sea."

So the schooner Sharkey, with sails rent, and its planks bulging, with its port holes sucking water and its deck warped, toddles off toward its old berth at the Boston dock, to wait for another sucker.

Los Angeles, Cal.:—California Commission takes a Hank Bath.

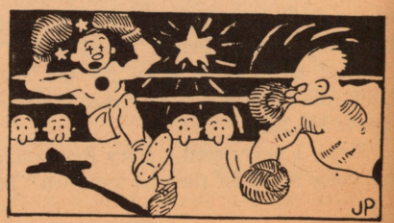
THIS is a very intricate picture, friends. It is not of the sea of water and waves, but of the sea of indecision. We see Hank Bath, protege of Jack Kearns, socking fighters right and left—or left and right, as Hank never leads with his right. He socks thirty-one victims into insensibility, which may sound cruel, but in reality is not.

Mr. Bath, who is a heavyweight from the precincts of Fort Morgan, Col., fights in California, and stops his man. The commission says: "Nothing doing. The guy is your sparring partner. Give another demonstration." So they name a guy and Hank gives him a bath. The commission says: "It looks too easy. Nix. You have to battle Butch Rogers, and if you make it this time, okeh."

So Hank stops Butch, and the commission gets sore. "It still looks phony, so we suspended everybody concerned, on account of we do not see how you stop this Rogers so fast unless it is done with mirrors or skullduggery. We do not see any mirrors, so it is skullduggery."

So Kearns, as you see in the picture, takes Hank to a rattler and starts for New York with the fistic product of Fort Morgan, Col.

"Clear the way for the guy who'll stop Joe Louis," Kearns hollers as he sails toward Broadway, which once hailed and wassailed Jack as the manager of Jack Dempsey, and the maker of a champion. Kearns has had his ups and downs since he and Dempsey parted, and Broadway is rooting for Kearns' comeback.



GLOBE TROTTER

New York, N. Y.:—Boxing Commission makes another faux pas, in the Freddy Miller case.

HERE we see the New York Commission, a very august and ruminating body, from right to left and from left to almost never right, holding one of its august sessions.

The commission is considering the featherweight situation. The whole world knows that Freddy Miller, under the able management of Pete (Hot Foot) Reilly, is the outstanding fighter of that division. That is, the whole world with the exception of the New York Commission, which in many matters pertaining to fisticuffs is as isolated as Little America.

Miller has beaten everybody but Maurice Holtzer, the Pride of the Boulevards of that dear Paree. Given a chance to fight Holtzer with plenty of preparation instead of taking him on a tour, Miller no doubt would bring home the bacon. But aside from that conjecture, the fact is that Freddy from that dear Zinzinnati is the best featherweight in the world.

Well, the New York Commission talks and talks and talks, and when the result of all this gargling is announced, it kicks Miller in the face and says there must be a featherweight elimination tournament.

Now we see the fight fans laughing. They just have heard of the decision. Elimination tournaments are fine and dandy, says Joe Goofus, whom we show in this reel, but when they are not needed they are as silly as an old maid at a debutantes' party!

London, England: — Tommy Loughran beats Maurice Strickland, Australian heavy, with greatest ease.

YES, it is our old pal Thomas Loughran of Rittner Street, Philadelphia. He is at the same old job of showing up a perspiring and aspiring young heavyweight, whom his friends had pronounced another comer. Loughran meets all comers from Buenos Aires to Piccadilly, and it is the same old story. Thomas wins.

In this picture, Loughran's opponent is Maurice Strickland, who came from Sydney to London with the idea of showing the fight fans of Europe something fancier than Bombardier Wells, something heavier in the sock than Iron Hague.

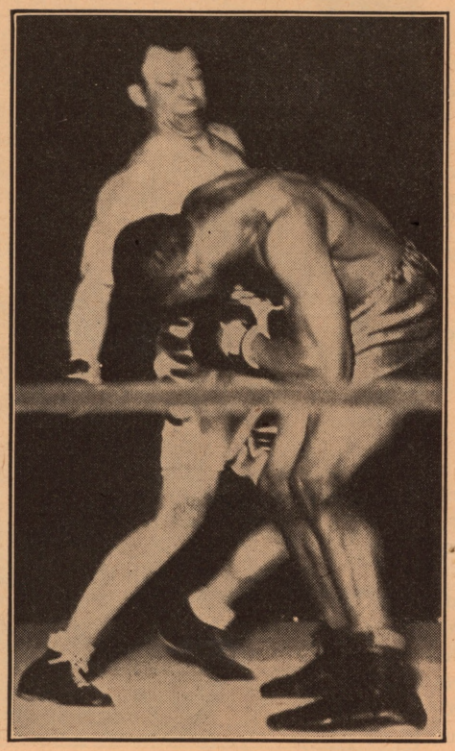
But Loughran once more is the fistic man on the flying trapeze. He does the most intricate feats with the greatest of ease. It is lead and chop, feint and counter, the left to the head and the right to the body, and it becomes utterly ridiculous.

In fact, as the film continues, you see Strickland absolutely bewildered. The stolid Britons laugh. The veteran has to slow up a bit to give his rival a little time to catch his breath. Strickland is like the farmer at the county fair trying to guess under which walnut shell the pea is located.

A picture of a Loughran fight might well be used anywhere as a lesson in boxing.

Bangor, Me.:—Joe Louis shows to a poor house.

THE Brown Bomber is shown on tour. Here we have Joe Louis making one of the numerous appearances which composed his road trip in quest of the stray buck and the elusive four bits. From time immemorable, it has been the quaint custom and alluring habit of the champion of the ring to try to grab the spare change of the innocent bystander.



The schooner Sharkey rams the tanker Winston in light airs off Boston. The tanker's figurehead is bowed.

Sullivan and Fitz and Corbett did it in the guise of actors. Corbett really had a flair for the stage. But usually fistic Thespians are terrible.

Not that Louis is trying to prove that he can act. We note him in this film as a shoemaker who sticks to his last. He is exhibiting his prowess as a fighter, and he beats down a sparring partner with all the abandon of a fancy eater taking care of a juicy Porterhouse, with mushroom and fried potato fixings.

The feature of this film is not Louis, but the house. There are gaps in the seating arrangements. These gaps are furnished by customers who are at home reading the evening paper or listening to the radio, if they are not watching Clark Gable or Kay Francis.

In other words, the customer has wised himself up. The Braddock tour has made a similar disclosure. The fan with a dollar to spare wants real action, not the synthetic brand. Jack Dempsey was the one and only champion who made any real dough on an exhibition tour. But there is no other Dempsey.

New York, N. Y.:—Jack Dempsey branches out as a handler of a boxing nursery.

THE scene is the Jack Dempsey restaurant in the big city. Sitting near Jack are a few earnest young eaters. They are devoting a lot of energy to the job of polishing off a tremendous planked steak.

These men belong to the new Dempsey boxing nursery. Joe Lipps, Red Burman, and a couple of others. Dempsey thinks he knows enough about fighting to impart some valuable knowledge to these fledglings of the roped square.

The next film shows Dempsey instructing his fighters at a New York gymnasium. "Feint, duck, lead, weave, bob." Nearby is Max Waxman, who handles Dempsey's business affairs and is partner with Jack in their new stable of fighters.

A man in Dempsey's position makes an ideal manager of battlers. The main thing in the life of a modern wielder of the cestus is three square meals a day, with a light supper to top them off. A man who is a steak impresario and runs a public feedery is admirably located for the task of piloting fighters.

When you add to this circumstance, leadership in the art of combat and the science of hit and get away, you have discovered the beau ideal of fight managers.

Now we go back to the Dempsey restaurant. Those fighters still are punishing the steak. If they develop as much skill hitting as they have developed in chewing, Jack will show us some real champions.

Madison Square Garden:—Joe Louis continues his bombardment.

WHAT is that we see? Can our eyes deceive us? Sure enough, it is Paulino Uzcudun, the Bounding Basque, sprawling all over the canvas after one of Louis' T.N.T. wallops crashed against his kisser. Poor Paulino! And he thought he was going to last the limit!

And who's that looking so seriously at the fight? Oh, I see. There's Jimmy Braddock, the world champion, and there's Max Schmeling, Louis' next opponent. Well, says Schmeling to himself, I'll collect $100,000, so what if I do get smacked around.

SUCCESSOR *to* PANCHO VILLA

By
GENE VINASSA

IT was the late Pancho Villa, a Filipino, who made the flyweight division a major attraction some ten years ago, and now a countryman, Small Montana, bids fair to rival the popularity of his great predecessor.

Montana, a slender, wasp-waisted, brown-skinned stick of dynamite, won the flyweight title from Midget Wolgast in a torrid ten-round battle at the Oakland, Calif., Auditorium on September 16.

The little battler from across the Pacific is a sensational performer and his record in this country has been amazing. He has licked every man he has met, including smart ring generals as Wolgast, Speedy Dado, Bobby Olivas and other crack mittmen. Before he left Manila, Montana was introduced to Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippine Senate, and the big man of the Islands.

"Let this thought spur you on, young man," said Quezon. "To bring back to the Philippines the world championship once held by a fellow Filipino—Pancho Villa!"

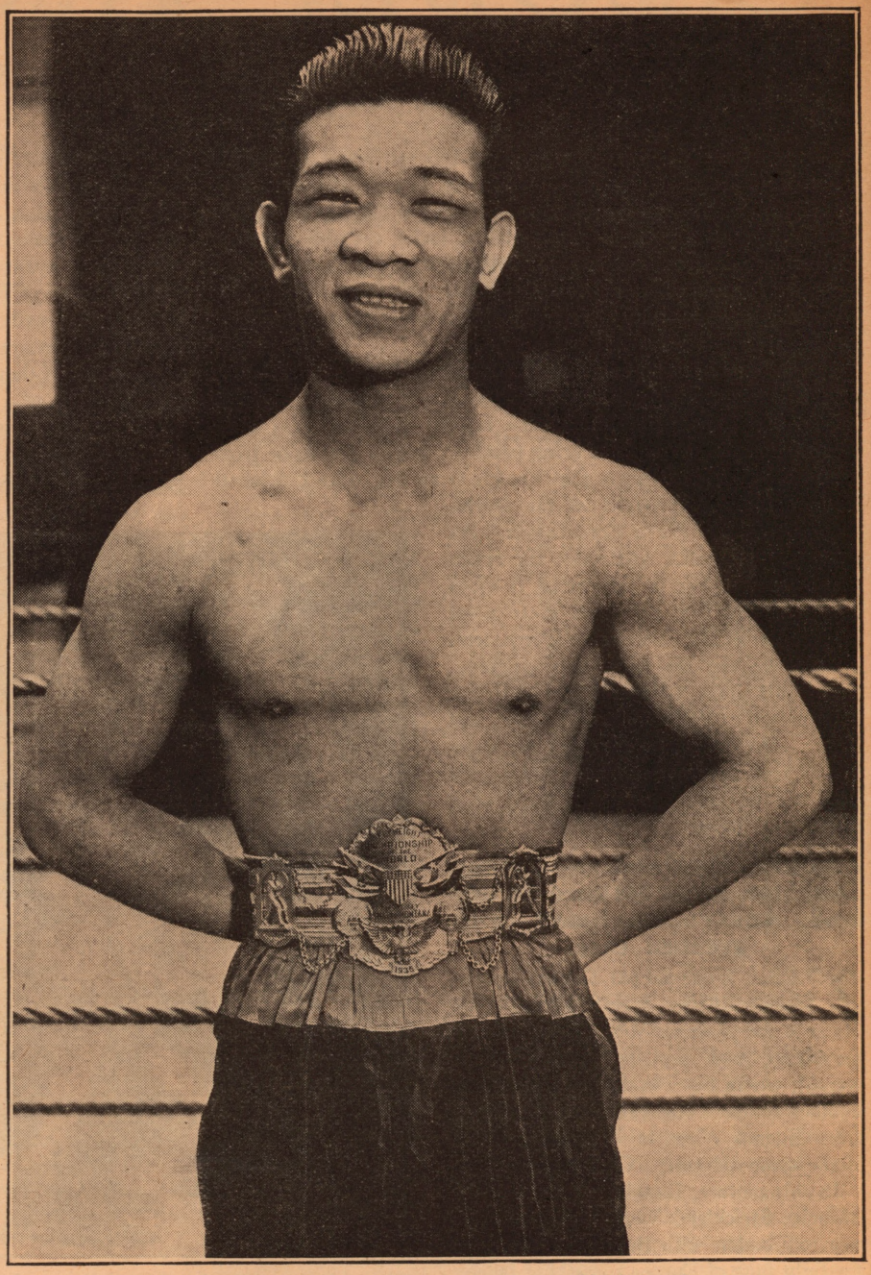
Montana's victory over Wolgast is ring history.

You'll see in his room, on the dresser-table, a fine photo of Pancho Villa. It's the last thing Montana looks at before he retires for the night; and the first thing that greets his eyes in the morning.

* * *

REVENGE is sweet, in any language; in Italian, it's "vendetta"; in German, it's "rache"; and in the Filipino lingo, it's "mabuti"!

But revenge in every language is what Small Montana craved when he crawled through the ropes recently at Oakland for his battle with Wolgast. For Montana bore on his sinewy shoulders the self-imposed task of avenging four distinct humiliations inflicted upon his countrymen by fighters of Italian descent.



Small Montana, Filipino who won the world flyweight crown.

Pancho Villa suffered two of his rare defeats at the hands of Frankie Genaro, Italian; Clever Sencio lost two fights to Fidel LaBarba, also Italian.

It would be extremely difficult to find three fighters who knew more about the science of boxing than these same three Italian flyweights, all of whom were world champions—Frankie Genaro, Fidel LaBarba and Midget Wolgast.

And it was distinctly due to the color and fighting ability of the above mentioned—Pancho Villa and Clever Sencio—that the flyweight division enjoyed an age of prosperity unequalled by any but the heavyweights, ten years ago. Sencio and LaBarba, in their two fights at the Olympic in Los Angeles, drew fifty-five thousand dollars; one fight set a record for indoor gate receipts that still stands.

* * *

ALTHOUGH he has fought fighters who have weighed as much as 124 pounds, Montana never scales more than 108 pounds. The night he captured the championship from the Philadelphia Italian, the "Tiny Typhoon" from Manila tipped the beams at the 108-pound mark. San Francisco and Oakland boxing writers likened him to the great Pancho Villa.

Francis Patrick Ryan is the name of the manager of Small Montana. The Irishman is an old hand at the boxing game. He started Sammy Robideaux, classy lightweight of a generation ago.

Back in 1907, Ryan was stationed aboard the U.S.S. Pennsylvania and serving aboard the big battle wagon at the same time was a big, gawky, raw-boned seaman named Smith, who had fistic aspirations. Ryan helped him along; schooled him in the rudiments of fisticuffing.

As "Gunboat" Smith, a few years later, this big seaman went on to win national renown. He hit the headlines in sports pages, when in a gym workout, he dropped the great Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler.

Now, Ryan's whole life is centered on Small Montana. He achieved his life's ambition when he won the world's flyweight title with the fast little Filipino.

Jimmy Johnston wants Montana for Garden engagements; European promoters have wired for bookings on the Manila flash, while Australia and Honolulu have sent dozens of cablegrams to Ryan seeking Montana's services. Ryan told the writer he plans to take Montana to New York during December.

Max Baer's Future

The Fever of Unrest is Beginning to Assert Itself in Former Champion, Retired on a California Ranch

By ED W. SMITH

IT is generally a simple matter, this disposition of our ex-champion heavyweight fighters—until now. It seems as if Max Baer is going to be considerable of a load to the general public, and he might add, just as he always has been.

It is doubtful if there ever was a heavyweight of prominence who created half the bother and confusion or brought about one-fifth of the severe criticism and at the same time added quite so much to the general gaiety of nations, as this self-same former meat cutter.

And it may be that he will continue to do so. His money seems to be running a bit low, even in the peaceful confines of the Ancil Hoffman ranch near the Bay District of California. When the bankroll starts fading, there's no telling what may happen. And despite what he may have said after the late unpleasantness with the Bombing Black, Ancil Hoffman is not unmindful of the still latent possibilities. Certainly no man enjoys the fingering of coin of the realm any more than the sometimes merry little German from California.

Max Baer, the Playboy, when training for his night club revue. Will the stage or the ring lure him back as ranch life palls and the old fever of unrest starts its work?

* * *

PERHAPS the public never has heard intimately how the Baer earnings have been cut up. Ordinarily the manager gets a third of all of the income. In this case of Maxey Baer, it is quite a bit different, vastly different as a matter of fact. Slicing of the turkey in this case is a bit complicated and when the fighting man finally comes in for his share, there isn't much left but the neck and the other end of the bird. Most of the bosom and the choice second joints of the fowl already have been spoken for.

Take for instance the paltry $150,000 guarantee that Ancil Hoffman insisted on for the Baer end of the Joe Louis match. Ancil forced this amount in the form of a guarantee because he wanted to make sure and really didn't share any of the optimism of Mike Jacobs and others interested in the promotion.

So when that check was received and whatever that was necessary was taken off the top, this is the way the money went:—

Jacob Baer, father	10	per cent
Jacklitsch Bros.,	15	per cent
Ancil Hoffman	33 1/3	per cent
Total	58 1/3	per cent
Balance for Max	41 2/3	per cent

That's the way also the $70,000 that Max got for the nightmare with James J. Braddock was divided. So also was all of the other moneys that came into the ex-butcher boy's jackpot from a variety of sources during his tenure of office in the throne room.

One big motion picture in which he was the main star netted him somewhat handsomely considering that he wasn't a champion then. But the figures didn't reach anywhere near the total generally used by the studio press agents for purposes of exploitation.

Night club engagements in and around New York netted him a total of $28,500, a paltry sum indeed, considering the hundreds of thousands of dollars in damage it did to a million dollar constitution.

* * *

THIS writer happened to work in that same Max Baer picture, so he has first-hand information about the salaries paid. Baer's total from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executives for "The Prizefighter and The Lady" was a total of $53,000, which included an extra $20,000 he received on top of the original contract when it finally was decided to have Primo Carnera "do" the fight scenes as co-star with Baer.

And while on that subject let me say right here that Max and his managerial brain trust should have paid Carnera that much money for getting Primo in the picture. It was on the studio stage that Max found out definitely he could lick the big fellow and win the championship. If it hadn't been for that, there's no telling in what frame of mind Max might have entered that battle.

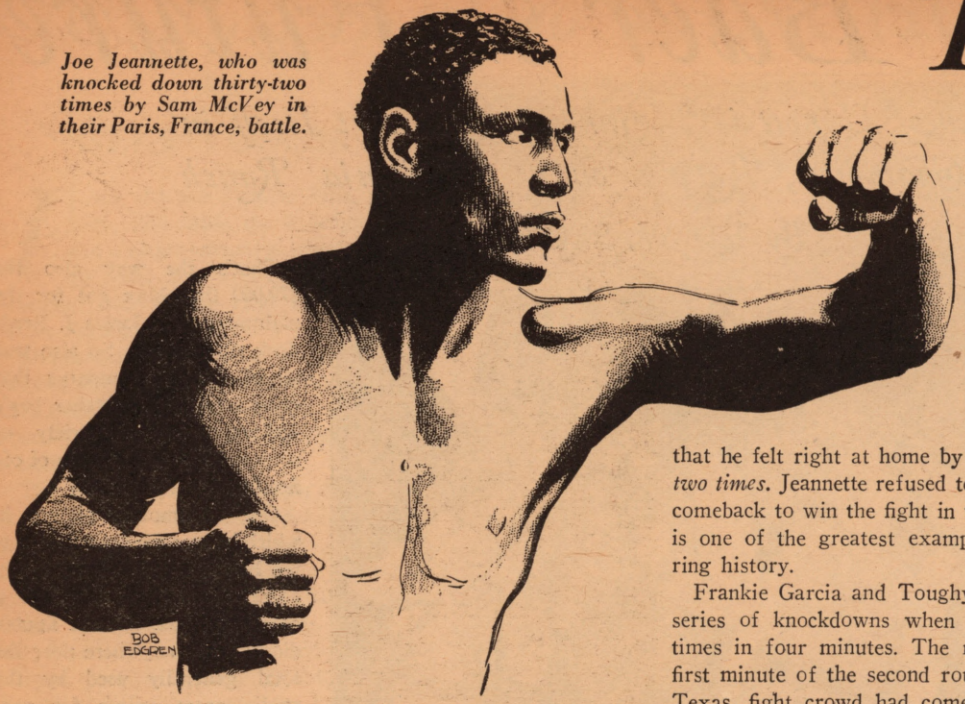
Not being a game man, Max might have been as lamentably weak in the knee joints of his heart as he was when he found James J. Braddock was no pushover and when he started to shiver as soon as he was on the dotted line for the Louis affair.

Another source of considerable income—mighty neat it would have been for a frugal man who didn't have such a night club girly complex—was for his work on the Gillette "Happy Smith" radio program. For this he got $3,000 a week and could have continued indefinitely had he retained his title.

Mind you, much of this money was taken in by the Baer confederacy in but a matter of a little over two years.

Yet Baer was broke pretty much every minute of the time—broke if he had a thousand simoleons in his pocket because such an amount of money meant *(Continued on page 45)*

THEY



Joe Jeannette, who was knocked down thirty-two times by Sam McVey in their Paris, France, battle.

BOB FITZSIMMONS, one of the greatest punchers the ring has ever known, once knocked out a man by hitting him on the glove. His victim was Con Coghlan, a strong, tough Irishman, who saw Fitz's punch coming for his jaw and calmly but firmly reached up to block it. The freckled Cornishman's fist struck Con's glove and drove it back violently against his chin. Before Coghlan found out what had happened, the referee had counted ten, and the fight was over.

Fitzsimmons apparently had a terrific punch right from the start. When he was only eighteen, he knocked out four men in one night to begin his boxing career, at Timaru, New Zealand.

He still had no idea of the great future ahead of him, though, because after knocking these fellows out, he flatly denied that he was the fighter mentioned in the news accounts, for fear of losing his horseshoeing job!

When he was in his prime, he had such a wallop that hapless opponents who boxed exhibitions with him were taking their life in their hands. A typical Fitzsimmons performance took place in Chicago a couple of months before the first great world's fair there in 1892.

He fought seven men in one evening. All of them weighed over two hundred pounds while Ruby Robert weighed a hundred and fifty-two. One of his rivals that evening, in fact, weighed two hundred and forty, and stood six feet seven inches tall in his stocking feet.

Before fighting that night, Fitz was jumping around in the dressing room and threw his right leg out of joint. He had to go through with the bouts or pay each man a $100 forfeit, so *he knocked out all seven men,* punching with his left hand and steadying his leg with the right!

After he had proved what a dangerous fighter he was, Bob posed for a statue that a leading American sculptor named French, was making. It was a heroic figure, eighteen feet high for the top of the Dewey Arch, erected for the triumphant home-coming of Admiral Dewey. The odd part of it was that the statue for which Fitzsimmons posed, was the figure of Peace!

* * *

BOB won the light-heavyweight world's championship when he was 41, something of an age record, and shortly before this fight surprised his admirers by failing to knock out Philadelphia's India rubber middleweight, Joe Grim. He floored Grim seventeen times, and finally came to the conclusion that if he did hit Grim hard enough to keep him down, Grim would never get up again.

Although he sent Grim to the canvas seventeen times, it wasn't a record. It's impossible to say what the record number of knockdowns in one fight is, because no figures are kept on that subject, but Sam McVey and Joe Jeannette staged a fight that was much more spectacular than that one.

McVey, known as "The Idol of Paris," was a great Negro fighter who met a very courageous dusky rival in Joe Jeannette. Joe battled Sam in Paris, and Sam showed that he felt right at home by dropping Joe to the canvas *thirty-two times.* Jeannette refused to be discouraged, and made a great comeback to win the fight in the forty-ninth round. Joe's victory is one of the greatest examples of grit and courage in all of ring history.

Frankie Garcia and Toughy O'Murray staged a lightning-fast series of knockdowns when Frank knocked Toughy down 15 times in four minutes. The referee stopped the bout after the first minute of the second round, as he and the entire Houston, Texas, fight crowd had come to the conclusion that O'Murray had had enough.

* * *

GARNERA holds the championship record for visiting the canvas. He was knocked down more times in one fight than any other heavyweight champion, twelve in all. Max Baer was his rival in that bout. The former record was held by Jess Willard, who was knocked down seven times by Dempsey at Toledo.

Phil Scott held another kind of a record. He claimed eleven fouls, and nine of them were allowed.

While on the subject of fouls, it is interesting to note some evidence on the question: "Do professionals fake fouls?" Charley Short, a Baltimore referee, handled 8,392 contests in eleven years, and refereed 1,000 college dual meets and championship amateur ring matches, not one of which ended in a foul! He also refereed 189 Olympic tryouts, without a single foul. Charley Short wants to know, if the amateurs can battle so cleanly, whether a lot of the hue and cry raised about fouling in professional bouts isn't just fake raised by losers taking the easy way out.

Referees compile interesting endurance figures themselves. Alex Fidler refereed 10,000 bouts in 10 years. 9,230 of them were in public arenas, and the remainder in private shows. He worked in Iowa, Nebraska, and South Dakota. I guess there wasn't much he didn't know about it after that.

* * *

BOMBARDIER WELLS, former English heavyweight champion, also held a record. Bombardier had a good punch, and was a fine boxer, but dysentery contracted when he was a soldier had weakened his stomach. The result was that Bombardier never, in his entire career, lost a decision. He won twenty-seven fights by knockouts; he was knocked out himself nine times, which gave him the unfortunate title of "England's Horizontal Champion," but only seven of his fights went to a decision, and he won 'em all.

England has the quickest knockout on record, and it occurred in a title bout. Al Foreman knocked out Fred Webster for the British lightweight title in one and a half seconds. He hit Webster with a left, a right, and a left in that time. At the speed with which he ran across the ring at the opening gong, he must be able to turn in a mighty fine 100-yard dash.

Paul Berlenbach set the consecutive knockout record of modern times by flattening twenty-three opponents in a row. When Paul started in as an athlete, he was an amateur wrestler for the New York Athletic Club. He wanted to box, but he was a pretty good wrestler and they wouldn't let him. He kept on entering

COULD HIT

By BOB EDGREN

wrestling tournaments, won the New York amateur crown, made the Olympic team, and went to Europe with it. On his return they let him try boxing as a reward for his work.

He won the amateur middleweight boxing title, turned professional, and in sixteen months became world's professional light-heavyweight champion. That's a record in itself.

* * *

BUT Berlenbach was just a piker compared to the K. O. champ of all time. Theagenee of Thasos, who fought with spiked knuckles, is said to have laid 1,426 opponents in their graves, one right after the other. Fights didn't stop with a knockout in those days.

"Yeah," the fight fan of today will answer, "but they didn't have any science then." In answer, we can only call the fan's attention to Mr. Melancomas, a great Roman boxer under the emperor Titus. Melancomas was the Roman Jim Corbett. He fought in cestus combats without giving or receiving a blow, until his opponents dropped from exhaustion. He was so quick they couldn't hit him. How's that for science?

And now for a story about a typical Scotch champion and a typical Irish champion. Benny McGhee was a Scotchman and a bantamweight title holder. He wanted a bout in London, where they paid more money, so he walked the entire 400 miles to the English capital for a fight.

Jimmy Carrol was an Irishman, and he fought Ned Moore for the championship of Camp Cavanaugh, Kildare County, Ireland. There's nothing unusual about that. But what you ought to know is that Jimmy only weighed 122 pounds, and the championship contender he battled for the title weighed 176. The fight was to a finish.

Jimmy Carrol licked his big opponent, Ned Moore, in two hours and twelve minutes of furious fighting. The 122-pound lad won the fighting championship of a big bunch of fighting Irishmen. Size meant nothing to Jimmy.

* * *

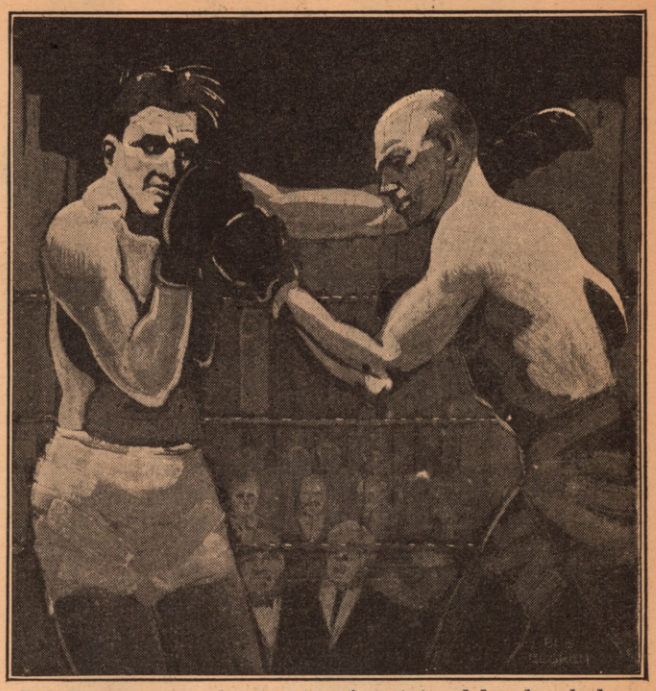
NOWADAYS when arenas are prepared months in advance for a big fight it is almost unbelievable that championships were once contested wherever the fighters could avoid the sheriff long enough to take a punch at each other.

Joe Goss, the champion of England, came to America and defended his title in a bout which was finally decided some little distance from where it began. He met the challenger, Tom Allen, in a ring in Kent County, Kentucky. After the fight had gone a few rounds the sheriff appeared and chased the fighters over into Boone County, where another ring was put up, and Goss retained his title, winning on a foul in the 27th round.

Bill Perry, the original Tipton Slasher, fought Tom Paddock for the championship of England by moonlight. The men met late at night in an open field to avoid police interference. Perry was able to handle Tom quite well in the dim light, and won the bout.

Jack McAuliffe, who was world's lightweight champion at the time, beat Billy Frazer in a 21-round fight that took place in a barn near Boston. And he fought Jem Carney in a barn above the Salvation Army meeting room. A lightweight as good as McAuliffe today would fill a big ball park with fight fans. It's the color and the sock that counts in drawing 'em in.

A lot has been done to modernize the fight game. Permanent arenas have been built with electrically disappearing rings, which sink down to the dressing room level below like giant elevators so the fighters don't have to walk down through the crowd; the ring is lighted with powerful overhead lamps; the corners are furnished with running water, and so on. Some of the "scientific developments" turned out to be mighty bad for the fighters concerned.



Bob Fitzsimmons, who in spite of an injured leg, knocked out seven men in one night at the Columbian World's Fair in Chicago in 1892.

SPIDER KELLY seconded a fighter who was appearing in an arena that used a new electric timing clock over the ring. Spider's man had a good punch, but couldn't land it, so in the middle of a round Spider suddenly shouted: "Look! The clock's stopped!" Everybody turned to look at the clock—except Kelly's fighter, who was in on the scheme. He landed a right on his luckless opponent's jaw. That ended the fight.

The clock was a failure in other ways, too. Fighters would loaf along until they saw that the round was almost over, when they would put on a phenomenal spurt to impress the judges. The club finally got rid of the clock.

Another scientific advance that met great disfavor with the fighters was the first taking of a championship indoor fight by the motion pictures. Jim Jeffries was defending his title against Tom Sharkey. Films were slow in those days, so the lights they used over the ring were intensely bright and terrifically hot. Jim claimed it lost him a head of hair to go through that fight.

Homer Davenport, a great cartoonist, was sitting at the ringside and the heat from the lights was so great, even that far away, that he fainted. Jeffries and Sharkey said that it felt like fighting in an oven . . . . and they went twenty-five furious rounds to a draw!

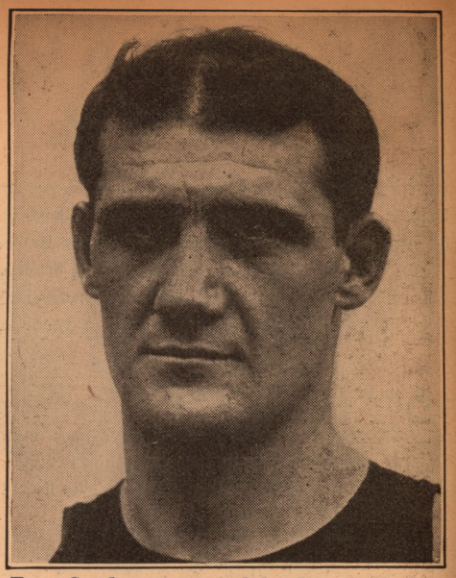
When a fight fan thinks of famous right-hand punches, he cannot help but recall some of the hitting feats of Jack Delaney and Jimmy McLarnin. Delaney, the shining Rapier of the North, flattened many a man with his soporific right. Two outstanding victims were Paul Berlenbach and Tiger Flowers. It was on March 24, 1924, that Delaney drove a fight crowd wild by flattening Oom Paul in the old Garden for Berlenbach's first defeat.

Late in the third round Berlenbach drove Delaney into a corner. As Paul moved in, Delaney lashed out a right-hand shot to the chin that was in the nature of a dying punch. Down went Paul and up came the wild crowd. Paul rose at three and finished the round, only to be stopped in the fourth after two more knockdowns. It was that desperate punch of Delaney in the third, not the knockout, that sticks in the memory of those who witnessed that thriller. Delaney's right twice flattened Tiger Flowers, once on January 16, 1925, and again a few weeks later, February 27.

Yes, boys, it's the punch and the color that draws 'em in.

PROTEGES *of* CHAMPIONS

By T. W. McNIEL



Tom Cowler, sponsored by Jim Corbett as a "White Hope," but failed to make good.

ONE would think that there would be no one in the world more qualified to choose between a "palooka" and an honest-to-God fighter, than a man who held the highest honor the prize-ring has to offer . . . . the heavyweight championship. But just for curiosity's sake, let's take a stroll back down the highways and byways of pugilism and see just how these lads who gained perpetual fame for themselves in the roped arena, fared when they set out to pick a successor for the throne they once occupied.

We'll start with old John L. Sullivan. Perhaps you will recall that after the noble old Boston war-horse had been shorn of his pugilistic laurels, he began casting about to find someone to place on the top of the heavyweight pinnacle, with a Sullivan-sponsored back-ground. John waited around a decade or so after his defeat at the hands of Corbett before he chose his protege.

His ultimate choice was a huge raw-boned Scotchman, Sandy Ferguson. Sandy, a native of Moncton, N. B., Canada, had drifted around the freight docks of Boston, when Sullivan took a fancy to him. Maybe it was because Ferguson was a slam-bang walloper of the shipping wharf variety that caught John's eye. It is no question but that Sullivan frowned on the dancing tapping ringsters. And certainly by no stretch of imagination could Ferguson be classed as anything but a rough, tough, knock-down and dragout mauler.

He had the physique too . . . . six-foot, four inches in height and scaling about the 200-pound mark, and graced by nature with a natural pugnacious temperament, Sandy waded through the first three years or so of his career with only one defeat chalked up against him, that, a four-round decision that he blew to Dick O'Brien.

Then in 1901, he and Kid McCoy packed up bag and baggage and went to England for a tour. Over in Merry Britain, Ferguson won several battles over the current British crop. Perhaps the best bout he had over there was a five-round kayo that he scored over Denver Ed Martin in 1902. At that time Martin was still a hard proposition to handle.

* * *

BACK in the states in 1903, Ferguson ran up an imposing list of victories over some of the top-notch American heavies. Victories over "Klondyke" George Byers, Dick O'Brien, Bob Armstrong and Joe Walcott brought the bruising Scot into prominence. In addition to the above battles, he and Jack Johnson engaged in three encounters that same year, one a ten-round no-decision affair, and Johnson winning the other two, a twelve- and a twenty-rounder.

Ferguson, being a surly minded individual, then began to get ideas of his own. He began to fight only when he got good and ready and as a result, three or four battles a year constituted the extent of his labor. In 1904 he lost a twenty-round go to Marvin Hart, the Louisville battler who claimed the title after Jeffries retired, and in 1905, he dropped a seven-round go to Jack Johnson by the foul route. Ferguson by now was definitely on the down grade, though he fought along with varying success till about 1913.

Sandy's one weakness was fighting Negroes. When a colored boy couldn't find anybody else to play with, the brawling Scot could always be depended on to take him on. A search of the records reveals that in Ferguson's last thirty ring encounters, exactly half of them were with colored warriors.

Ferguson was shot to death in a Boston brawl about twenty years ago.

* * *

JIM CORBETT'S nomination for a coming heavyweight champ, was the gigantic Englishman Tom Cowler. Jim took him in tow during the "white hope" era when the whole world was looking for someone to lick the dusky Johnson. But in spite of all of Corbett's tutoring and coaching, the big Englishman fell far short of his goal, principally because his chin and tummy couldn't stand the rough massaging that a top-flight heavyweight must necessarily withstand.

Cowler was a 220-pound specimen of manhood, and like his countryman, Bombardier Wells, could drop an elephant with his right hand shots, but all too often their potent hitting qualities went for naught on account of their inability to "take 'em." Cowler began walloping his fellow-man in 1911 and kept at it occasionally until about 1924. Some of the better known battlers who bowed to the handsome English socker, included Homer Smith, Ermino Spalla, Tom McMahon, Frank Moran, Boer Rodel, Iron Hague and Kid Norfolk. So it cannot be said that Cowler was exactly a pushover, in fact if he had possessed an armor-proof anatomy of the Tom Sharkey or Battling Nelson variety, it is easy to vision him wearing the golden diadem back to his native Helsingham, England . . . . but he didn't have the said anatomy, and therein lies the secret of the failure of Jim Corbett's British protege.

* * *

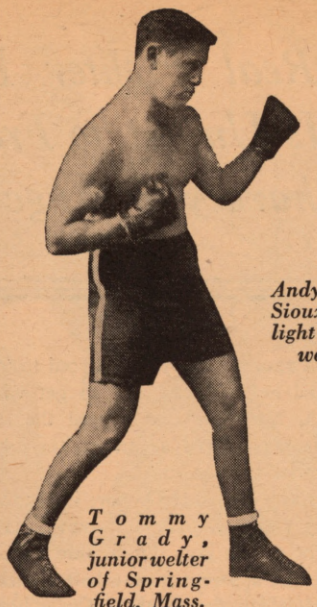
BOB FITZSIMMONS attempted to make a champion of one of his own flesh and blood. But as most ring followers are aware, Young Bob fell far short of his famous dad's expectations. In the first place, Young Bob didn't have the necessary physique, and too, the son was a boxer first and last. Marvelous student of the game that he was, old Bob was unable to impart his wonderful store of fistic knowledge to his son. Of course Young Bob wasn't a palooka, not by any means, but he was expected to take up where his father left off. It would have been little short of a miracle had the son been his daddy's equal . . . . and this isn't a day of miracles.

However, the kid possessed enough ability to beat such men as Fay Kaiser, Joe Lohman, Ted Jamison, Romero Rojas, Jack Burke and Jim Hibbard. In addition, he possessed enough skill to enable him to round out a dozen years in the professional ring without having a single "ten" count tolled over him, which is something a lot of fellows can't say.

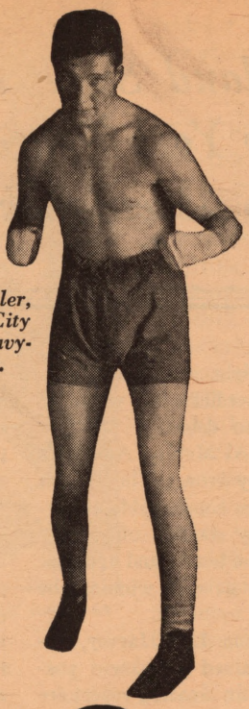
I still believe that if the long hand of Death hadn't reached out and plucked old Bob away, he might have sent the youngster higher up the fistic ladder. It must *(Continued on page 47)*

Filipino and U.S. Club Pleasers

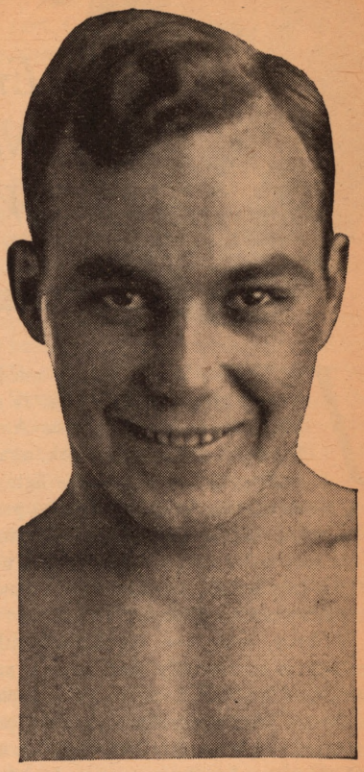
Baby Johnson, lightweight champion of the Philippines.



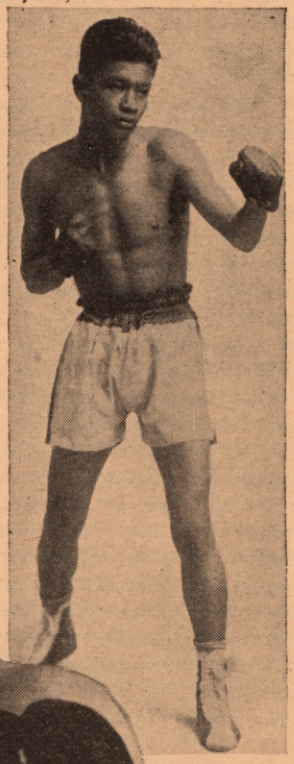
Tommy Grady, junior welter of Springfield, Mass.



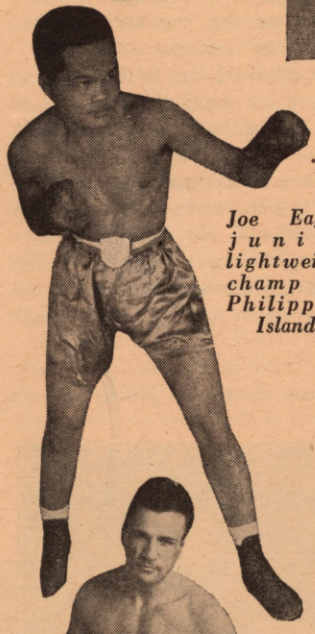
Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight.



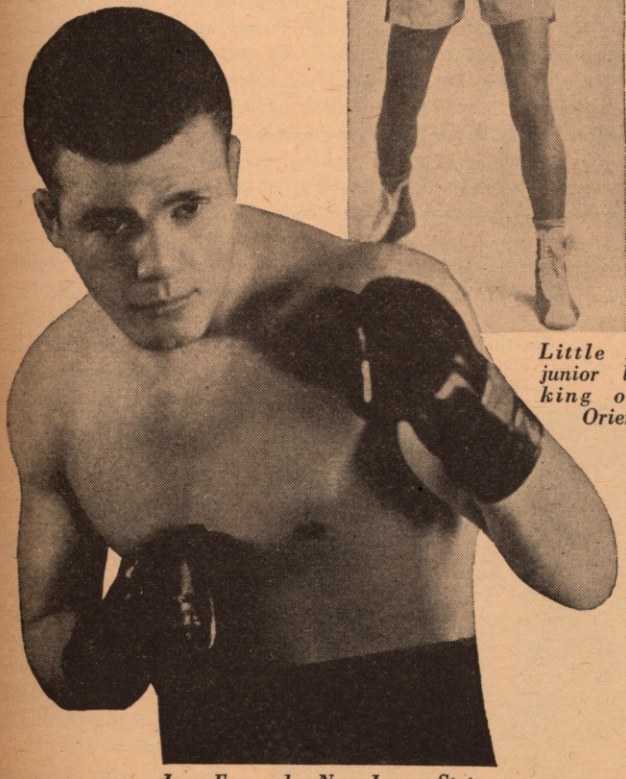
Lee Cox, welter from Cincinnati, Ohio.



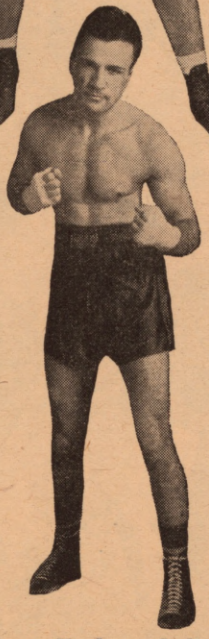
Little Dado, junior bantam king of the Orient.



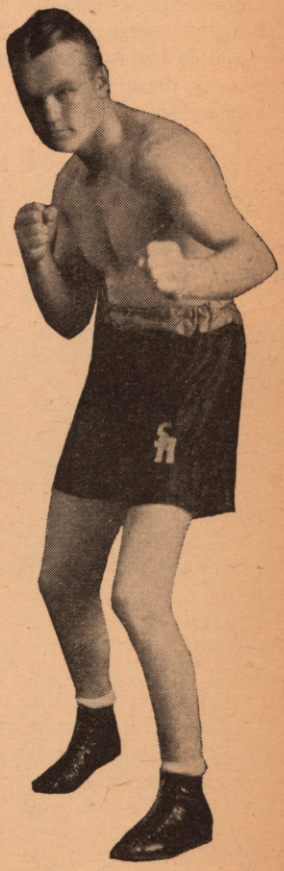
Joe Eagle, junior lightweight champ of Philippine Island.



Joey Ferrando, New Jersey State lightweight king.



Henry Hook, an Indianapolis lad who fights as bantam and feather.



Goldie O'Hara, Fort Dodge, Iowa, middleweight.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

England Sends a Real Fighter In McAvoy
New York Board Is Unjust to Freddy Miller
Who Asked Jack Sharkey to Stage Comeback?

JOCK McAVOY, British middleweight and light-heavyweight king, will do. That is my verdict after watching McAvoy in action in his American debut in Madison Square Garden New York, against Al McCoy, America's leading contender for the light-heavy crown. The British lad, a sturdy, two-fisted fighter who possesses considerable cleverness, reversed the usual order of things by starting off on the right foot in his first appearance. He won the hearts and applause of the fans by the splendid performance he gave in winning the decision over his Canadian rival.

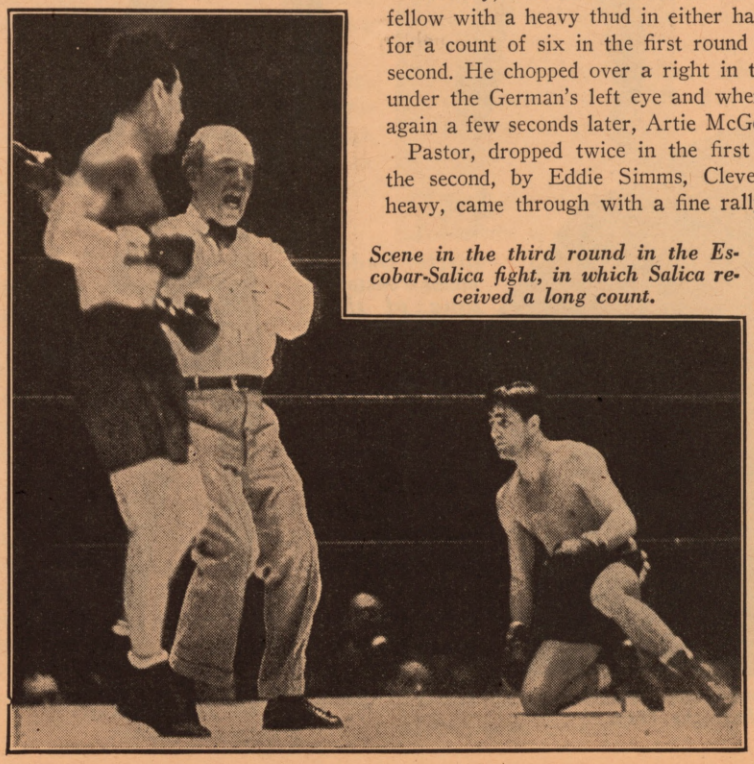
McAvoy, who won the British title from Len Harvey, defending it successfully three times, and gained permanent possession of the Lord Lonsdale Belt, displayed an amazing repertoire of hooks, jabs, uppercuts and other punches. The onlookers had expected to see another British "phenom" explode.

Unless one had been previously informed that McCoy was an Englishmen, he could not be blamed for thinking of Jock as an American. The British champion, in practically every movement, has American style stamped all over him. He has adopted the American "stand-up" and in addition, he has mastered the weaving of Dempsey, the crouch of Jeffries, the sharp-shooting of Jack Johnson and the speed of Jem Driscoll. He can throw more punches per minute than any fighter I've seen since Jackie Kid Berg made his American debut five years ago. McAvoy is my choice for the next world's middleweight and light-heavyweight championship.

* * *

IN the third round McAvoy showed his hitting prowess by sending a stiff right to McCoy's chin that put the Canadian scrapper down for a count of four. McCoy tripped once, but that third round knockdown was the only one he suffered.

The contest was bitterly waged. A return engagement if it can be made, would pack the Garden now that the public is satisfied that McAvoy and McCoy can fight as well as reports stated they could. If such a contest is arranged, I hope that McCoy's managers will put Al through a better training process than was done on his first appearance in New York. Knowing that the contract called for 171 pounds tops, they permitted McCoy to keep within hailing distance of that, and then found on the morning of the fight that he was overweight.



Scene in the third round in the Escobar-Salica fight, in which Salica received a long count.

As a result, McCoy was forced to take a severe morning workout and he just was able to get within the scale limit at two o'clock. Naturally that sapped the strength of the fighter. But that is not offered as an excuse for his defeat. It is simply a matter for the record.

McAvoy earned the honors in six rounds and one was even. His snappy right was his best punch. He shot it with effectiveness straight to the jaw, dug it into McCoy's ribs at random in the arch of an uppercut from a half crouch and he also flashed a powerful left jab that sent McCoy's head back with a snap every time it landed. McCoy's best rounds were the ninth and tenth in which a splendid rally earned him the laurels. He also carried off the fourth round by a big margin.

At the end of the bout he was fresher than was McAvoy who was apparently all in and hanging on. But that rally of Al's was not sufficient to gain him the laurels. McAvoy has a fine style, is shifty, can give and can take a punch and with those assets, he figures to whip John Henry Lewis for the title if they meet.

Four other boys who appeared on that card deserve special mention for each is coming along. Joe Letts, managed by Jack Dempsey, Bob Pastor of New York, Frank Connolly of Boston, owned by Jack Sharkey and his manager, Johnny Buckley, and Max Marek, are the lads. Of the lot, I like the chances of Letts best. He is a natural fighter with a terrific sting to his wallops and he can give and take a blow. He is being trained in the Dempsey school, which means hard fighting from the tap of the gong. Joe beat a tough fellow in George Turner and is headed for bigger game and better purses.

Connolly, who bowled over Heinz Kohlkass of Germany, is a fellow with a heavy thud in either hand. He floored the German for a count of six in the first round and twice for seven in the second. He chopped over a right in the third that raised a gash under the German's left eye and when the foreigner was floored again a few seconds later, Artie McGovern halted the mill.

Pastor, dropped twice in the first round, and three times in the second, by Eddie Simms, Cleveland's hard hitting Polish heavy, came through with a fine rally to earn a draw. He had Simms down in the fifth when the bell came to Eddie's rescue at the count of five. It would have been a sure knockout had the gong not sounded just at the psychological moment.

In all, the card again showed that there are a number of promising heavyweights and light-heavies in the field and that, with proper development, the crop should be ripe for some thrilling mills before long. It is the best crop of young heavies seen in a long time.

Here we have McAvoy and McCoy in a rapid exchange in their battle in The Garden in New York. McCoy is on the left.

MARTIN LIVINGSTON, a RING reader, sent me a query, which he asked that I answer in the Question Box, but as this query is one about which I had decided to devote considerable space in a special editorial, I have decided to answer Martin here instead. This is his question:

"Is there any good reason why Freddie Miller, of whom I have read nothing but praise, especially in your editorials, should not be recognized by the New York State Boxing Commission as the world featherweight champion?

"I note where the commission ruled a few days ago that Miller not only is not the title-holder, but won't even be recognized as a contender, and that a tournament will be staged to decide the champion, in so far as New York is concerned. Your judgment, in my opinion, is law in boxing, and as I have always admired your frankness, even when you are forced to attack your friends, I shall ask you to give me an answer in your Question Box."

Well, Martin, I'm glad that you asked that question. I am as much at a loss as you are to understand the shabby treatment that has been accorded to America's foremost fighting champion, Freddie Miller. Only Tony Canzoneri, another great little fighter, and Joe Louis, measure up to the standard of Miller, and yet we who seek to keep the sport where it belongs are forced to see such decisions rendered as that against Miller by the New York board.

* * *

IT does not speak well of American sportsmanship, nor does it add to the credit of the New York State Boxing Commission, that such a miscarriage of justice should be sponsored by the Empire State board. Miller has done everything a great fighter could be asked to do but accept the decision of the New York members that he meet Baby Arizmendi, its homemade title-holder. Freddie did more than any fighter in the past twenty years to foster good will among the nations where boxing is carried on.

While Tony Canzoneri proved to the boxing world that he is the marvel of the age by his wonderful showing in 1935, and Joe Louis proved himself to be the promoters' magnet by bringing back to boxing the million dollar gate, Freddie Miller, in my opinion, did more than either of these in a fighting way by licking every champion and near champion of Europe but one, Holtzer of France.

Freddie brought back to America the undisputed championship, yet for his wonderful feat, instead of being received with open arms by the New York Commission and at least receiving a pat on the back and a "God bless you, sonny," he gets a kick in the pants. Do you call that sportsmanship? I don't.

Were Miller an Englishman, he would have been wined and dined and he would probably by this time be the owner of a beautiful diamond belt and a bag of gold, but New York Commissioners are business men, who apparently cannot see the sportsmanship angle.

* * *

UNFORTUNATELY, THE RING hasn't the money to give to Miller, nor can it present Freddie with a belt of diamonds and gold, but it can give Miller the recognition he rightfully deserves by presenting a silver belt emblematic of the championship which he owns, regardless of the action of the New York commissioners.

I shall arrange a luncheon at which I shall invite as the guests of honor, the three commissioners, if they will accept, and at this function I will present the belt to Miller. THE RING'S recognition is greater than that of any boxing commissioners, as Miller and others who have travelled abroad will tell you. Such a gift means more internationally to the recipient than does a gift championship from a boxing commission. Our readers in Europe, Canada, South Africa and Australia will verify this statement.

One thing I feel certain of is that it will mean far more internationally than does the decision of the commission which reads:

"The New York Boxing Commission will stage an elimination featherweight tourney to decide the world featherweight championship, so far as New York is concerned, as we do not recognize Freddie Miller either as a champion or a contender."

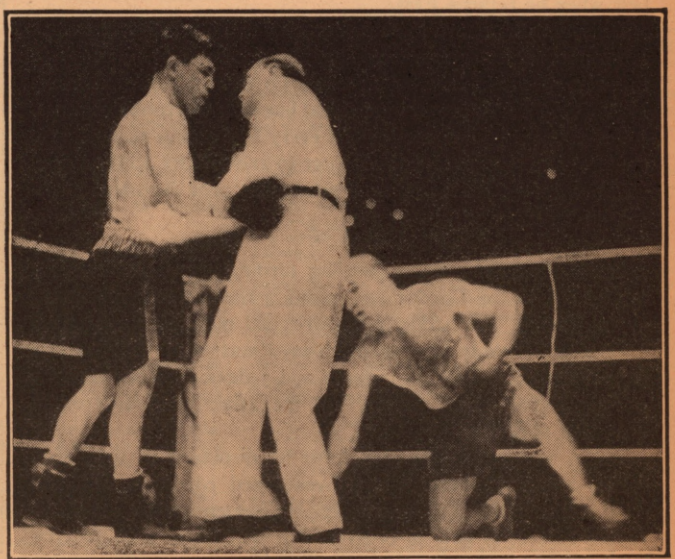
* * *

WHEN Miller receives THE RING belt, he'll find that every state in the Union except New York, and every country where boxing is staged, will greet him as the world featherweight champion, who holds THE RING belt, just as THE RING'S recognition of Marcel Thil as middleweight king and Sanchelli as bantam king have been accepted by all countries and states except New York.

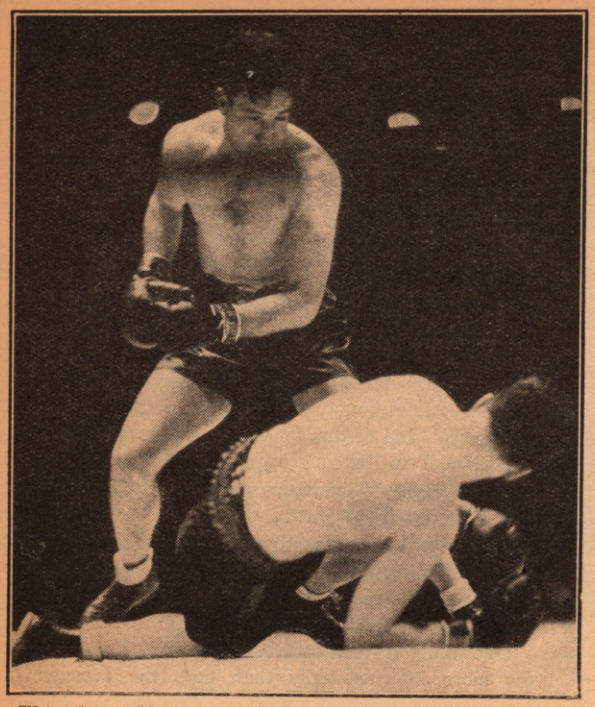
I admire the three New York commissioners, my friends, for their many fine acts on behalf of the sport over which they rule in New York, but this is one case in which I must differ with them and take them to task for their short-sightedness.

Messrs. Phelan, Wear and Brown are men of high courage and I'm sure that they will reconsider their decision if we can prove that it is a faulty one.

They would look big in the eyes of the sports world if they



A tense moment in the 12th round, the final one of the Brouillard-Thil fight in the Palais des Sports, Paris. Thil was downed but won the fight.



This shows McAvoy on his way to a ten round decision over McCoy, whom he has put down for a count of three.

took an about face in this matter and righted an injustice to a true-hearted, fighting champion, a lad who has earned his spurs as has no other champion in recent years—by defeating the best boys the world over.

Gentlemen, recognize Freddie Miller as champion. Don't break a fighting heart, ignoring a just claim!

* * *

WHILE on the subject of belts, let me say that the belt which Miller will receive will be the fifty-ninth presented by THE RING to world and American champions since 1922. Among those so honored were Barney Ross, Jimmy McLarnin, Teddy Yarosz, Rocky Kansas, Sammy Mandell, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Tommy Loughran, Johnny Dundee, Jack Delaney, Paul Berlenbach, Tony Canzoneri, Andre Routis, Maxie Rosenbloom, Midget Wolgast, Pancho Villa, Lou Salica, Ben Jeby and Frankie Genaro. It is the highest award that is given to a recognized title-holder in this country. The award to Miller makes the seventh for this year. Sixto Escobar received a belt on November 29 and Jimmy Braddock will get the sixtieth belt when he returns East.

I mention the above to show our readers to what extent THE RING goes to foster sportsmanship and good will in boxing, and to what extent boxing commissions go to undo all that good. It is a very costly proposition to us, but well worth the expense.

THE RING belt is a trophy that every boxer aims to win. It is the goal of ambition of every fighter to annex THE RING award, which becomes his permanent possession once he obtains the trophy.

* * *

ESCOBAR gained his belt by turning the tables on Lou Salica in the Garden and winning the American bantamweight crown. The affair, a fifteen-round mill that was replete with good boxing and hard hitting, was won through the unanimous verdict of the referee and judges. Escobar won by a rather good sized margin, but the affair was far from a one-sided one.

Salica was below the fine form he displayed in their first battle, and I attribute this to overtrained condition. He was slower than usual and was invariably beaten to the punch. A rubber contest is now in order and it will draw well, judging by the performances in the first two tilts.

Escobar and Salica are the type of boys who can be depended upon to make the class hum again as it did when Villa and Wilde were at the helm. Both are clean living lads who take their work seriously, and as such, are assets to the sport.

* * *

THE Escobar-Salica bout recalled the famous long count in the Dempsey-Tunney fight at Chicago. In the third round, the Porto Rican dropped Salica and during a mix-up, in which the knock-down timer, Referee Josephs, lost track of the count, he counted Salica out while the third man in the ring, Billy Kavanaugh, had reached only seven. Thus Salica received a count of twelve officially, and though he could have gotten up before the fatal ten, as he proved in subsequent rounds, the fact remains that Eddie Joseph had already counted him out.

The fault rested wholly with Joseph, who started the count, then got rattled, something a referee should never do, and halted momentarily. When he picked it up again, Billy Kavanaugh thought he had just begun and thus missed three seconds.

A left to the body, followed by a right to the jaw, is what dropped Salica to his knees. While badly stung, he shook off the effects and could have gotten up before ten. He watched Kavanaugh and naturally took full advantage of Billy's tab.

Escobar, in turning the tables on Lou, looked every inch the champion. I have no doubt but that he can whip Sanchelli, the world title-holder, if a bout can be arranged. Sixto had the fight in his hands from the start and looked better with each round as he kept piling up a lead.

* * *

THOSE who have argued that Marcel Thil, the recognized world's middleweight king, has outgrown the division and therefore should not be considered as champion, had the answer to the arguments in Thil's recent battle with Lou Brouillard in Paris.

In that bout, staged by Jeff Dickson and advertised as an overweight match, Thil scaled 162½ pounds to 158½ for the American, thus proving that the Frenchman can make the limit of his class. In the stories of the fight, won by Thil, who scored heavily in ten of the twelve rounds, Marcel was exceptionally strong at the weight and could have made 160 pounds, the limit of the division.

Incidentally, had Brouillard won *(Continued on page 47)*

McCoy once more is shown out of action in his contest with McAvoy, but this time the Canadian has slipped in an effort to evade one of the Briton's punches.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Jack Wilson, West Palm Beach

Q.—Did Jack Johnson throw his fight to Willard or was he forced to let Willard win? How many rounds did the fight go?

A.—He says he quit to Willard for a stipulated sum of money, but I don't believe him. The bout went twenty-six rounds. I have his signed statement of a fake in my safe.

Robert Manuel, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Q.—I weigh 138 pounds. Should I enter the Golden Gloves as a featherweight or lightweight?

A.—Lightweight.

Q.—In four fights, I won three decisions and one by k.o. Is that a good start?

A.—Very.

Q.—I have excellent footwork but don't know how to punch properly—that is when to strike out. How can I best cure that?

A.—By learning how to time your punches. Practice on light bag and also before a mirror.

Q.—How many miles of road work would I need if my wind is normal and I'm in fine shape otherwise? I am 16.

A.—I would not advise more than one mile three times a week under the circumstances but take long walks and climb hills whenever possible. That is a fine wind developer.

Q.—How can I develop a good left jab?

A.—Through constant practice before mirror and on light bag and then with a sparring mate. Get my "How to Box" and study "left jabbing" exercises.

Q.—What is the use of feinting?

A.—To catch your opponent off guard and deliver the telling punches while he is unprotected. A feint is a means for deceiving an opponent—fooling him into believing that you are about to land a punch in one place and just as he guards that spot, you toss the punch to another place. Get my book, "Blocking Hitting, Feinting and other Methods of defense and attack."

John Marek, S. S. Asheville

Q.—Did Babe Risko ever fight Art Lasky?

A.—No.

John Durham, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—What is the usual size head of a light heavyweight and a heavyweight?

A.—Light heavyweight about 7 and heavyweight, from 7½ to 8.

Harry A. Hartman, Lancaster, Pa.

Q.—Do you consider Joe Smallwood a top notch boxer in his division since he was rated among the leading ten in your magazine for three consecutive issues? What chance do you think Braddock would have with Louis should they meet in the future?

A.—Smallwood stepped into the limelight with victories over Vince Dundee and Tommy Rios but since then has been beaten several times. He is a rugged trial horse and capable of extending the best of them, by his past record. I don't think Louis will have much trouble with Braddock although Jimmy will furnish much stiffer opposition than Baer provided. Louis should put Braddock away before the tenth round.

Biddy Jones, Prattville, Ala.

Q.—If I want to fight as a heavyweight, must I first have a record, would I have to fight long to get a good record?

A.—That depends wholly on your ability.

Q.—Who was the best heavyweight of all time?

A.—That is a matter of opinion.

A Reader, Borger, Texas

Q.—Was Jack Johnson the recognized champion of the world when he fought Jim Jeffries at Reno, Nevada?

Jeffries in his recent life story, said that he, not Johnson, was the title holder. Jeff said that he gave the title away to Marvin Hart in 1905, but the public would never recognize that act and therefore the title could not possibly have been handed down to Tommy Burns and to Johnson who beat him but reverted back to Jeffries. Jeff says that he was the champion for eleven years, but the record books show Johnson the champion after Jeff retired. Please unravel this complication for me.

A.—I have discussed this several times before hence do not feel that I can afford to spend any more time on this subject. When Jeffries retired, although he turned the title over to the winner of the Marvin Hart-Jack Root fight, there really was an elimination to decide the championship. Thus, Root was knocked out by Marvin Hart in 12 rounds at Reno, Nevada, with Jeffries as the referee and Jeff proclaimed Root the title holder. But Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Tommy Burns also laid claim to the laurels. Tommy Burns went after Hart and defeated him in 20 rounds at Los Angeles, and then he also defeated O'Brien in 20 rounds at Los Angeles. That was in 1906.

The following year, Burns knocked out Bill Squires in one round; Bunner Moir in 10; beat Joe Grim in 3 and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in 20, and followed those victories abroad with knockouts of Jack Palmer, in 4; Jem Roche, 1; Jewey Smith, 3; Bill Squires, 8; Bill Squires, 13, and Bill Lange in 3. That Lange battle was his last before meeting Jack Johnson and since Burns, as that record shows, eliminated the European and Australian title holders in addition to twice scoring over the leading American contender, O'Brien, certainly there could be no doubt about his championship claim being the best. He was generally recognized the world over as the champion when he met Johnson and when he dropped the bout to the Negro in the 14th round when the police jumped into the ring to save Tommy from further punishment, Johnson became the world title holder. In America there were some critics who maintained that Jeff was the defending champion when he met Johnson, but those men were highly prejudiced. Even Jeffries admitted when he was licked, that he was only trying to get back the crown for the white race and that Johnson was the champion.

Sammy Evans, Great Falls, Montana

Q.—I fought Mike Gibbons' son at Great Falls, and in the fourth, round, Bobby Gibbons, thinking I was too rough with his brother, jumped into the ring, took a swing at me and assisted his brother. Shouldn't the referee have declared me the winner instead of stopping the bout and ordering me out of the ring?

A.—Yes, Bobby Gibbons automatically disqualified his brother when he jumped into the ring. No second has a right in the ring during the fighting period. No assistance may be given by any one except during the rest period. There is no question but that the official erred and that you should have been declared the winner.

If the referee thought you were too rough with the Gibbons' boy, then he should have warned you and then disqualified you, but since he didn't do that, he could not have given the fight against you, but I presume that since spectators, as well as Mike's son, Bobby, leaped into the ring, the official thought it best to halt proceedings and rather than continue the riot, call the bout off. He erred nevertheless, in not awarding the bout to you.

W. B. Beam, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—In a recent query in which a reader asked whether Sammy Mandell had ever killed any one in the ring, you said No. I'm sure you are mistaken. If I recollect correctly, a fighter called Steve Adams died in a fight with Mandell at the Memorial Hall of Kansas City, Kan., in the sixth round. Am I correct?

A.—Yes, thanks for the letter. I received several others telling me of the incident which had passed my mind.

W. H. McCoy, El Segundo, Cal.

Q.—I wrote to you recently asking why do most fighters block and left hook by holding the right hand, palm in, instead of palm out with pivot of foot as is shown in your Universal Boxing Course. I had a talk with Mike Gibbons a few days ago and he told me that if he saw his boy Jack block with the palm in, he would kick him in the pants. Mike gave a talk and demonstration showing the Gibbons' system in the Manhattan Gym in Los Angeles. Blocking was the principle topic of his talk.

A.—When you say that most fighters block with the palm in, you refer to a majority who either are ignorant of the correct tactics because they have never been taught properly, or because they have been incorrectly advised. Boxers of real class, like the great Mike Gibbons, always block a right hook as shown in my system and as demonstrated to you by Gibbons who was a master in the art of scientific boxing. I'm happy to know that such a splendid teacher as Mike has endorsed my course by giving in his demonstration exactly what I have preached in my system. There seldom was seen in modern ring history such a master of the science as was Mike Gibbons because he knew how to feint, how to hit, how to block and how to left jab at a mile a minute clip.

Johnnie Johnson, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—I am 20 years old, a good athlete and am wondering whether it is too late for me to start boxing and to engage in amateur bouts, say about four years, then turn pro?

A.—No, it is not. A very good time. You won't need four years of amateur boxing if you want to turn pro. Four to six months is sufficient. Get my books, Training for Boxers and How to Box or my Universal Boxing Course. They'll help you to make headway.

Q.—I can punch hard, and can punch the bag well, am perfect on hooks and swings and jabs, yet when I box with someone, I can't hit my man. How can I overcome this?

A.—By constant practice. That's why, in my Universal Boxing course, I advocate training with some one and also training before a mirror. By training with some one, you get the necessary practice for proper punching, etc.

Q.—I have a bad habit of ducking my head when I am hit. How can I break this?

A.—Again I say through practice. Practice makes perfect and the best way to overcome your trouble is by training with some one. Get my Universal Course or How to Box and practice as you are taught in both.

A Brooklyn Reader

Q.—I am very thin and would like to get your advice on how to gain weight and pick up in appearance.

A.—My best advice is to eat proper foods—nourishing ones. Walk as often as you can and sleep in a room with window open and body well covered to avoid draft. Eat meals that contain starch and also iron. Iron tonic is good for you, as are eggs, cereals, bread, (whole wheat or rye); steaks, rare, with plenty of juice; chops, rare; fresh vegetables and spinach—plenty of that.

Anna Sweitzer, Harrisburg, Pa.

Q.—When Babe Risko beat Teddy Yarosz, didn't Babe win the middleweight championship of the world? Why do you persist in Borden's page and in your editorials to say he is not.

A.—Sorry Anna, I didn't know you liked The Babe so much. Would like to think your way, but simply can't. Marcel Thil is the world middleweight champion and Risko is the American champion. That's all that Yarosz held.

Ivan Warsaw, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—Is Jack Sharkey a Pole or a Lithuanian? How many Polish champions have we had?

A.—He is an American born of Lithuanian parents. Ketchell and Pete Latzo were Poles.

Martin Sobel, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What is Al McCoy, former middleweight champion, doing?

A.—He is on the Coast where he manages fighters and occasionally appears in the movies as an extra.

Margaret Fenton, New Haven, Conn.

Q.—Would bending exercises affect one after an appendicitis operation?

A.—Yes, I wouldn't engage in such exercises until six months after the operation as the wound may reopen.

Q.—How can one reduce the hips. Would swimming help. I am a member of a swimming club.

A.—Yes, excellent. One of best exercises for reducing the hips.

Arthur Strickland, Boston, Mass.

Q.—How many managers did John L. Sullivan have during his career?

A.—I think seven, naming them Billy Madden, Charley Johnson, Arthur Lumley, Phil Casey, Bill Muldoon, Jimmy Wakeley and I think a fellow named Sweeney.

Martin Chucek, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Who in your opinion were the three greatest middleweights since Sullivan's time?

A.—In my opinion, Fitzsimmons, Jack Root, and McCoy.

Q.—Would Harry Greb rate among the first ten?

A.—I think he would get a place in the select circle which would include such names as Fitzsimmons, Jack Root, Kid McCoy, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, George Gardiner, Tommy Ryan, Stanley Ketchel, Billy Papke, and Battling Levinsky.

Memphis Dan, Memphis, Tenn.

Q.—In your opinion, is Joe Louis a greater fighter now than was Jack Johnson in his prime?

A.—I don't think so. Joe is a great fighter, but I believe that Johnson was the greatest heavyweight for all-around ability we have had since John L. Sullivan lost his title to Corbett. I may be mistaken, but that's my opinion.

Jimmy Hartley, Scranton, Pa.

Q.—What exercise would you prescribe for a fellow who is training for a fight. I don't mean boxing exercises, but gym work?

A.—I think that if a fighter learns the bending exercises that are listed in my book, "Heights Increase Exercises," and does a number of these daily, he'll find that his body will soon be prepared for the hard work of a ring career. Tony Canzoneri, Jimmy McLarnin and Max Schmeling use most of these for daily setting up exercises. They are not necessarily for increasing the height although any series of stretching exercises will do that if conscientiously practiced, but have been gotten up with the idea of keeping the body in trim—especially that of boxers.

Sol Slagle, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Is Harry Harris still alive? Was he ever a champion?

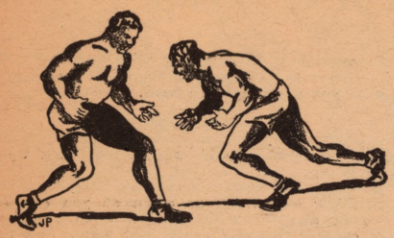
A.—Yes, very much. He was in to see me a few days ago and looks the picture of health. Harry is on the Curb Market of New York City and occasionally goes to see the Garden fights. Yes, he was bantam king and a very good one, at that. Harry was a master boxer and could handle his dukes like the best of 'em.

Charley Slint, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Did Jim Hall and Langford ever meet?

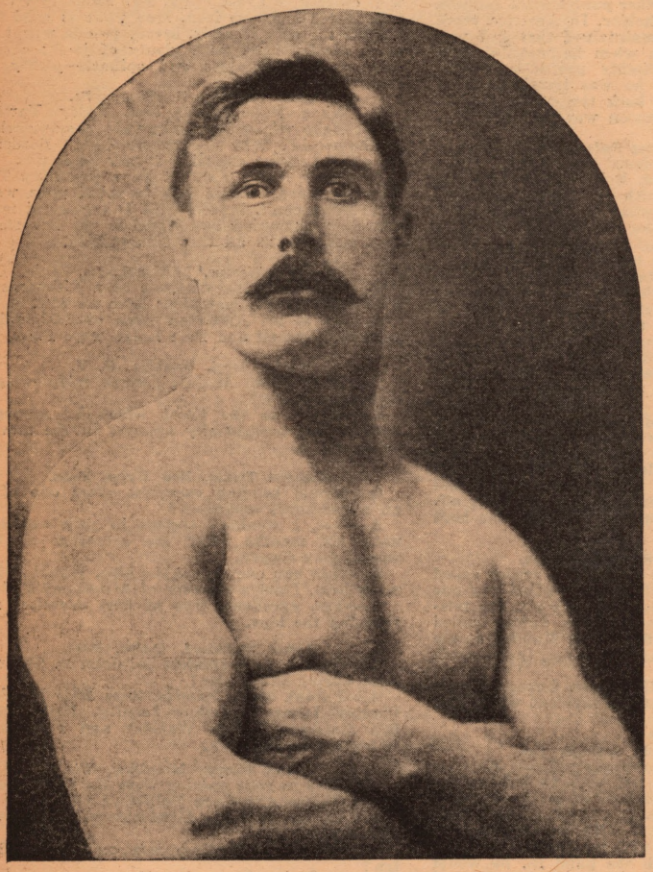
A.—No.

HALF A CENTURY



By GEORGE BOTHNER

(Physical culture instructor and New York State referee.)



Tom Jenkins, wrestling instructor at West Point.

WHEN old-time wrestling fans start musing of the days that are gone, they invariably pick on six great stars of the past for their stories—Youssouf, the Terrible Turk; Ivan Lewis; Tom Jenkins, now at West Point; Frank Gotch, one of the greatest wrestlers of all time; George Hackenschmidt, the greatest of European wrestlers, and Stan Zbyszko. Why? Because each was a colorful wrestler whose deeds were those of the truly great. My good friend, Nat Fleischer, has asked me to recount some of my experiences during my half century with wrestlers, and so I decided that for this, my second, installment I will tell a story about the mighty Youssouf. I include Jenkins among the great stars, because Tom defeated Gotch in Madison Square Garden in a thrilling match.

Youssouf, as RING readers know from previous interesting articles that have appeared in this magazine, is dead. He went down on *La Bourgoyne* when that ill-fated ship foundered off the coast of France. Wrapped around his huge, bulky waist was the belt in which he used to carry all of his money. For his wrestling engagements in this country, Youssouf wouldn't accept American currency. He insisted that all of his money be exchanged to French gold coins, and when he left for France, his belt was filled with gold. Perhaps had Youssouf not worn that belt, he would have been saved, but the belt was so heavy it dragged him down, and he sank like a chunk of lead when dropped into water.

A wonderful wrestler was the Terrible Turk, the greatest that ever lived. In fact, I've often thought that, unless we are to believe the wonderful feats of Milo of ancient Greece and of other mythological or legendary heroes, then Youssouf was the most powerful of all wrestlers.

Wrestling, as my readers know, is as old as the hills. On the tombs of the Pharaohs can be seen the carvings of wrestlers, using practically the same grips and holds that are commonly used in the sport today.

* * *

I BEGAN my wrestling career as a member of the Pastime Athletic Club of New York City back in 1885, and before twelve months had elapsed, I had gained a national reputation as the master of the body scissors. My fame in New York spread and it wasn't long before my services were in demand at amateur tournaments. I never lost a bout as an amateur. In the many tournaments in which I participated, my shoulders were never placed on the mat. One night I competed in the A.A.U. championships and I had the audacity to enter in two classes, and when the entertainment was over, George Bothner was crowned the 125- and the 158-pound Metropolitan champion.

I began my professional career by accepting a position as assistant athletic instructor to Hugh Leonard at the New York A. C. and later I served as wrestling instructor at Columbia University and at Princeton. Wrestling was not as profitable then as it became later, and in order to make some money, like other matmen, I threw in my lot with burlesque shows and did considerable travelling.

I accepted a post with Barney Gerard's burlesque troupe and for several years I barnstormed over the country, going from place to place, appearing sometimes twice, and on special occasions, three times a day, and wrestled catch-as-catch-can, meeting all comers. Any rube or city strong man who wanted to be accommodated could take a chance at beating me, and although I met men of all sizes and all weights in hundreds of bouts, I lost only two. I was billed between acts and outside the theatre would be a poster displaying a likeness of me and my name, and a barker would shout the news, "George Bothner will appear here today and will offer twenty-five dollars to any man who stays fifteen minutes with him in the mat."

* * *

SHAD LINK tossed me, and I lost to George Schnabel. Shad wrestled me in the Monumental Theater of Baltimore and while the crowd was cheering me because I was giving him an awful shellacking, although he was a heavyweight and I a lightweight, my leg became entangled in a tuft of the mat and as I paused to release it, Link leaped at me, caught me about the waist and swung me around. I tried to break away, but with one foot caught in the mat, I could do nothing and, as I was tossed, my ankle snapped and I was laid up for almost two months with a broken ankle. Of course, I lost the bout.

Later, in Jersey City, I met a big, beefy butcher boy called George Schnable. He scaled 220 to my 132, and since he insisted on wrestling Graeco-Roman style instead of catch-as-catch-can, I agreed.

I wanted to end the bout quickly, hence rushed him and Schnable got a body hold on me. Forbidden to use my legs, I tried to push his chin up, but his neck was set and he gripped me with his immense arms, lifted me from the floor and, hugging me tightly, he almost squeezed the breath out of my lungs.

My legs were dangling in the air, and since it was Graeco-Roman style of wrestling, I could not bring them up to hold myself and perhaps to scissors him to the floor. Schnabel spun me around and around, still gripping me about the waist, and when he was turning at terrific speed, he let go of me and I sailed into the audience, landing in the third row. Someone caught me and, unhurt, I rushed back to the stage to try to save my twenty-five dollars, but he stayed with me the limit and I lost the bout, but wasn't pinned.

WITH WRESTLERS

George Bothner, Gray-Haired Marvel of the Mat Sport, Relates His Ring Experiences and Discusses Grapplers, Past and Present

I was riled at that defeat because of the rough treatment I got, so I waited until my tour was over, then sent a fellow over to Jersey City with the invitation of Bill Brown for Schnabel to wrestle me at his club for a definite purse and he accepted. We were matched to clash at Brown's gym in West Twenty-third Street in New York City, and Arthur de Young was the timekeeper. Fifteen minutes was the limit.

When ten minutes had elapsed, de Young tapped the bell accidentally with his pencil. I drew back, seized Schnabel's arm while facing him and stepped in close. This is the first movement for the flying mare.

Bending from my waist and dropping my head forward, I jerked mightily on the German's arm and pulled it across my shoulders. Then with one terrific jerk, I tossed him over my shoulders and over the ropes, out of the ring. When he returned to the mat, I grabbed him and, with another flying mare, I brought him crashing down on his back. The fall left him dazed and I had gotten my revenge.

* * *

MOST of my opponents on my barnstorming tour were easy victims, but some gave me considerable trouble. Skill counted and though many of the yokels who faced me did so because they were urged by the home folks to defend the honor of the village by showing this "yokel" something, my body scissors invariably turned the trick.

In 1897, Youssouf, the Terrible Turk, had come to America under the management of Bill Brady, the theatrical producer who dabbled in sports by managing such celebrities as Jim Corbett and Jim Jeffries, among other stars, and the Turk was billed at the London Theater on the Bowery in New York City. He was working with Irwin Brothers' show and Brady offered one hundred dollars to anyone who could stay fifteen minutes with the Turk. Of course, I needed the money, hence I offered myself as a target, feeling all the time that no one, not even Youssouf, could put me away in fifteen minutes.

Some of my friends saw Youssouf's defi and told me I ought to go down and grab that hundred dollars. Although I only weighed about 125 pounds, I had held my own with most of the big fellows and beaten many of them. I didn't believe there was a man in the world who could pin me on my back in half an hour, let alone fifteen minutes. And I also had a hunch I could show up this so-called Terrible Turk, for I believed that Youssouf, like so many other so-called terrors, was an impostor.

I went to the theater on a Monday to get a line on him and I saw Youssouf give a local heavyweight a terrible trouncing. Yet that didn't scare me. I figured I had a good chance to win, but I was somewhat worried about his 260 pounds of muscle. Yet I figured he might get careless because of my size and that I would then get the jump on him and beat him.

* * *

THE following morning I again visited the theater and saw Arthur Irwin and told him that I wanted to go on with Youssouf that night. He laughed at me. I told Irwin I wanted that hundred dollars badly and I was going to get it.

"You're not kidding me, are you?" he asked with a cynical smile.

Steve O'Donnell, the fighter, who refereed the bouts on the stage, turned to Irwin and said:

"Arthur, this is George Bothner. He's the lightweight champion of the world and he knows his wrestling. Why don't you advertise the match. You'll have a packed house if you do."

"How can you match a fellow like him with the powerful Turk?" asked Irwin.

O'Donnell argued my case and Irwin said:

"O. K., if you want to be killed, but before I accept you as his opponent, I want you to sign a paper exonerating me and my show from any blame, if you sustain any injuries.

George Bothner and Bill Brown training at the old Pastime Athletic Club in 1891. Bill, now New York Boxing Commissioner, is the wrestler on top.

To this I willingly agreed, and so far as Irwin was concerned the match was on.

A few nights later, I went to the London Theater with my lifelong pal, Bill Brown. We went up to the dressing room where, while waiting for Irwin to arrive, I sat on a stool with Brown beside me.

In walked Youssouf. He looked at us, snorted and walked right out again, slamming the door behind him. Twice more he came in and angrily walked out again, and finally he asked the interpreter which of us was Bothner and when the interpreter put the query to Brown and myself, I arose and said, "I am." Then the Turk grew real angry. He thought we were making fun of him and he shook his fist in my face and again walked out, this time almost breaking the door behind him.

"Huh," I chuckled. "The old army game, eh? The Turk is trying to get my goat. Believe me, I'll have his before I finish with him."

But I didn't know Youssouf. I certainly didn't know the Terrible Turk.

Candidly, I don't know of any modern wrestler who was or is as strong as was Youssouf, not excepting Sandow. But I didn't know that at the time I insisted on tackling the Turk. He was a modern Hercules and he knew how to apply his punishing strength, was as quick as a jungle cat and was master of all holds known to American wrestlers, and many of which they knew nothing or had ever heard of or seen work before.

I've wrestled such great men as Jenkins, McLeod, John Pilning, Greco-Roman heavyweight champion, and other stars, but never have I felt myself in the grip of such phenomenal strength as belonged to the Terrible Turk. Youssouf is the only man who ever made me look east while I was walking north. Yes, that's just what I mean—when the Turk was finished with me, I was walking north but looking east. How can one perform such a trick, you might correctly ask.

Funny? Of course it is! You don't understand me? Well, I don't blame you, but just listen to this and you'll see how it was done:

When Irwin accepted me as Youssouf's opponent he told me to go home and be back the next day. I was elated. I went out with Bill Brown and it didn't take long before I was at the Pastime

Pierre Colosse, who had heft and height.

Club, where every fellow at the club was asked to be at the London Theater the next day to give me moral support.

The next day, chuck full of confidence, I went with Bill Brown and my club mates to the London Theater all set for my go. I reported to Irwin, was shown my dressing room and in ten minutes I was ready for the bout.

* * *

WE went on the stage. There were the usual introductions. My gang from the old Pastime A. C. was there and they yelled their heads off. They had seen other big fellows try to toss me. Like myself, they had thought they knew what was going to happen to the Terrible Turk.

Well, they cleared the mat. Youssouf came at me like a bull. He rushed me right off the mat into a bunch of chorus girls in the wings. The first thing I knew I scarcely knew anything. The Turk picked me up as if I was a kitten. Never before or since have I felt such terrible strength. Before I could give a wriggle or a squirm he dashed me down on the bare boards with terrific force, knocking all the strength and wits out of me.

They told me after I landed Youssouf rolled me over with his foot, looked out over the audience, gave a contemptuous snort and walked off the stage.

When I came to I was a sadder, sorer and wiser young man.

Somehow or other I got into my clothes, hobbled out into the street and started to walk north up Third Avenue toward my home. But as I walked north, I was looking east, for Youssouf had given my neck such a wrench that he almost tore it from my shoulders. And let me tell you, it was several days before I again could look in the direction I was headed.

I remember another time I was fooled, but only in a different way. It was through my desire to wrestle another Terrible Turk. It wasn't Youssouf, you bet your life. No sir-e-e. Once with Youssouf was enough.

This second Terrible Turk was appearing at Miner's Theater on the Bowery. Sam Liebgold, the walking champion, came to me one Sunday morning at the Pastime A. C. and excitedly told me how Miner's Theater was advertising a Terrible Turk and guaranteeing the usual fifty dollars against all comers who would last five minutes.

Youssouf wasn't in the country then. I knew there wasn't another Turkish wrestler around who was worth a plugged nickel, so I thanked Sam for his tip and called up Tom Miner on the telephone, telling him I was coming down that night and take a fall out of his Terrible Turk. Miner told me to come on and promptly placarded the building with posters telling how I was going to wrestle the Terrible Turk.

* * *

WHEN I reached the theater that night, I went back stage to take a look at the Terrible Turk to see if I knew him. I didn't know him. I noticed he had a false moustache and wig and was all fixed up to look wild and ferocious. I wondered who they were ringing in. He was a big, tall fellow, but looked soft as putty, and easy to throw.

He was.

After fiddling around until I found he had nothing and couldn't toss me in a month of Sundays, I stepped in and threw him with a plain waist hold and inside leg and quickly rolled him on his back.

The house went wild.

* * *

I QUICKLY donned my my clothes. I was in a hurry to get home. So instead of waiting around for Tom Miner to pay me my money, I went right to him and told him to come across, for I was anxious to get home.

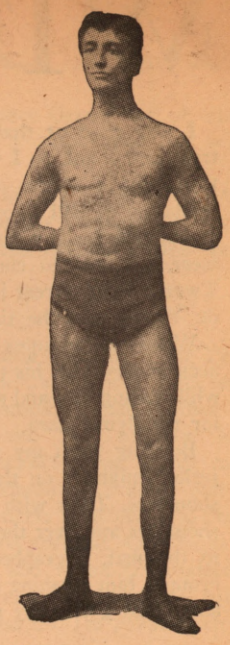
"You want money?" queried Tom in apparent surprise. "For what?"

"Why, for tossing this Terrible Turk on his back," I replied. "Come on, Tom, give me the fifty as the posters say."

"I guess you didn't read the posters, George," smiled Tom. "Go out and read them."

I went out and took a look at the posters. I read them once and couldn't see why I hadn't earned the fifty dollars. Then I read the poster again, more slowly and carefully.

Then I walked rapidly away, raising my heels and kicking myself soundly at every stride.



George Bothner, as he looked when he was 24 years of age.

This is how the poster read: "Fifty dollars to any man WHO FAILS TO THROW THE TERRIBLE TURK in 15 minutes."

Well, I wasn't the only man who failed to read that trick poster carefully, anyway. All the others read it too hurriedly and tossed the Turk on his back. And the Turk would throw his own self for those who were too slow. Canny Tom Miner was well protected.

The name of the wrestler was Yussif Mahmout.

Little George Bothner wasn't the only man who was thrown so violently by Yussif. Ask big Tom Jenkins, now wrestling instructor at the United States Military Academy at West Point.

Tom was the American champion in those days, and a worthy one, a grizzly bear in strength, a lion in courage and remarkably proficient in the technique and subtleties of wrestling.

Previous to the Garden match, Jenkins had wrestled Youssouf the Great in Cleveland and the Turk won in straight falls, winning the first after one hour and three-quarters of the most fierce and savage grappling. It took the wonderful Youssouf half an hour to score the second fall.

When Tom came East and saw that another Turk was doing business in the U. S. A., he decided to tackle him, and the bout was arranged for the Garden.

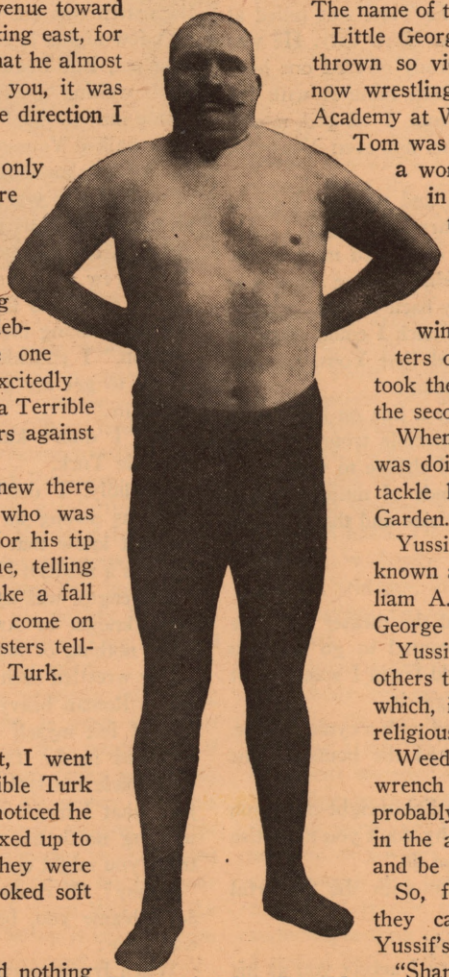
Yussif was seconded by Anton Pieri, who was known as "Pierre, the Greek," and Manager William A. Brady. Jenkins was handled by me and George Weedon.

Yussif wore around his neck an amulet which others thought was simply a "good luck piece," but which, in reality, was something of Mohammedan religious significance or sacredness.

Weedon told Jenkins that if Tom quickly would wrench off Yussif's "good luck piece," the Turk probably would lose his confidence or else go up in the air and forget all he knew about wrestling and be an easy prey.

So, following instructions, Jenkins the minute they came to grapples, tore the amulet from Yussif's neck and trampled on it.

"Shame on you, Tom!" excitedly called Pierre, the Greek, from the corner. "Shame on you! You have insulted his sacred *(Continued on page 45)*



Youssouf, the Terrible Turk, whose belt of gold caused him to drown.

"Botchy" Bacigalupi

Big Italian Wrestler Spends Spare Time Hunting Snakes

By BERNICE SANDBOE

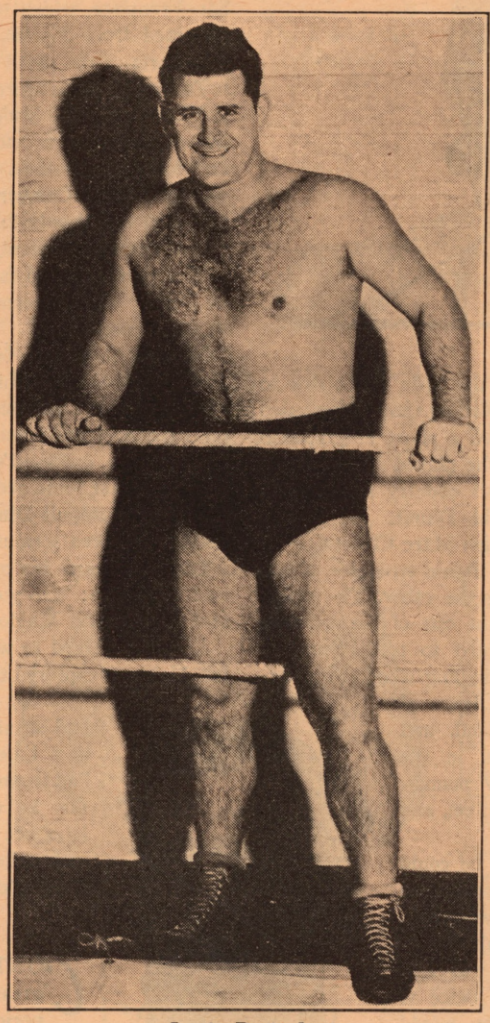
IF it were not for some two hundred or more slimy, slinky snakes of rare and garden varieties, the wrestling world would be minus one Louis Bacigalupi. This big Italian fellow has a home for lost and lonely reptiles and must wrestle to provide his little darlings with their daily fried grasshoppers—or whatever snakes dine on.

Louie figures that by being a wrestler he is killing two birds with one stone—or feeding two snakes with one bird—or something. Anyway, his grappling career not only finances the snakes but takes him to all parts of the country so that he can continue his search for rare and new specimens for his collection.

Wherever Botchy goes, you'll seldom find him spending much time in town. Instead, he hies himself out to the wide and open spaces, or wherever it is that snakes lurk, and proceeds to ensnare new playmates for his little ones. When most people shudder at the mere mention of reptiles, Botchy glows with pride and tells you that he has one of the biggest and best collections in the country and that every prize has been captured by himself. Yessirree, Botchy is proud of his reputation as a herpetologist (snake collector to you).

* * *

EVER since he was a kid, Louie has collected reptiles. But as his collection grew in value and size he found the grocery bills becoming quite a problem. So, nothing too much to do for his loved ones, Botchy went to New York, where he hoped to find the employment situation better than it was in California.



Louis Bacigalupi

However, no one seemed disposed to hire a big, burly snake collector, and before long our hero found himself down to his last dollar. Here, indeed, was tragedy! Not only were his little pets starving to death, but what was more practical, so was he!

So Botchy decided to use his brawn instead of his brains—or both if you prefer—and turn wrestler!

He had wrestled, as all boys do, in school, in the back lot with the neighborhood bully, in the gyms, and so forth, and was considered pretty good at the pull and tug racket. So one night he went to Ridgewood Grove to see his first professional match, and after the show looked up the promoter, who happened to be Rudy Miller of the Curley troupe. Rudy, impressed by Botchy's enormous size and fine physique, told him to come to the office the next day and he'd see about getting him a start.

Botchy says he didn't sleep a wink that night and his knees shook as he started out for the Curley office. He didn't know whether he wanted to be a wrestler or not and several times on the way, he was on the verge of turning back. But, said Botchy to Botchy, "So you're afraid to be a wrestler!" And Botchy answered: "Who's afraid? Not me!" and stalked into Mister Curley's office.

THE wrestling organization, short on Italian talent and favorably impressed with Botchy's good build, decided to take him over and Jack Pfeffer took him in charge. "I will make of you a big sensation!" said the fiery little Pfeffer, and sent him over to Bothner's gym to practice holds. Botchy worked out with several of the old-timers, John Pesek, Tony Felice and others, and then one day Pfeffer announced that he was to wrestle in Philadelphia the next night.

I wish you could hear Botchy tell of that experience—his trip to Philadelphia and his first professional bout. He's a comedian and gesticulator of no little ability when it comes to story-telling. Anyway, to proceed, Botchy was told to travel along with Ed Lewis to Philadelphia. So, with his trunks and shoes wrapped in an old newspaper and tucked under his arm, our scared and awed hero trotted after the mighty Strangler, who paid little or no attention to him.

When they arrived in Philadelphia, Botchy found that he had had considerable previous billing and was somewhat of a celebrity. "All the Italians in town were at the arena," says Botchy, "pointing and staring at me and saying, 'so thatta ees Botchagaloop'—and was I scared!"

* * *

IT was a big match that night—Londos versus Gus Sonnenberg, with Lewis and other big names on the supporting card and over fifteen thousand fans had packed the arena. Botchy was on the first prelim, and 8:15 came all too soon to suit him.

When he got in the ring, Botchy got all excited and forgot which corner to take, and then, to add to his confusion, the announcer stumbled over his name and everyone started laughing. "It was the awfullest moment of my life," says Botchy, "and then, when I went in to wrestle, I went completely wild and nearly killed Cy Williams, my opponent. I threw him in four and one-half minutes."

So that's the account of Botchy's start in wrestling. But from then on things weren't so bad. He overcame his ring-fright, became well known and well liked and made enough money to feed both himself and his snakes.

Botchy is an American-born Italian. His home town is Philadelphia and his mother was German and his father, Italian. He speaks both languages fluently, as well as perfect English. He and his snakes live in Huntington Park, California, and his father has a musical instrument company in Los Angeles. In fact, the elder Bacigalupi manufactures those intricate and lovely little music boxes besides making many other musical novelties.

Because his father's work is closely linked to the motion picture industry, Botchy found getting into the studios an easy matter and has played in several pictures. You saw him with Vic McLaglen and Eddie Lowe in "Under

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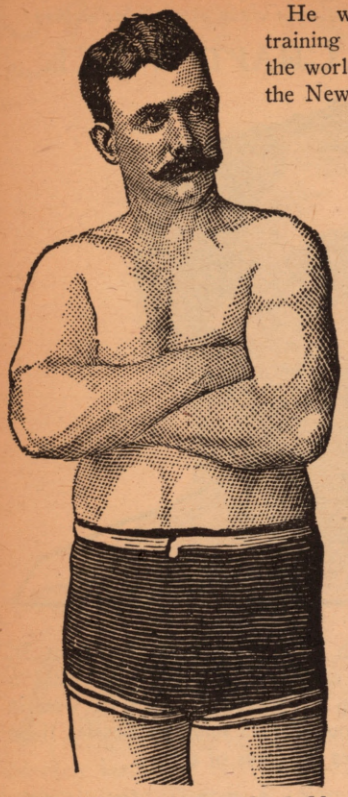

Charles Flynn who held Illinois crown.

He was pronounced by physical training directors as the marvel of the world. In his match with Quigley, the New Yorker won.

* * *

GEORGE W. FLAGG was a famous wrestler of Vermont, where he held the title of that state. He was born at Brainten, Vt. in 1839, stood six feet and scaled 212 pounds. He was very spry and a good athlete. During his early days, he was engaged in farming and lumbering but when he reached the age of fifteen, he turned to wrestling and toured the countryside giving exhibitions.

He wrestled all the famous men of his time and at the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted with the second Vermont regiment and served until the close of the war. During his time in the army, he wrestled every man who came his way and earned himself additional coin in that manner. He won the championship of the Army of the Potomac and was extremely popular with the soldiers.

At the close of the war he settled down to private life as a farmer and for the next ten years he never wrestled, but after a decade had elapsed, his friends induced him to return and he did so with great success. He wrestled forty-one times and won every match but one, that to H. M. Dufur. But later he got his revenge by turning the tables on that celebrated wrestler in a return engagement.

* * *

JAMES QUIGLEY was a muscular specimen of humanity whose strength gained for him considerable attention. He was 5 feet 9 and weighed 196 pounds. He had 16½ inches biceps, 14 inches forearm, 44 inches chest development and 17 inches in the calf.

On February 22, 1879 he won the national amateur heavyweight championship and then turned pro. He engaged in many thrilling bouts, but his best was that with Clarence Whistler, Greco-Roman style in New York City and Quigley was defeated after a long and bitter struggle.

Quigley was then matched to wrestle William E. Brown, the champion of the Boston police. The bout was staged at Irving Hall, New York City, under the management of Richard K. Fox, and Quigley won.

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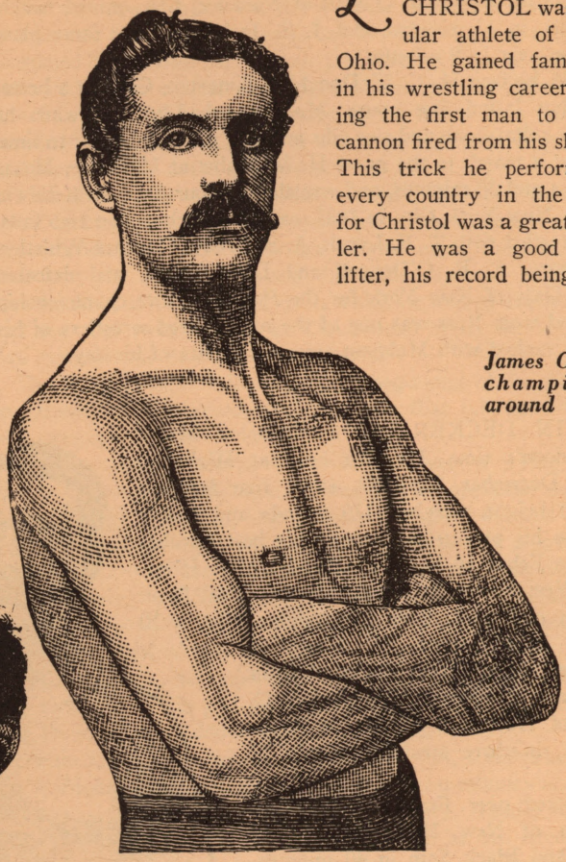
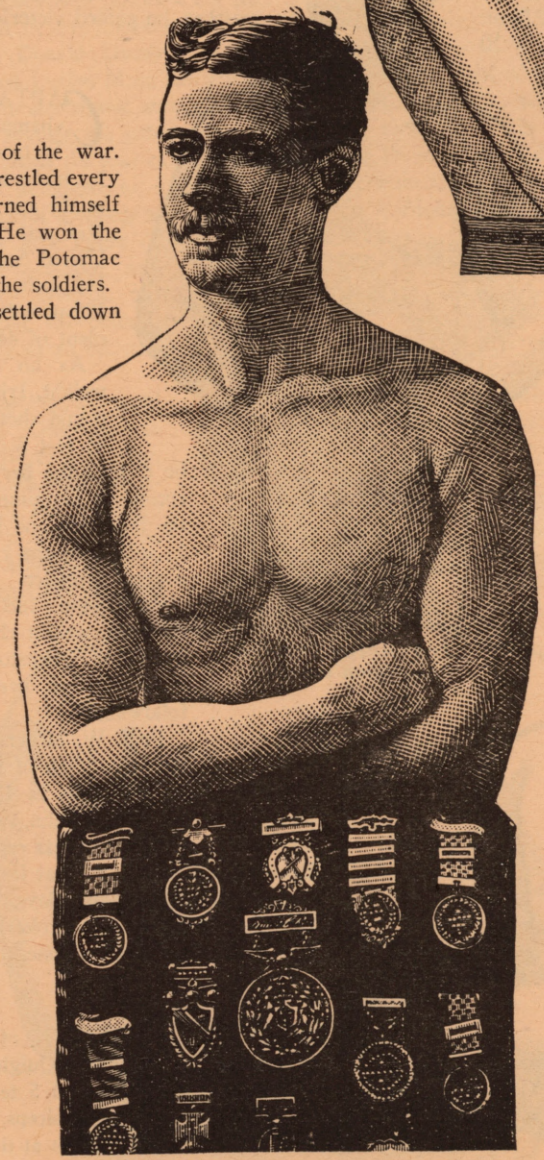


James C. Daly, champion all-around athlete.

LUCIEN MARC CHRISTOL was a popular athlete of Toledo, Ohio. He gained fame early in his wrestling career as being the first man to have a cannon fired from his shoulder. This trick he performed in every country in the world, for Christol was a great traveller. He was a good weight lifter, his record being a lift of 1,150 pounds. He held the record during his day of raising 135 pounds with each hand. That, for a fellow who scaled only 138 pounds, was an extraordinary feat.



Duncan C. Ross, greatest exponent of mixed wrestling and holder of world title.

Christol was a great trapeze performer. He joined a French troupe of twenty-six trapeze artists, most of whom were killed or badly hurt, yet he took daredevil chances and though injured several times in falling, he never was badly hurt and soon gained recognition as the world's greatest trapeze performer. He was known as the American Daredevil.

While wrestling with Colonel McLaughlin in Chicago, a match that lasted more than two hours, the Colonel fell on Christol and crushed his collar bone. Christol travelled for a long time with Barnum and did the feat of lifting a man on horseback, holding the man and horse in mid-air. He gave exhibitions of wrestling and strength tests in this country, France, England, Italy, Morocco, Egypt, Germany, Russia, Greece, Turkey, Bulgaria, Spain, India, Australia, Norway, Finland, Holland and Syria.

* * *

JOE ACTON, the champion English wrestler, stood only 5 feet 5 inches. He was the smallest wrestler among the famed matmen of grand-dad's days.

Acton's greatest matches were with his bitterest rival, Edwin Bibby. They engaged in eight contests, and Acton won five of the bouts. It was not until 1881 that Acton decided to come to America, where he was well received.

His record abroad was a good one, and that in this country was equally well. He engaged every man of note.

* * *

CHARLES E. FLYNN was a noted wrestler of Illinois, but was born in New Orleans. He was a man of extraordinary strength. He stood 5 feet 9½ inches, weighed 182 pounds and, like his Irish dad, he was a beautiful specimen physically. As an athlete, he gained a big reputation in the Northwest, having earned the wrestling championship of that section in his match with the powerful Scotchman, Morgan.

He made his first pro appearance at the National League baseball grounds of Chicago, when he downed Tom Martin, better known as "The Blower." In his next match, that with Jim Daly, a powerful molder who had never been beaten, he gained the first fall, and then found himself surrounded by a gang of ruffians, who forced him to quit the ring because they were wagering heavily on Daly and, foreseeing defeat, decided to save their money by rushing the ring, cutting the ropes and accusing Flynn of fouling.

Thus Flynn was declared the loser and the gamblers enriched themselves by claiming their "winnings." The referee, incensed at the action of the mob, fled and the following day called Flynn to his hotel and awarded him with the stakes. The affair at the time created quite a sensation, but was not uncommon in both wrestling and boxing matches.

Flynn's most notable contest was at the Central Music Hall of Chicago, where on February 16, 1881, in a tourney for the Northwestern championship, he defeated seven opponents and entered the final round with J. A. Morgan as his opponent.

The conditions of the match were Greco-Roman style, best two out of three falls, and for four hours they tugged and tussled with each gaining a fall. They were on the verge of collapse when time was called and they agreed to postpone the bout for two weeks. They resumed the bout in Chicago Gymnasium Hall, where, after an hour and thirty-five minutes of wrestling, Flynn won the fall and title.

* * *

NAT E. HUTCHINS, born in Waterbury, Vt., in 1851, was the lightweight collar-and-elbow champion of America. He started his career when a mere boy and won many matches. As a lad he engaged in a struggle with Patrick J. McGun for two hundred dollars that took place at Marlboro, Mass., and was won by him in two hours and twenty-seven minutes. That bout established him as a real wrestler.

Most of his bouts were decided in New England, where he was extremely popular. He scaled about 140 pounds in the majority of his matches.

* * *

GUS LAMBERT, christened Esdras Lambert, was a French-Canadian, who was born at St. Guillaume, Canada, in 1850. He scaled 180 pounds and was 5 feet 8. His feats at Greco-Roman, catch-as-catch-can and collar-and-elbow style wrestling, and in dumbbell lifting, were remarkable. He gained a wide reputation for his skill and was greatly in demand.

He also was a noted boxer. He held a record of lifting a 175-pound dumbbell above his head with a steady push.

At an early age his parents moved to Connecticut, where he remained until 1879, when he went to New York to join the professional wrestlers. He was often seen in Harry Hill's, near the Bowery, where he took on all comers. He also performed at Owney Geoghegan's, where his best bout was with Black Sam, one of the few Negro wrestlers of that period. They wrestled collar-and-elbow and, after an hour and ten minutes, the bout was called a draw when Sam's harness broke.

Then Lambert turned boxer and fought several vicious bouts before returning to his first love, wrestling. On December 28, 1882, he wrestled John McMahon for the collar-and-elbow championship of the world at Volk's Garden in New York City. He threw McMahon in the first bout, but was thrown in the two following, thereby losing the match and also the accompanying side bet of two hundred and fifty dollars.

In 1883 he was tendered a benefit at Harry Hill's and wound up boxing John Hughes, whom he stopped in the third. Twenty-five days later, he won the championship gold medal offered to the best collar-and-elbow wrestler of Connecticut by defeating Sam Cooley of Hartford.

* * *

VIRO SMALL, better known as Black Sam of Rutland, Vt., was one of the first of the Negro race to take up wrestling in this country as a professional and he was a very good man in his profession. He specialized in collar-and-elbow bouts.

He was born at Buford, South Carolina, in 1854, was 5 feet 9½ inches and scaled 185 pounds.

He came to New York in 1881 and enlisted under the banner of Owney Geoghegan, for whom he gave exhibitions and acted at times as a bouncer at Owney's Old House. He later went to Vermont, where he won many matches. He was a skillful wrestler and was well versed in the tricks of the sport.

* * *

JOHN CUDIHEE of Denver, Colo., was born of Irish parents near Rochester, N. Y., in July, 1853. He was a weight-lifter of note and a good wrestler at collar-and-elbow style. His wrestling career dates back to 1866, when he was only thirteen years old, at which time he was already well thought of in the profession. In 1869 he moved to Jackson County, Mich., where he met and defeated many noted wrestlers. In six years he was never laid on his back.

During the great wrestling boom of 1878 he, like many others, was taken with the fever, and was sent to Carbonate Camp where, after his recovery, he joined the police force. He remained for a year and a half, then resigned and again took up his favorite sport. His greatest match was with Christol, mixed bout. He lost the first fall, Greco-Roman, but gained the next two at collar-and-elbow.

With that victory, he went to Colorado, where he clashed with Charles Connors in a match that lasted four hours and ten minutes with neither gaining a fall. *(Continued on page 45)*

Wanted 1000 subscribers

THREE years is a long stretch for a story to run in serial form, yet that is the time that it took for the Milo-to-Londos-to-O'Mahoney history of wrestling to be told. Judging from the number of letters THE RING Editor has received in re this story, it has furnished considerable interesting reading to our army of readers.

A. D. Phillips, the octogenarian sports scribe who gathered the data for the series and wrote the story with the aid of the Editor of The Ring, saw most of the matches which he described, knew most of the stars of boxing and wrestling from John L. Sullivan's day and his work has been recognized by experts as a masterpiece and authentic history of wrestling, especially in America.

Now that the story has been told, The Ring Editor is prepared to have this remarkable work published in book form, but before starting on this arduous task, he has decided to appeal to Ring Readers for support. Those of our readers who would like to obtain a copy of the Milo-to-Londos-to-O'Mahoney book, a de luxe edition, illustrated with several hundred photographs and authentic in every detail, autographed by the Authors, A. D. Phillips and Nat Fleischer, will have an opportunity to subscribe for same. There will be only a limited subscription number of books published at $3.00 per volume, provided there are sufficient orders to cover the cost of the publication. Let's hear from those interested.

The only history of wrestling ever published is the Milo-to-Londos-to-O'Mahoney series.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDWARD MERRILL

IT looks as though the oft-mooted question as to whether the wrestler could beat the boxer, or vice-versa, when opposed to one another in a mixed bout, has been settled once and for all, as recently in St. Louis, before a big crowd, Ray Steele, one of the better wrestlers, defeated King Levinsky, former contender for the heavyweight boxing title. It took Ray only thirty-five seconds to turn the trick. It was a one-sided match.

Frequently in the past wrestlers and boxers have met, with always the grappler the winner, but in most cases only the wrestler was well known, whereas the boxer has been more or less of a nonentity.

For scores of years frequent attempts have been made to have star wrestlers such as Frank Gotch and star fighters such as Jim Jeffries, Jim Londos and Jack Dempsey and other stars of the two professions, come together, but the match always fell flat.

In Memphis in 1932, Rudy Dusek threw Tom Pivak, a St. Louis fighter, twice in fifty-nine seconds and there have been many similar instances in which the matmen have triumphed in hollow fashion.

It is the opinion of Ed "Strangler" Lewis, four times world's champion, in discussing the recent Steele-Levinsky fracas, that not only did it prove that the wrestler could always get the drop on the fighter, but that it incidentally proved that wrestling, rather than boxing, is the real manly art of self-defense, and not boxing as generally claimed.

Nowadays, because of the manner of modern mat-work, wrestlers are accustomed to getting socks on the jaw and standing up under them—and these punches are delivered with bare hands and not with gloved fists.

Rudy Dusek, a close observer of ring affairs, says that most any ordinary wrestler, in his opinion, could throw any heavyweight champion, and do it with neatness and dispatch.

* * *

DICK DUNN, who was at one time righthand man to Tex Rickard and who has been the general manager for both the Boston Garden and the Detroit Olympia, among other things, is now promoting wrestling at Prospect Hall, Brooklyn, where his dad, the late John P. Dunn, promoted 25 years ago. When old Johnny was conducting grappling affairs at the Brooklyn spot, Dick used to carry around to the newspapers the press notices written by his dad. Later on, Dick did similar service for Promoters Pat Powers, Jim Kennedy, Harry Pollok, Bill Wellman and Jack Curley, all of whom have since passed away except the last named.

This is not the first fling that Dick has had at wrestling as, three years ago, just prior to the shutting down of all the banks the country over at the order of President Roosevelt, he promoted mat shows at the Detroit Olympia which, of course, is in Michigan, where all the banks in the state closed down before they did anywhere else in the nation. Since then, Detroit has become one of the best paying cities in the country.

Dick's dad, John Parnell, was one of the most interesting characters ever identified with sport. He was born in New York City and at one time was one of the five most popular announcers, which included Charlie Harvey, Fred Burns, Peter Prunty and Joe Humphries.

Johnny Dunn not only promoted wrestling shows, but he looked after his own placing of show-cards, his ticket-selling, announcing, and refereeing. In those days the sport wasn't patronized as it has been since the "flying tackle," "flying drop-kick," "elbow smash," and other new wrinkles which pep up the sport, so he had to go light on hiring help.

Dick Dunn worked in the old Madison Square Garden and held down every job in the building from selling programs up. Tex Rickard recognized his ability and when the Tunney-Dempsey championship battle was held in Philadelphia, Dick looked after the thousand and one details for the Master Promoter. Dick went along with Tex to the new Garden in an executive position. Tex recommended him for the post of general manager at the Detroit Olympia when that building, new at the time, was having heavy sledding. Dick was there four years and took it out of the red.

From Detroit, Dick went to Boston and was general manager of the Garden there for two years. He was the chief aid to Bill Carey at the staging of the Schmeling-Stribling battle at Cleveland.

Since then Dunn has conducted auto, bike and motorcycle races in various cities.

Johnny Dunn, besides his wrestling activities, at one time managed Matty Matthews, world's welterweight champion, and several other boxers.

It seems strange, after all these years—a quarter of a century—to find Dick Dunn, son of Johnny, promoting wrestling in the very same building that his dad did before him. In other words—like father, like son.

Ray Steele, who demonstrated superiority of wrestlers over boxers in a mixed match.

* * *

FROM Charles "Spider" Mascall comes the following Pacific Coast news:

Bob "Rebel" Russell, who played football for Northwestern, is the latest mat meanie to invade the Pacific Northwest. Russell was featured in several Western flickers while he was campaigning around the movie city. Bob's most important victory to date on the Coast was over Serge Kalmikoff, the bearded Siberian.

* * *

Casey Kazanjian, the handsome Stanford grid star and all-around athlete, worked what he calls the "Shot Put" hold on Louis Bacigalupi and tossed Louis for a fall.

The hold consists of grabbing the unfortunate mat mauler by the tootsies and whirling him around in the air before pinning him for a fall. What these laddies of wrestledom have to take to make a living.

* * *

Bill Hoolihan, who gave up a boxing career to become a wrestler, is slowly scaling the heights in the rings of California. He has already drawn with Joe Malcewicz and scored over several other heavyweights.

Luis Mayo, claimant to the light-heavyweight wrestling title of Mexico, is being exploited by Lou Daro. Mayo is a dandy little wrestler and quite a favorite in California.

* * *

Believe it or not, but Joe Malcewicz has been wrestling for nearly twenty-four years. He claims to have scored victories over Ed "Strangler" Lewis, Jimmy Londos, Gus Sonnenberg, Henri Deglane, Jim Browning and other title claimants during his long career.

* * *

KNOWN and Unknown Portraits—Bob Myers of Portland, Oregon, was welterweight champion of his company during the World War . . . . In 1926 he won the A.A.U. welterweight championship . . . . He owns a farm near Tillamook . . . . Myers went to Australia in 1928 . . . . Bob won the South African title several years later . . . . Bob holds victories over John Kilonis, Tom Alley, Billy Miske, Eddie Madrick, Gus Kallio, Waino Ketonen and Jack MacLaughlan, the Canadian champion.

* * *

Although the tournament in Philadelphia has drawn the cream of wrestlers from the Pacific Coast, there are still a few top-notchers out this way. Bob "Rebel" Russell, Abe Coleman, Mayes McLain, Pat Fraley, Sandor Szabo, Al Bisignano, Luis Mayo, Gino Garibaldi, Ivan Mannagoff, and Len Macaluso are a few of the laddies headlining the grapple cards on the Coast.

* * *

Everette Marshall, the blond Colorado "champion," spent a few days in California during the last month. Marshall's most important victims were Nanjo Singh, Nick Velcoff, and Bobby "Dude" Chick, the junior heavyweight champion of the Pacific Coast.

* * *

"Carnation" Lou Daro was not to be outdone by the tourney in the East, so he created a tilt of his own. He rounded up all the Italian maulers that he could find and created a championship contest. Among the contestants were George Calza, Tony Felice, Al Bisignano, Count Hugo de Collelmo, Gino Garibaldi, Len Macaluso, Dominic Chirco.

* * *

Sandor Szabo, the Hungarian star and a big favorite on the Coast, gave Vincent Lopez quite a scare recently when he held the "champ of California" to a long fall-less draw. The Hungarian had the week before lost a one fall match to Lopez. It is the first draw that Lopez has had since he became mat monarch.

* * *

Portland, the city where many first class matmen started on their wrestling careers, has produced a middleweight who is rated tops in the Northwest. The Portland middleweight star is Ernie Piluso, an Italian who names among his victims "Bulldog" Jackson, Al Williams, Bud Lipscombe and other middleweight aces.

* * *

Among the lighter wrestlers headlining on the Coast are Thor Jenson, Clayton "Cry baby" Fisher, Sammy Cohen, John Phelix, Jack Purdin, Dick Craddock, Tetsuro Higami, Toshi Kodiake and Dick Massae.

* * *

The month's biggest upsets—The victory of George Calza over Len "Iron Legs" Macaluso; the beating of Joe Malcewicz by Gino Garibaldi; Ted Cox whipping Abe Coleman; the defeat of Lord Lansdowne by the "Mysterious Mr. X;" the double victory of Bob "Rebel" Russell over Abe Coleman.

* * *

BERNICE SANDBOE, our charming Texas correspondent, shoots this along: If Bill Sledge, young Texas aviator, doesn't some day realize his ambition to be the first Texan to gain the wrestling championship, it will certainly not be because he hasn't tried. This young fellow, who has been wrestling professionally only two years, is one of the most earnest, hard working youngsters in the game. His goal is set at the top and everything Bill does is a step toward attaining it. Just recently he fought a lively and spectacular battle to gain the heavyweight championship of Florida from Bruce Nolan.

Bill was born in Navasota Texas in 1910 and lived on a farm there for eighteen years. He attended the Navasota High School and Marshall Junior College and then entered Rice University in Houston where he had a spectacular football career and won numerals in basketball and track as well. He was named all-Conference tackle the last two years he attended Rice and was also Conference champ in the heavyweight wrestling division for two years.

After finishing Rice, Bill made his bid for the Army flying school at Randolph Field, the "West Point of the

Sandor Vary, stuntman, composer, boxer and wrestler.

Here's clever Bill Sledge, young Texas aviator wrestler.

Ellis Bashara, clever young Syrian matman.

Air," at San Antonio, Texas and was accepted over some two hundred other applicants as being perfectly fitted and one hundred per cent physically perfect for the job. He received his appointment from Washington and entered the school but on his graduation was persuaded by Texas promoters, who are always eager to encourage home-grown talent, to try his hand at pro wrestling.

Bill is of Scotch-Irish and German nationality. He is five feet ten inches tall and weighs in at 220 pounds. He makes his home in Houston but at present is barnstorming Florida and has taken a position as football coach at Tampa University.

* * *

RAMBLIN'S ON RASSLERS—I see that I was right . . . . O'Mahoney does spell his name with an "e" . . . . Cyclone Fox who wrestles and promotes in Fort Worth, Texas looks like what Marshall Blackstock would look like with hair . . . . speaking of hair, all the femme fans envy Leo Daniel Boone Savage his long naturally curly brown locks . . . . George Mansur, Syrian wrestler, has gained too many pounds . . . . he's almost Sol Slagel-ish . . . . no one can wear sporty clothes quite like Juan Humberto.

Morris Sigel, genial promoter, certainly takes an interest in the boys performing in his territory, both in and out of the ring . . . . speaking of promoters, one of the most likeable I have ever met is Ralph Hammonds, ex-wrestler, who puts on A-1 mat shows down at Galveston and packs the house every week . . . . Laverne Baxter, twenty-one-year-old kid, is working around Bristol, Tennessee . . . . didn't take Ray Steele long to flatten King Levinsky in their mixed bout in St. Louis . . . . I believe the match went all of thirty-five seconds . . . . which reminds me, Marvin Westenberg, came a close runner-up to Doc Sarpolis' fast fall record when he flattened Tommy Marvin with a flying scissors in six seconds.

Pat Reilly has the lowest voice I've ever heard and Leo Savage the cutest southern drawl . . . . but no one can talk down in their boots quite like Marshall Blackstock . . . . there's a colored boot-black in Houston who calls himself Blackstock and can imitate the infamous Marshall's voice to a "T" . . . . look alike—Ernest Kelley and Dick Powell, don't you think? . . . . and of course, Marvin Westenberg and John Boles.

Hank Metheney, bald-headed baddie, has left the sunny south to barnstorm the Middle West . . . . Dan O'Conners recently middle-aisled it . . . . the newlyweds have taken an apartment here in Houston . . . . Frank Brown, local youngster, has been on the sidelines for several weeks with an injured hand but will soon be back in action again . . . . Frank is the young scientific wrestler who was discovered by Doc Sarpolis . . . . the good doctor seldom wrestles down this way anymore, but has developed into one of the most competent referees southern fans have seen . . . . no one can chew gum in the ring like Ernest Kelley, the Irish laddie.

Pat Reilly, another Irishman, got so mad when Darna Ostopavitch, oversized Pole, repeatedly tossed him from the ring, that he picked up his robe and made for the dressing rooms thereby losing the match . . . . what an Irish temper, Pat! . . . . what's happened to Mike, Pat's big brother, who showed in his one performance here in Houston, that he was far from an amateur wrestler? . . . . George Ryan so aptly nicknamed "Red" because of his fiery hair and complexion, exhibited some neat tricks, including a version of the drop kick, in his first appearance in the Houston ring.

Dick Dunn, who is following in the footsteps of his dad as a promoter.

* * *

DIXIE DOIN'S — Although he is not of the caliber to put himself up to ridicule by acclaiming himself the uncrowned champion of the world, Leo Savage knows, his mighty mass of fans know, and one Mister O'Mahoney knows, that in the recent conflict here between champion and challenger, the challenger came out decidedly "on top."

Maybe Leo, the pride and joy of all southern folks, didn't have Mister O'Mahoney gazing painfully at the ceiling of the Auditorium while the referee tolled three, but he certainly proved to the fans, that in this case at least, strength superseded science by far and wide. There was one thankful little Irish lad when referee Dick Daviscourt presented him to match by disqualifying Savage, and Danno wasted no time in making a hasty exit from the scene of extensive and turbulent action.

* * *

THE wrestling season of 1935 was indeed an eventful and interesting one to Houston fans. Promoter Morris Sigel staged thrill-filled bouts week after week and had several championship shows that attracted nation-wide attention.

Of the many luminaries to show their wares here I believe those to make the biggest impressions with local fans were:

1. Orville Brown, the idol of the town and a clever, clean and fast youngster who has been predicted by masters of the game to go far.

2. Karl Sarpolis, the Pennsylvania sawbones, who spent practically the entire year here and turned in capable performances in both wrestling and refereeing. Sarpolis distinguished himself by putting up a splendid battle against both Londos and Lewis.

3. Karl Davis, the big blond brawler, one of the biggest drawing cards to appear here.

4. Dan O'Conners, the placid Irishman who proved to fans that when an Irish temper is up there's the dickens to pay.

5. Ernest Kelley, a southern lad who is really good.

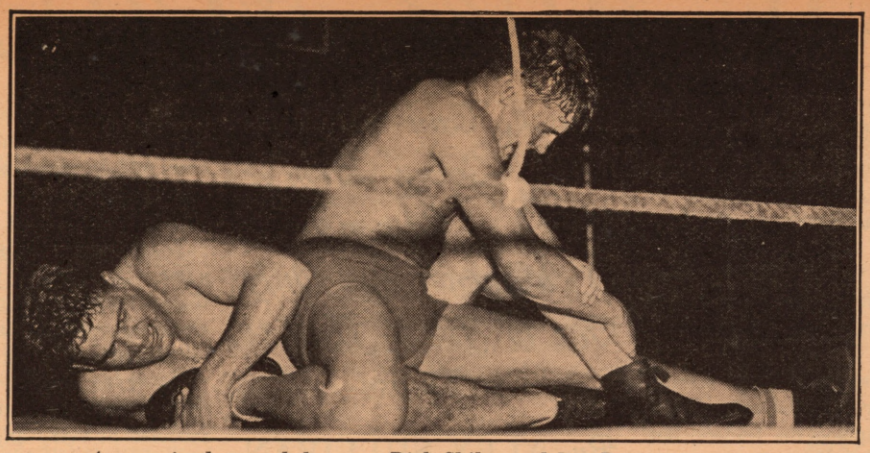
6. The inimitable Chief Chewchki, liked by all, booed by all and the greatest showman of them all.

7. Bob Wagner, a ruffian who outruffed the ruffest.

8. Frank Brown, young protege of Karl Sarpolis and the makings of a fine wrestler.

9. Rudy Strongberg, the fine built young German boy who knows his grips and holds.

10. And last but not least, the one and only Leo Daniel Boone Savage, the people's choice!



A scene in the match between Dick Shikat and Jim Browning recently.

* * *

IN order to give a little more international flavor to the present indoor season, the mat moguls have just imported a Hungarian wrestler who bids fair to make an even bigger name than did his countrymen, Sandor Szabo, who has been for months on the Pacific Coast and Ferenc Holuban. The name of the newcomer is Sandor Vary, and as his name indicates, is a man of varied accomplishments.

Vary is reputed to be a Hungarian nobleman—a stuntman, composer, heavyweight boxer, hunter, and wrestler of renown who won the heavyweight championship at Budapest in both 1933 and 1934. He also won a fancy diving and swimming championship, more for the fun of it than anything else.

Sandor has such a perfect body that he served as the model for the statue of "The Athlete" which stands in the biggest stadium in Budapest.

It was the good old American dollar which lured him to this country as it has lured many star athletes before him. At home he had received many offers from promoters to become either a pro boxer or wrestler, but he turned a deaf ear to all of them. However, the offer he received from the United States was so big that he told friends that he just couldn't turn it down. Moreover, he was anxious to see the land of which he had read and heard so much.

Sandor is now twenty-six years old and the strangest of his occupations for one so athletically inclined is the composing of sentimental songs, which are most popular abroad and frequently played by the best gypsy bands. The mat promoters in this country had better watch out or perhaps Tin Pan Alley will steal him away!

Those who have seen him, say they wouldn't be surprised if Hollywood screen moguls tried to secure him for pictures as he possesses classical features, in addition to a body that is surprisingly slender and graceful.

Vary stands six feet in his stockinged feet. He is in hopes of landing the world's title before returning home.

* * *

WHILE still in school, hammer-throwing and javelin throwing were his favorite sports. He was a champion in both fields when not quite eighteen years old, but he suddenly became tired of these sports and turned to boxing, becoming one of the leading amateurs in Europe.

In 1932, as a member of the Hungarian team which met the Italian national organization, he knocked out his opponent in the second round of a scheduled six-round bout and Jeff Dickson, the American, who has become so prominent on the other side as a promoter, who attended the show, immediately asked him to turn professional.

However, instead of accepting, he turned his attention to wrestling and then after winning the title twice as told above, he retired to his modest country estate where he continued to pursue his hobbies such as composing and hunting.

The solitude of the countryside couldn't hold him long and he returned to Budapest and renewed his boxing and wrestling activities. Then came the Call of the American Dollar and his arrival in this country.

Vary sure is a man of various pursuits and should lend plenty of color to the present indoor wrestling season.

* * *

FROM C. C. Rusdun of Seafront, Castlecliff, Wanganui, New Zealand, comes the following news:

Just a few lines to tell you about the wrestling in New Zealand. The mat game has never been so popular here, as it is this season. Our star as far as overseas men go, is Earl McCready. He has had something like 35 bouts up to the present time, and no one has taken a fall from him. He also engaged in 2 draws, one with Ole Andressen, and one with Lafty Blomfield, that is the nearest he has approached to defeat. He is a great drawing card, this big young Canadian. Every one is waiting for him and George Walker to meet for the British Empire heavyweight championship.

We have other good men here, including Glen Wade, a very popular wrestler, indeed. Hardy Kruskamp was here and did well but is now in Australia, where he is a great attraction. King Elliott still holds the distinction of being the fastest wrestler in this country. And believe me, he *is* fast.

They all predict a great future for Lafty Blomfield. He was in your country a few months back, and won the Pacific Coast title. He's a boy to watch.

Other men here are Sam Burmister, Harbin Singh, Jaget Singh, Tiger Duala, Cestoldi, Labriola and Wong Buk Chueng. Well, I hope this is news to you, and that you will publish it.

* * *

ANOTHER advocate of the theory that the louder they boo, the better the fans like to see you, is Hank Metheney, young, 5 feet 11 inches, 238 pounds, Illinois grappler, who glories in being one of the most menacing of mat meanies and is rapidly becoming one of the outstanding villains in the game.

Strange as it may seem, this fellow who is met by a jeering crowd every time he enters the ring to wrestle, is one of the most liked and capable referees in the sunny southland. Hank does not hesitate for a minute to disqualify a wrestler for pulling the same tricks so dear to his heart when he is a participant in a mat brawl.

However, should any referee dare to take this liberty with Mr. Metheney, he would likely retaliate with a right to the jaw of the official, followed closely by a left to the same spot, for Hank permits no one to stand in his way toward becoming the bald-headed king of the meanies.

Though this young bone crusher is only 24, his head is practically bald. However, this doesn't bother Hank. As a matter of fact, it is a source of consolation for him for it continuously saves him a torturous hair pulling by a furious opponent trying to return Hank's own method of scalp pulling.

At one time Hank worked for the International Tannery Company in Wood River, Illinois, where he was born. Hank says he developed his powerful arm muscles by pulling hides from a big vat in the tannery. However, on the insistence of several friends who had seen him in amateur bouts and in work-outs at the local "Y," he decided to quit his job and turn pro wrestler, and started working for Tom Packs of St. Louis.

Early in his wrestling career, Hank's grappling caught the eye of Ray Steele and the California matman gave him many helpful pointers on the game. *(Continued on page 46)*

ERNIE *After Mat Title*

Dusek, One of Two Men Going Limit With Champion O'Mahoney and Only One to Hold Him to a Draw

By ALEX SULLIVAN

KNOCKING long and loud at the world's heavyweight wrestling championship door at the present time, is Ernie Dusek of Omaha. Rarely in the long history of mat affairs in this country, has a grappler held public attention as has the spectacular warrior from the state which has turned out so many great wrestlers—Nebraska.

Almost from the time that Ernie started on his professional career about seven years ago, he has been up among the leaders, but it has only been during the past year, that he has really found himself and now many consider him a real honest-to-goodness-coming champion.

* * *

LAST summer Ernie went to the Pacific Coast for what he only intended to be a short stay, but he made good with such a bang, that it was only after several months that they let him get away. His style made a big hit in California and he bowled over many stars.

However, the big achievement of his career was the holding to a 60-minute draw in Cleveland early in November of Danno O'Mahoney, undisputed champion. Outside of Ray Steele, who had gone the limit with the Irishman but lost the decision, Ernie was the only man of the hundreds he met since he made his debut in Boston in January, 1935, who had been able to go the limit with him.

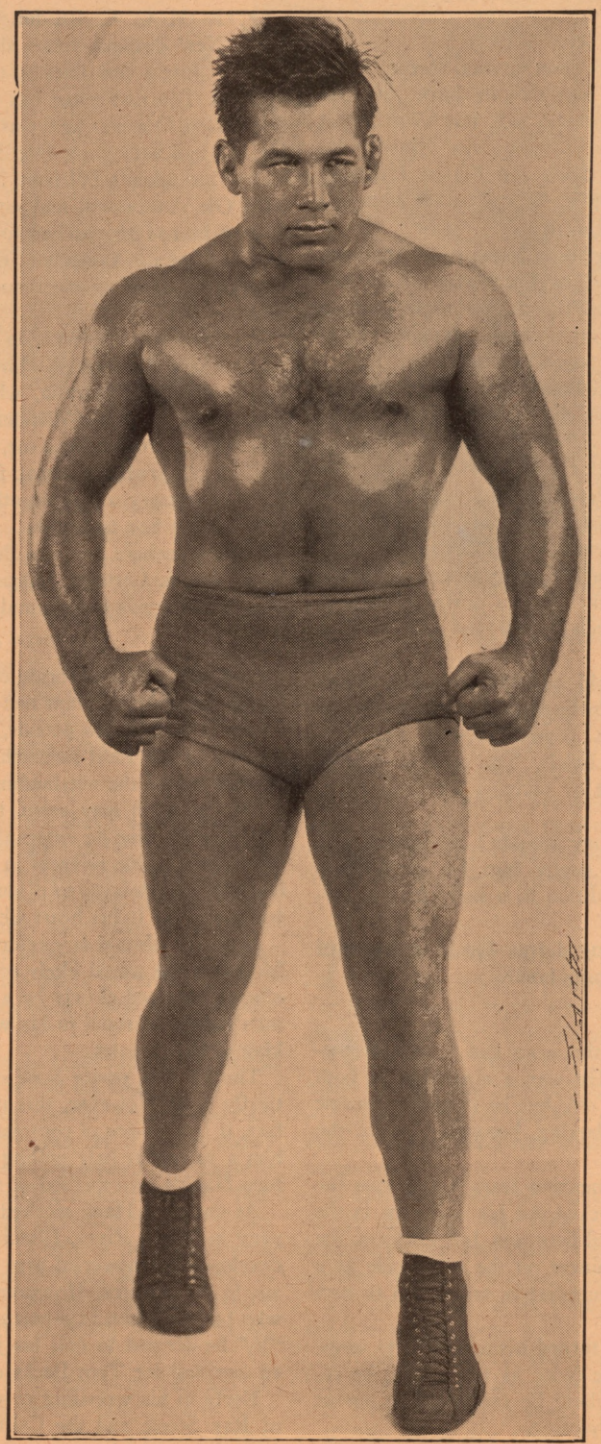
That Ernie was the first man do the distance with the young sensation from Erin, and who had also thrown Jim Londos and Ed Don George, Ed Strangler Lewis, the four times world's champions and all the other ex-champions as well as scores of contenders, is a big feather in the cap of the young and rising Omahan.

Many fans who saw Ernie wrestle O'Mahoney in Cleveland thought that he was entitled to the decision as they felt that he had done the better all-around wrestling.

Holding Danno to a draw was one of the biggest surprises sprung on the mat since the Irishman tossed Jimmy Londos who had gone several years without being downed.

* * *

ERNIE wasn't unduly elated over the fact that he held Danno even, which was the best that any man had accomplished against the rosy-cheeked son of Erin since coming to the U. S. A.; rather he was disappointed because he hadn't won.



Ernie Dusek, Wrestling's Villain.

Dusek is most ambitious. He has set his heart on becoming world's heavyweight champion, and he says he won't stop trying until he accomplishes that feat.

There probably isn't a wrestler in the game with more or perhaps as many wrestling attributes as Ernie possesses. He is an unusually good showman of the more or less villainous type.

He is aggressive, game and earnest in deed as well as in name. He is thoroughly schooled in every angle of the sport, having learned it from the ground up. Outside the ring, he is modest, seldom having a word to say, pro or con, regarding wrestling matters.

* * *

THERE are eight brothers in all in the Dusek family and one sister. Three other brothers wrestle professionally besides Ernie. They are Rudy, the veteran of the quartet, Emil and Joe, the baby of the clan.

It is seldom that one family produces more than one star in any sport. It was Rudy who blazed the way for the other brothers. They all used to work in their father's market in Omaha. Rudy tired of this sort of work first and used to go around to the gym conducted by Farmer Burns, the famous old champion, who still runs his famous school.

Rudy first tried his hand at amateur wrestling, and then his next step was into the pro ranks. He had to content himself with small purses for a year or two, but one day after a match he returned home and tossed fifteen hundred dollars in bills of small denominations into his mother's lap. That was the gesture that started off three of the other brothers in his footsteps.

* * *

ERNIE was the next to step out, then followed Emil and then Joe. The right name of the Duseks is Hason, they being of Bohemian descent. A promoter induced Rudy to change his surname and he appropriated that of a neighbor.

Ernie says he enjoys all the risks he takes on the mat, especially those when he causes the fans to rise up against him for some rough-house act or other against a favorite. He says he gets a great kick out of that, as he figures that he is really pleasing the crowd when he displeases it.

Ernie has the reputation of never having participated in an uninteresting battle. *(Cont. on page 47)*

Max Baer's Future

(Continued from page 23)

little or nothing to him. He seemed to have an idea that his earning powers would go on indefinitely. Max's boyish perspective admitted of no consideration of the inevitable rainy day.

* * *

SO with Max receiving 42 per cent of $150,000 from the Louis fight or a matter of considerably less than $60,000 after his debts were paid—and they were said to be of major proportions—he has hardly enough to live on for the rest of his life. That is to say, even the quiet of a rancher's life with little or no income would cut in seriously on such a sum, inconsequential, by the way, for a man who always has given free rein to his extravagant impulses.

And it is frequently suggested as an unpleasant afterthought by those who know a lot of the circumstances of Max Baer's financial affairs, what is going to happen should the courts decide that J. Hamilton Lorimer, once manager of Maxie and who still insists that Ancil Hoffman euchred him illegally out of his portion of the Baer earnings, is entitled to his share?

Upon whom could Lorimer swing a mighty legal fist should it finally be decided that he can collect so and so much under his original contract?

Interesting indeed—almost exciting we would say!

And who are the Jacklitsch brothers, you may ask, who appear in this split-up of the Baer earnings to the amount of fifteen per cent?

Well, that's easily answered. They are nobodies as far as the fight game is concerned but they came in mighty handy one day when Max was having a lot of trouble squaring some decidedly disagreeable affairs. Max was beset for ready dough and needed quite a chunk of it. So it is said that they came to the rescue and in lieu of interest on a loan or anything of that sort, they drove a pretty good bargain for themselves.

They squared Max up and gave him a fresh start and for the sum of $13,000 were given a contract that called for fifteen per cent of all of the fighter's earnings from any and all sources.

* * *

BUT there is some hope that Max's latest marriage will sober him to the extent of getting him down to earth once more.

And it's a certainty that he will never be content with any sort of quiet life and already is flirting with promoters. Yet there is one kedge anchor that Max has and always will have. His father, Jacob Baer, and also a former butcher, will always take care of "my boy." He has said that repeatedly and as the elder Baer has sound sense and is a mighty frugal man, Max always will have a sturdy shoulder upon which to lean in times of adversity. It is said that Max gets his fine qualities from his mother, who is a most estimable woman of good blood and worthy ideals.

Having established himself as a thoroughly unreliable fellow, Max will have much upon which to reinstate himself in the eyes of public and promoters. Whether he will be a card again is a matter for the future to prove. Shorn of titular honors and never again a possibility as even a contender, he is no movie card or a high-salaried radio performer.

Could he bring himself to a frame of mind to accept the ordinary compensation of a just good old has-been? Max may not ever be even good again.

Unfortunately Max Baer made less out of his brief year in the saddle than almost any other champion. So when ranch life palls and the old fever of unrest starts to surge again, what's going to happen?

Max will be only 27 next February—still just a kid who ought to be at his best. It's a sad story.

Botchy Bacigalupi

(Continued from page 35)

Pressure," where he worked for seven weeks at one hundred dollars a week. Too, he played with Lilian Harvey and John Boles in "My Lips Betray," Buddy Rogers in "Best of Enemies," Claudette Colbert in "Cleopatra," "The Sign of the Cross," and many others. He knows many of the stars personally and is well liked in the movie colony.

Before his trek to New York to seek employment, Botchy was a longshoreman at San Pedro and a lifeguard at Long Beach, and these two muscle-straining jobs helped to develop his fine physique.

Botchy's personality is too vibrant and interesting to transpose to cold words. He possesses the verve, the buoyancy of spirit and flair for dramatics and comedy common to the Italian race.

Half a Century with Wrestlers

(Continued from page 34)

medal. Now he will kill you! He will kill you!"

And Yussif almost did kill Jenkins.

With the roar of a maddened bull, Yussif leaped at Jenkins, wrapped him in his herculean embrace and figuratively wiped up the mat with him. The Terrible Turk shook Tom as a terrier would a rat, slamming him down, lifting him up and slamming him down again to vent his rage, before he finally did consent to pin Tom's shoulders to the mat and release his prey.

Jenkins was more dead than alive when the Turk released him. There was no second fall. It was physically impossible for Jenkins to go on for it.

In addition to his amulet, Yussif had other strange beliefs or superstitions. He believed that in dirt lay his strength. He never bathed and abhorred water. The first time one of his American handlers attempted to massage him, he jumped from the rubbing table in superstitious terror on the first touch of alcohol, witch hazel and arnica.

Yussif combined remarkable stamina and endurance with his tremendous strength. He was tireless and never became stale.

The Cleveland match with Jenkins, for instance, took place on a Wednesday night following contests on Monday night in Rochester and on Tuesday night in Buffalo. With one day intervening, Yussif met Evan Lewis, the original Strangler, in Chicago on Friday, and then entrained for Cincinnati, where on Saturday night he wrestled the renowned Charles Whitman.

Think of it, Yussif took part in five contests in six days, three of the contests being against such renowned wrestlers as Tom Jenkins, Strangler Lewis and Charles Whitman, and won them all!

We'll tell you a little about the Terrible Turk's matches with Strangler Lewis and Ernest Roeber and something more about my own career in the next chapter.

From Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 39)

In a return bout, Connors won and then Cudihee was matched with William Muldoon in a mixed bout for six hundred dollars a side. Cudihee won the first fall in thirty minutes and the third in two hours and forty minutes and a fortune changed hands because of the heavy backing that Muldoon had. Cudihee surprised all hands by the skillful manner in which he beat the New York champion. When Cudihee retired, he went into politics in Colorado.

* * *

CHARLES MURPHY was another good matman of the early American period of wrestling. His real name was Charles N. Perkins of Boston, Mass. He was a member of the famous rowing crew of Faulkner and Regan. He came to New York in 1871 and went to live in Brooklyn, where he took the name of Murphy. He was defeated by Colonel McLaughlin and Matt Garce; wrestled a draw with Charles Connot and later beat him in a match for the middleweight championship of America. He was a blacksmith by trade, weighed 170 pounds and stood 5 feet 10 inches.

* * *

LEE BURTON was the champion wrestler of Michigan. He was born in 1852, stood 5 feet 10½ inches and scaled 170 pounds. He was an expert wrestler and lost only four matches at collar-and-elbow style.

* * *

SAM FOX was the Pacific Coast champion. He was born on July 8, 1849, at Richmond, Canada. He stood 6 feet 1 inch in height and weighed 185 pounds. His record was a good one, but he didn't engage in as many matches as did other great grapplers of his day.

* * *

With this, we end this series. Those who are interested in the purchase of the book, "From Milo to Londos to O'Mahoney," a book that will contain not only all of the articles that were published in the three years of publication, but also the biographical sketches of the famed wrestlers of today in other classes besides the heavyweight championship section, should get in touch with Nat Fleischer or A. D. Phillips, THE RING, 825 Eighth Avenue, New York City. It is contemplated publishing only 1000 to sell at $3.00 each. It is up to you. It will be the most complete history of wrestling ever written—in fact, the only book of its kind ever published, and absolutely authentic. Let us hear from you.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 43)

Hank is of Irish-German parentage and has an unusually likable personality outside of the ring.

His real name is Harold, but if you are not seeking trouble, don't call him by the correct name.

* * *

There have been many Syrian wrestlers of note for the past few years both in this country and abroad but one of the best seen in many moons is Ellis Bashara. Ellis is another college lad who has turned to the mat sport for his livelihood. He is a graduate of Oklahoma University.

* * *

WRESTLING NEWS from Jimmie Amann of Ohio: Will Johnny Stote, ranking welterweight, get in touch immediately with Jimmie Amann? This is important. Wrestling Ratings, monthly release by Jimmie Amann of over 1000 of the active heavy, light-heavy, middle and welterweight wrestlers in the world, are now ready for release. 25 cents in coin and a stamped envelope will get this copy which ends many an argument in the mat world. Address Amann at 2810 Sydney Avenue., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The ranking champions are Dan O'Mahoney, heavyweight; Walter Roxey, light-heavyweight; Gus Kallio, middleweight and Jack Reynolds, welterweight.

* * *

JOWA wrestling notes by Bill Hawkins: At Marshalltown, Earl Wampler, of Scranton, Ia. won two straight falls from Jake Patterson . . . . Patterson missed an attempted flying tackle to lose the first fall and dropped the second in just four minutes . . . . Roland Kirchmeyer won from Pat McGill, Omaha heavyweight in 18 minutes with a flying scissors . . . . Joe Kujot was given the decision over Bull Martin by the foul route . . . . Jack League and Andy Moen grappled to a fast draw. . . . . And at Cedar Rapids, Ia. Joe Cox flopped Frank Speers, two falls out of three . . . . Earl Wampler won over Mike Nazarian in 10 minutes . . . . Cliff Thiede was awarded a bout on a foul over Abe Rothberg after 15 minutes of grunting and pulling . . . . In Council Bluffs, Bull Martin scored two falls over Joe Kujot.

Baron Ben Ginsberg of New York won over Ossie Nelson . . . . Sid Nabors took Jack Manuel for a flop.

Getting into our homeport, Sioux City, we find nothing but meanies . . . . It takes half of the police force to keep things in order . . . . Here are a few of the results . . . . Bull Martin won over Pat McClary, a 275 pound Irishman from the coast . . . . Martin hit the scales around 250, but had no regards for his foe . . . . Martin carrying pepper in his hair, would rub his roof, and inject the pepper in the eyes of McClary, who just about went nerts from the burning effect . . . . He was as wild as a hare one hop ahead of the hounds . . . . His crys of pain could be heard outside of the Auditorium . . . . and he went down to defeat yelling foul. Frank French and Jack Manuel went to a fast draw . . . . after staging a twenty minute fight. These two boys went right to town, and punched one another all over the joint.

Jack Paterson and Andy Moen went to a draw, along with Sid Nabors and Joe Kujot.

FISTIC SOCKS IN CLEVELAND

By PHIL SOLOMON

THE first pro show that took place in Cleveland since July 8, was a great success. It was promoted by the Century Sporting Club under the direction of Sparky Rudolph and Ross Widen. This club will run shows every week with the best talent that is available.

Paul Pirrone, managed by Eddie Mead, ran into tough luck when, three days before his fight in Philly with Frank Battaglia, while boxing with Charley Loughran, he dislocated his hip. In his bout with Battaglia, the leg gave way twice and Mead had to stop the bout in the sixth.

The featherweight Golden Gloves champ of 1933, Ray Sharkey, who has turned pro and is piloted by Mike Getz, is going great guns. Sharkey looks like a good prospect. Sharkey, up to the time of this writing, has won five consecutive bouts. Keep going, Ray, as Cleveland needs more of the promising kids like you.

Jackie Davis, who has returned from the East after a year of successful campaigning, is making his home in Cleveland. Jackie, long a favorite in this vicinity, will do a lot of boxing around here. Davis' business is handled by his brother.

Eddie Morgan, formerly known as Corney Kunath, is a good prospect. He has won thirteen straight fights. Chuck Sotak, who handles his business, is very much enthused over this youngster. The kid can punch with his left as well as he can with his right.

The colored flash from Toledo has resumed training and will start to box after the first of the year. The flash is none other than Harry English. Eddie Mead is managing him. English is one of those game colored lads who will stand up and fight. He beat Johnny Risko.

Carmen Barth, the former Olympic champion, fought his first big league fight at Richmond, Virginia, against Ken Overlin. The fight was a humdinger. Although Barth lost a close decision, he proved to be ready for the best of them.

Georgie Baratko should go a long way in the middleweight division because he can punch. He also can box well.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

THERE is no doubt that Mooch Murphy, featherweight of Trenton, is one of the finest prospects that Trenton has produced in recent months. Murphy not only knows how to box, but he has developed a deadly punch in either hand. In his last nine bouts, he has not failed to floor any of his opponents. In his last two starts, Murphy beat the veteran, Willie Cubic, Negro, of Newark, in the feature bout of eight rounds at the Moose in Trenton. Two weeks later, Murphy stopped Dominick Bernard of Camden in two rounds. Bernard was a 9 to 5 favorite by reason of his two-round K.O. over Jimmy Russell two weeks previously. Jimmy (Fats) Pinto is Murphy's trainer. Watch this boy, Mooch Murphy.

Young Terry won his last two bouts, his victims being Tony Fisher and Solly Kreiger. Lou Ambers won easily over Geo Levy in ten rounds. Larry Mangine stopped Arky Berman in two rounds. Jesse Goss stopped Jack Haley in four rounds.

The following are, in my opinion, the best in their respective divisions in Trenton and Mercer County:

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Billy Mahan, Ted Ivins, Larry Crabtree.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—None.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Young Terry, Stanley Pyontek, Joe Cazar.

WELTERWEIGHTS—Paulie Walker, Ralph Fulton, Larry Mangine.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—George Levy, Frankie Warno.

FEATHERWEIGHTS—Mooch Murphy, Tommy Rittley, Arky Berman.

BANTAMWEIGHTS—Mickey Bellerino, Young Knocky.

FLYWEIGHTS—None.

Although Mooch Murphy only weighs 123 pounds, he is by far the best in either the lightweight or featherweight divisions. George Levy, who claims the lightweight honors in these parts, has refused to meet Murphy.

IN THE COAL FIELDS

By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dempsey were in town to attend the Firemen's ball. The former champ is still a big drawing card, as 8000 people from all over Lackawanna County jammed the Scranton Armory. His wife, the former Hannah Williams was born and raised here in the Electric city. Dempsey donated $50.00 to the Orphans Fund and $25.00 to the Community Chest before leaving. When the former "champ" arrived, he was greeting by many old friends including, Chick Feldman, Joe Butler, Joe Polokoff, Hank Stezar, Mike Barrett, Ed Coleman, and Stanley Davis, who presented the Dempseys with the key to the city.

Hank Stezar, Boxing Promoter of Scranton seems to go for wrestling in a big way. His first show drew 2200 fans.

At Harrisburg—Boxing seems to be a forgotten sport here, as wrestling shows have been running semi-monthly throughout the winter.

At Hazelton—To get back to boxing, Joe O'Donnel and Ben Roman, promoters at Feely Hall, packed them in at the Jimmy Herman-Johnny Panko show. Herman, gained the decision over Panko after six hard, bruising rounds. In the semi-final, Johnny Vandurek, easily defeated Pete Daily . . . . Young Felix, won from Andy Remus . . . . Patsy Gall, drew with Joe Spiediel . . . . Midget Cool, beat Eddie Roman.

At Reading—Johnny Lucas, won a split decision over Vincent Reed, who was a last minute substitute for Eddie Brink. In the semi, Rex Fallabell, won a hairline verdict over Steve Gatcha. This was Gatcha's second defeat in the pro ranks. In the other bouts Al Lewis, the Scranton Speedball, K.O.'ed Mickey Belletter in the fourth round of a scheduled six. Tony Swinkey, deaf mute from Scranton, knocked Johnny Albaneese "dead" with a haymaker in the sixth and final round. While Jim Baker, won from Cyclone Smith.

Just Rambling—Johnny Vandurek, Scranton, beat Johnny Hoffman, at Bingo. Mickey Serrian, Scranton, won over Pete Martin and K.O.'ed Tony Catalano. Joe Kaminskyy, Nanticoke, lost to Red Bruce. Wildcat O'Connor, Forest City, drew with George Salvatore and beat Eddie Ran. Joe Everone Throop, beat Jerry Paul, lost to Willie Pal and was K.O.'ed by Pete DeRuzzo. Eddie McGeever, Scranton, drew with Johnny Bonito.

Rex Fallabell, hard punching lightweight from Hazelton, is considered the best prospect developed in Hazleton in the past ten years . . . . Al Pabalis, former Scranton Amateur star, is now boxing in the pro ranks under the name of Eddie Benson . . . . Jack (Three Star) Hennessey, had added Steve Gatcha, Johnny Panko, Eddie Benson and Johnny Coyne, former amateur featherweight champion of North Eastern Penna., to his large stable of 25 fighters . . . . Al Trainor, Star Philadelphia middleweight, who is now living in Scranton, under the guidance of Hennessey, will see plenty of action in the next month. Trainor has fought such stars as, Young Terry, Ken Overlin, Jimmy Smith, Joe Smallwood, Henry Firpo, Eric Lawson, Billy Nitchy, Pete Susky, Al Salbano, Paulie Sykes and many other prominent scrappers.

"Ring" readers can purchase this magazine at any newsstand throughout the Coal Fields. When in Scranton you can buy THE RING at Bo's Smoke Shop, 300 Block Spruce St.

Build Your Body

After considerable trouble, we have finally acquired a number of the famous Earle Liederman books which have been out of print for a long time—

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Ernie After Mat Title

(Continued from page 44)

He sees to it there is plenty of heat produced before he has gone very far.

Ernie doesn't think the old-timers were better than to-day's talent.

"What would Frank Gotch have done," he asks, "if he had ever come across a tough guy who would throw punches at him instead of bothering around with leg-holds and head-locks? The old-timers were wrestlers, yes, but they wouldn't stand a chance against the tactics used today!"

Ernie is twenty-five years old and has had the advantage of his brother Rudy's experience and coaching. He is considered one of the best of the championship prospects. He is a modernist when that style of wrestling is in order. He is an expert at the flying tackle, the forearm nudge and all the weapons borrowed from football and boxing. He has also the foundation of sound, orthodox wrestling as his first teacher was none other than the famous Farmer Burns, former champion, who has schooled many others in the rudiments of the sport.

Proteges of Champions

(Continued from page 26)

be remembered that his illustrious sire died nearly three years before Young Bob went after the professional gold and glory. Who knows but what with his famous father in his corner, another Fitzsimmons might have climbed to the topmost rung of the heavyweight ladder?

* * *

ONE of Jim Jeffries' favorite recreations is picking husky youngsters to fill the spot he once occupied in fistic circles. Jim has a farm out in Glendale California today and he still takes a world of interest in the mitt game. A few years back Jim took a big burly lad under his wing and attempted to make a fighter out of him. The kid, Jack Richards, trained faithfully for a long time but in spite of Jeff's coaching, never got above the preliminary class. After it became apparent that Richards would never do, Jeff took hold of Al Morro, a burly Italian lad.

While Morro proved to be a little better than Richards, at least he worked up to the main event class. He has fallen far short of developing into another Jim Jeffries. On the strength of his protege's showing to date, Jeffries appears to be the worst picker of the lot. Maybe the old adage, "the better the fighter, the sorrier the picker" holds good in Jeff's case. But no one would like anything more than to see old genial Jeff seconding one of his proteges in a heavyweight title match.

* * *

TOMMY BURNS was also bitten by the bug to find a heavyweight contender. Tommy went over to Belgium to get his prospect, a big husky lad looking more like a weight lifter or wrestler than a fighter. His name was Jack Humbeek, and judging by his fistic ability, he must have been a wrestler. The only thing that he had in his favor was a cast iron chin. The Belgian lad could certainly sop up punishment with the best of them, that is, he could for a while.

It didn't take long for the said chin to become pulverized, after which Humbeek became a very docile young man, and his mentor threw up his hands in disgust and retired to his Houston, Texas, hotel business. Burns' two successors, Jack Johnson and Jess Willard, apparently never became interested in trying to develop a champion . . . . at least they haven't yet.

Jack leaned too much toward the night club and theatrical game to have much time looking after prospective champs. Willard was a family man first and last, and cared but little for the hustle and bustle of the prize-ring, and who can begrudge him that admirable trait?

* * *

DEMPSEY, too, has a protege—in fact, two of 'em. At one time he was interested in Armand Emmanuel's career. But after the 'Frisco Jewish lad gave up the mitt game to go back to his law books, Jack didn't attempt any sponsoring to speak of until recently. Now he is partners with Max Waxman in the ownership of "Red" Burman, a fine light-heavyweight and Joe Lipps, Washington, D. C., heavyweight prospect, who looks exceptionally promising. Jack Sharkey also has a protege in a lad named Frankie Connolly.

However, working on the basis of the success that former champions have had in bringing out championship material, Messrs. Sharkey, Carnera et al will do well to devote their time and energy to something that holds more chance of success than tutoring ambitious pugs. But after all, someone has to develop future material and who is likely to derive more pleasure from it than an ex-heavyweight champion? More power to 'em.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 30)

that fight, despite the articles of agreement, which called for an over-the-weight match, he would have been crowned king of the division. Under the rules of boxing, it is up to the champion to defend his laurels by seeing that the weight stipulation is carried out and since Brouillard came in under the 160-pound mark, he could have shorn the Frenchman of his world laurels had Lou won.

Thil's showing against Brouillard also proves that Marcel is not a fluke title-holder. Any fighter who can whip Brouillard as thoroughly as did the French champion, knows his onions, even though floored.

Those who argue that Thil cannot clinch the claim to the world laurels before disposing of Babe Risko, the New York and Pennsylvania champion, are talking through their hats. Babe is the American title-holder, a crown he won from Yarosz, who in turn captured it from Vince Dundee, who had already been whipped by Thil in France, after Marcel had also taken the measure of Gorilla Jones, the recognized king of American middleweights. Thus Thil's claim for international recognition is strengthened considerably by disposing of another good fighter, Lou Brouillard.

* * *

AN example of the ridiculous attitude that some boxing commissions take in matters in which they, and they alone, are to blame, was the Unknown Winston-Jack Sharkey fiasco in Boston, a most unsatisfactory "contest." The board suspended the license of Winston for one year on the ground that he took the easiest way out. The commissioners accused Winston of having taken a double dive, because as our readers know, he was knocked out twice, in the first round, and again in the second.

The folly of it all is that the commission knew that Winston was not a fit opponent for Sharkey. If the commission had acted rightly, it would have banned the bout with the statement that if Sharkey is determined to make a comeback for the big money he sees in a possible bout with Joe Louis in Boston, then he should have been forced to accept as his opponent a fighter really worthy of the name.

By blindness in its duty, the commission failed to protect boxing in its state, and the fans who paid big prices to see this so-called fight. The scandal that followed, and the resulting effort of the Legislature to kill boxing, all fall right into the lap of the commission. Making Winston the scapegoat to hide its own ridiculousness, the commission tried to pull the wool over the eyes of the fans.

As for Sharkey's comeback, though he and his manager, Johnny Buckley, are serious about it, it would be for the best interests of boxing if Jack were not to go any farther. He has plenty of money and should rest on his laurels. There is no call for a Sharkey comeback. The lure of gold alone is what has brought him back into a picture in which he no longer belongs.

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SECTIONAL RATINGS

IN an effort to develop local interest in the boys who are battling their way to national recognition, THE RING has asked its correspondents in the leading boxing centers to submit a special rating in which only local talent is considered. Here is the annual sectional ranking of boxers:

BRITISH SELECTIONS
By John S. Sharpe

Flyweights—Benny Lynch (champ), Phil Milligan, Syd Parker, Jim Warnock, Jim Campbell, Bobby Magee, Pat Palmer, Tom Pardoe, Joe Curran, Herbie Hill.

Bantamweights—Johnny King (champ), Jackie Brown, Len Hampston, Billy Miller, Len Beynon, George Marsden, Mog Mason, Fred Morris, Mickey McGuire, Freddie Baxter.

Featherweights—Nel Tarleton (champ), Dave Crowley, Benny Caplan, Dick Corbett, Johnny McGrory, Ginger Foran, Ronnie James, Phineas John, Benny Sharkey, George Williams.

Lightweights—Jack Berg (champ), Jimmy Walsh, Harry Mizler, George Daly, Jimmy Vaughan, Jack Lyden, Norman Snow, Joe Connolly, Sonny Lee, Dave Finn.

Welterweights—Ernie Roderick, Dave McCleave, George Rose, Ginger Sadd, Jim Lawlor, Charle Baxter, Chuck Parker, George Bunter, Leo Phillips, Jack Lewis; Champion Pat Butler, not in first Ten.

Middleweights—Jack McAvoy (champ), Frank Hough, Jack Hyams, Archie Sexton, Tom Curran, Moe Moss, Cock Moffitt, Tommy Moore, Glen Moody, Jock McLeod.

Cruiserweights—Jack Petersen, Len Harvey, Archie Sexton, Charlie Bundy, Alec Bell, Ernie Simmons, Len Rowlands, George Brennan, Bob Firmin, Snowey Edwards; Champion Eddie Phillips, outgrown the weight.

Heavyweights—Jack Petersen (champ), Len Harvey, George Cook, Eddie Phillips, Tommy Farr, Jimmy Wilde, Jack London, Alf Robinson, Pat Marrinan, Eddie Steele.

CALIFORNIA RATINGS
By Gene Vinassa

Heavyweights—Hank Bath, Hank Hankinson and Joe Bauer.

Light-heavyweights—Ray Actis, Phil Brubaker and Jack Darcy.

Middleweights—Freddie Steele, Swede Berglund and Freddie Apostoli.

Welterweights—Ceferino Garcia, Al Manfredo and Leon Zoritta.

Lightweights—Leo Rodak, Peter Jackson and Mike Villareal.

Featherweights—Midget Wolgast, Nick Scalba and Henry Armstrong.

Bantamweights—Pancho Leyvas, Tuffy Pierpont and Pablo Dano.

Flyweights—Small Montana (world's flyweight champion.) No flyweights.

RATINGS FOR THE NORTHWEST
By David Cavadas

Heavyweights—Ford Smith, Sonny Buxton, Frank Wallulis.

Light-heavyweights—Tiger Jack Fox, Fred Lenhart.

Middleweights—Freddie Steele, Al Hostack, Johnny Foster.

Welterweights—Gordon Wallace, Leonard Bennett, Sonny Jones.

Lightweights—Cecil Payne, Alan Foston, Henry Woods, Young Corpuz, Billy McLeod.

Featherweights—Abie Isreal, Billy Buxton.

Bantamweight—Al Spina.

CANADIAN RATINGS
By Lawson Bampton

Heavyweights—Steve Trojack, Winnipeg, and Jack Tebo, Alberta, only active performers in dull class.

Light-heavyweights—Al McCoy, Montreal; Eddie Wenstob, Edmonton; Tiger Warrington, Liverpool, N. S.

Middleweights—Frankie Battaglia, Winnipeg; Laurie Peppin, Winnipeg; Kid Osborne, Alberta.

Welterweights—Gordon Wallace, Vancouver, champion; Sonny Jones, Vancouver; Eddie Carroll, Ottawa.

Lightweight—Joe Marsh, Montreal, claimant of title though unlikely to make weight.

Featherweight—Ray Cook, Toronto, won title two years ago but has failed to defend it.

Bantamweights—Frankie Martin, Montreal, champion; Lefty Gwynne, Toronto; Harry Gerson, Montreal.

Flyweights—Greggie Gregersen, Montreal, champion; Katsumi Mariaka, Vancouver; Raoul "Kid" Lacasse, Quebec.

MASSACHUSETTS RATINGS
By George Kid Ross

Heavyweights—Jack Sharkey, Unknown Winston, Frankie Connoly.

Light-heavyweights—Al McCoy, Tony Shucco, Leo Salvas.

Middleweights—Lou Brouillard, Jimmy O'Boyne, Werther Arcelli.

Welterweights—Joe Gelinas, Sal Canata, Harry Conley.

Lightweights—Armond Renault, Johnny Buiso, Andy Callahan.

Featherweights—Vernon Comier, Johnny Scbelli, Ruby Bradley.

Bantamweights—Johnny Bangs, Jimmy Stathis, Young Cormier.

RATINGS FOR MICHIGAN
By Mickey McIntire

Heavyweights—Joe Louis, Lorenzo Pack, Stan Evans, Johnny Whiters, Red Tom Dawson.

Light-heavyweights—Clinton Bridges, Bud Creed, Tony Lamerato, Chuck Grundish, Jack Dolcherone.

Middleweights—Dave Clark, Gene Stanley, Frank Kapanowski, Max O'Conner, Frankie Misko, Bill Bommer, Mickey Misko.

Welterweights—Chuck Woods, Sammy Chivas, Jackie Sherman, Nat Kadin, Jackie Young.

Lightweights—Wesley Ramey, Roger Bernard, Edwin Waling, Joey Miehielove, Speedy Johnson.

Featherweights—Frankie Wolfram, Red Casson, Bobby "Red" Wood, Gib Black, Luis Carpentero.

Bantamweights—Lefty Gwynne, Billy Burke, Joe Nadeau.

PHILIPPINE RATINGS
By Conrado Mata

Flyweights—Little Dado, champion, Joe Mendiola, Little Pancho, Speed Cabanela, Young Santos, Little Abayan.

Bantamweights—Little Pancho, champion, Star Frisco, Cris Pineda, Joe Mendiola, Jose Villanueva, Cunning Nene.

Featherweights—B. de Guzman, champion, Little Pancho, Joe Eagle, Cris Pineda, Fighting Yaba, Young Tarley.

Lightweights—Baby Johnson, champion, Kid Vicente, Fighting Abordo.

Welterweights—Young Frisco, champion, Kid Vicente, Fighting Abordo.

RATINGS FOR HAWAII
By Frank S. Fujimoto

Honolulu—Following are the Champions of the Territory for 1935 including the leading contender for the converted crowns in the several divisions:

Flyweights—"Tiny" Tommy Muroda, champion, Little Reynes, Joey Rosenberg, Kayo Kuratsu.

Bantamweights—Augie Curtis, champion, Al Pazmore.

Featherweights—Joe Velasco, champion, Al Citrino, Young Gildo, George Hansford, Clever Sison, Sonny Valdez, Johnny Yasui.

Welterweights—Kid Moro, champion, Tod Morgan, Freddy Gomez.

SOUTHERN RATINGS
By Pinkie Lou Masters

Heavyweights—Obie Walker, Atlanta; Marty Gallagher, Washington; Natie Brown.

Light-heavyweights—Joe Knight, Joe Lipps, Charlotte, Bob Godwin.

Middleweights—Ken Overlin, Norfolk; Ralph Chong, New Orleans; Texas Joe Dundee, Orlando.

Welterweights—Eddie Kid Wolfe, Memphis; Eldridge Davenport, Ware Shoals; Jimmy Leto, Tampa.

Lightweights—Tony Canzoneri, New Orleans; Chino Alvarez, Tampa; Norment Quarles, Hendersonville.

Featherweights—Petey Sarron, Birmingham; Mexican Joe Rivers, Washington; Harry Jeffra, Baltimore.

Bantamweights—Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans; Bobby Hooks, Orlando; Earl Dixon, Sparks.

RATINGS FROM PHILADELPHIA
By Archie Pirollo

The following are my ratings for Philadelphia boxers as per your request.

Heavyweights—Tommy Loughran, Al Ettore, Willie Reddish.

Light-heavyweights—Billy Ketchell, Danny Hassett, Charley Loughran.

Middleweights—Jimmy Smith, Johnny Duca, Frankie Caris.

Welterweights—Tony Falco, Benny Schwartz, Johnny Santo, Calvin Reed.

Lightweights—Eddie Cool, Tony Morgano, Johnny Jadick, Lew Massey, Benny Bass, Johnny Craven.

Featherweights—Bobby Dean, Tony Strazzeri, Norman Rahn.

Bantamweights—Midget Wolgast, Johnny Marcellini.

TEXAS RANKINGS
By Bill Danee

Heavyweights—James Bradley, Champ Clark, Ace Dodge.

Light-heavyweights—Dutch Weimer, Clyde Chastain, Bob Davey.

Middleweights—Duke Tramel, Dick McCauley, Adolph Meave.

Welterweights—George Salvadore, Chief Parris, Tony Herrera.

Lightweights—Lou Beard, Howard Scott, Phil Latona.

Featherweights—Jo Jo Passante, Mike Pereira, Roberto Gomez.

Bantamweights—Al Elizondo, Midget Azteca, Johnny Hernandez.

Flyweights—None.

OHIO STATE RATINGS
By Jimmie Amann

Heavyweights—Hank Hankinson, Akron; Eddie Simms, Cleveland; Jack Pallat, Cleveland.

Light-heavyweights—Henri Palmeri, Akron; Harry English, Toledo; Joe Mueller, Cincinnati.

Middleweights—Paul Pirrone, Cleveland, George Barth, Cleveland; Daniel Boone, Cincinnati.

Welterweights—Jackie Davis, Cleveland; Jack December, Cleveland; Joey Schlund, Cleveland.

Lightweights—Al George, Columbus; Al Hamilton, Cincinnati; Mutt Schwartz, Columbus.

Featherweights—Phil Zwick, Cleveland; Frankie Wallace, Cleveland; Wesley Martin, Cleveland.

Bantamweights—Lloyd Pine, Barberton; Babe Triscaro, Cleveland; Billy Pirrone, Cleveland.

Flyweights—Joey Forchione, Cleveland; Joey Wilson, Akron; Jackie McGann, Cleveland.

Honorable Mentions—Jess Caldwell, heavy; Johnny Stevens, feather; Harry Weekly, light.

RATINGS FOR COLORADO
By T. W. McNiel

Heavyweights—Emilio Martinez, George Manley, Cyclone Lynch.

Light-heavyweights—Emilio Martinez, Hank Bath, Chuck Hefner.

Middleweights—Mike Montoya, Joe Martinez, Billy Neiheisel.

Welterweights—Chuck Reed, Phil Greening, Lee Medina.

Lightweights—Hershey Wilson, Al Reynolds, Celestino Roybal.

Featherweights—Henry Jackson, Ernie Lara, Sol Levinson.

LOUISIANA RATINGS
By H. J. "Matty" Mathews

Bantamweights—George Murla, Lucius Fleet, Papa Wax.

Featherweights—Jimmy Perrin, Nicky Camaratta, Bill Hogroder.

Lightweights—Ervin Berlier, Frankie Schottgen, K. O. White.

Welterweights—Jumbo Rovira, Wesley Farrell, Herman "Kid" Collins.

Middleweights—Jimmy Brown, Josh Willis, Bill Raggio.

Light-heavyweights—Fast Black, Tony Fallata.

SYRACUSE RATINGS
By Billy Shaw

Heavyweights—Johnny Nelson, Syracuse; Bob Moody, Syracuse; Art Sykes, Elmira; Long Tom Williams, Syracuse.

Light-heavyweights—Joe Banovic, Binghamton; Kid Dyke, Syracuse.

Middleweights—Eddie (Babe) Risko (champion), Syracuse; Eddie Saxon, Syracuse; Jackie Flowers, Clinton; Babe Amos, Syracuse; Billy Munico, Auburn; Red Finnegan, Utica; LeRoy (Tiger) Smith, Rochester; Freddie Sallus, Syracuse.

Welterweights—Willie Pal, Albany; Joey Kolba, Utica; Eugene (Bad Boy) Emmanuel, Syracuse; Al Traino, Rochester; Eddie Dempsey, Syracuse; Billy Cahill, Binghamton; Sherman Rosen, Utica; Johnny Hoffman, Syracuse.

Lightweights—Lester Ryder, Ballston Spa; Freddie Mitchell, Utica; Louis Bell, Watertown; Earl Weaver, Syracuse.

Featherweights—Bushy Graham, Utica; Joey Brown, Syracuse; Lou Alpert, Utica; Mickey Devine, Batavia.

Bantamweights—Pedro Lorenzo, Syracuse; Johnny Spaas, Cohoes.

RATINGS FOR CUBA
By Milton Baron

Light-heavyweights—Young Herrera (champion), Pedro Proenza, Kid Gibara.

Middleweights—Pablo Ramirez (champion), Joaquin Torregrosa, Eddy Chapman.

Welterweights—Rene Sanchez (champion), Kid Calixto, Joe Legon.

Lightweights—Joe Coego (champion), Kid Sila, Sixto Morales.

Featherweights—Alex Yanes (champion), Conrado Conde, Baby Oriental.

Bantamweights—Kid Juancito (champion), Pablo Cardenas, Kid Rapidez.

Flyweights—Juan Morales (champion), Little Loughran, Kid Pintado.

NEW ENGLAND RATINGS
By "Doc" Almy

Heavyweight—Tony Shucco.
Light-heavyweight—Al McCoy.
Middleweight—Lou Brouillard.
Welterweight—Werther Arcelli.
Lightweight—Honey Mellody (Joe Ferante).
Featherweight—Vernon Cormier.

RATINGS OF IOWA BOXERS
By Bill Hawkins

Featherweights—Young Rightmire, Young Mickey Walker, Albert Manriquez, and Hymie Wiseman. Prospects—Jimmy Salvatore, Mickey Slater.

Lightweights—Tony Ligouri, Jimmy Legrone, Al Pahl, and Terry Griffiths.

Welterweights—Mel Rice, Dixie Taylor, Ronny Malcolm, Eddie Spencer.

Middleweights—Ray Mann, Swede Allen, Goldie O'Hara.

Light-heavyweights—Andy Miller, Johnny Miler, Pretit Ferarer.

Heavyweight—Johnny Miler.

From Hollywood to New York

By EDDIE BORDEN

AFTER eight months of Pacific Coast exploration, delving into the intricacies of the boxing situation and combining the pleasures that go with it, we hereby announce that it is a pleasure to return to New York. Boxing on the Coast is getting back to the prosperous days with a bang. Professional clubs that confine their efforts to boxing are getting returns for their investments instead of losses.

A disagreeable faction that I discovered there was the autocratic methods of the California State Athletic Commission. Dr. Harry Martin is an agreeable fellow, but his many duties on the outside prevent him from keeping close tabs on boxing and consequently he is forced to take the word of the commission's inspectors, a non-essential post which is given to those who are favored politically.

If the commissions appointed throughout the country would only attend to the duties which are imposed upon them instead of being self-appointed matchmakers and interfering with everyone's affairs, how greatly improved boxing would be! It is difficult to reconcile oneself to the fact that managers, boxers and promoters who pay the license fees demanded by each state, are given so little consideration, especially in California. They are looked upon by the domineering, discourteous, inefficient inspectors, who are being paid by the very money taken from the managers, boxers and promoters, as just a lot of trash. Instead of trying to be pleasant and of a helping hand, they are overbearing and go out of their way to make things disagreeable. That's why the sport is having a tougher time on the Coast than in the East. Let's have a fair deal for boxing, you Coast commissioners and domineering inspectors.

The Olympic Auditorium, a beautiful arena, situated in Los Angeles, is being confronted with mysterious obstacles to prevent it from remaining a successful club. Under the regime of Joe Waterman, the club made great strides. It began to pay weekly dividends and Joe was giving the fans some red-hot scraps which were beginning to show up the Hollywood Legion by contrast. Waterman is a matchmaker who knows his business thoroughly and he was being too successful to satisfy some of his competitors, hence they are trying to oust him. Too much good competition!

Waterman developed such cards as Hank Bath, Butch Rogers, Leon Zorrita, Small Montana, Frankie Castillo, and, just when things were running smoothly, Joe Waterman was given an indefinite suspension by the California Commission. The reason was so fantastic and stupidly biased that it behooves Mr. Waterman to look into the situation with both eyes and discover the root of the trouble. Joe Waterman had his license taken away and was unable to stage any shows because he was too successful in his post. He was showing up the efforts of his chief competitor, American Legion Stadium in Hollywood.

Charley McDonald, or more familiarly known as "Runaround Charley" by his intimate friends, it is rumored, is managing fighters on the side besides holding the post as matchmaker. He has confined his matchmaking activities to a set clique and it is impossible to penetrate the inner confines of the Hollywood Legion unless you know the right signal. Fighters like Maxey Rosenbloom, Frank Rowsey, Bobby Leyvas, Frankie Covelli, Pablo Dano and Speedy Dado have no difficulty in getting work there.

To illustrate a point, take Bobby Leyvas' bout with Midget Wolgast. The Midget was in rare form that evening and besides scoring a knockdown, gave the youngster a comprehensive boxing lesson. Wolgast fought a great fight that night and got the official decision. Instead of bringing the winner back to the Legion a few weeks later, McDonald reversed it by bringing back the loser against Henry Hooks. Leyvas was beaten again, but that will not stop his future activities at the Legion. Frankie Covelli, Brooklyn featherweight, found it tough sledding it for several months until he made a connection with his manager and after fighting twice there he returned to Brooklyn. A few weeks later Covelli returned to the Coast and engaged in two more bouts at the Legion but this time came back without his manager. It does not take any intricate reasoning to understand just what happened.

A menace to boxing which cannot seem to be eradicated, is what is called a "kickback." It is what is known as a tip from the manager to the matchmaker for using his fighter. That practice has extended much further and now certain matchmakers have "pieces" of fighters. It is unfair for a manager to pay such tribute because the matchmaker generally gets a comfortable salary and should not resort to such petty practices but temptation is too great to resist.

Many matchmakers have been accused of this practice but it is difficult to prove it because there are very few "whistle blowers" among the fistic fraternity. It is one of the worst vices in the boxing game and as long as there are human beings connected with the game of boxing so shall this practice exist, as unfair as it is.

It is a petty graft compared to the sums which are allegedly split among politicians but nevertheless it is an important detail. People connected in the casting office of a moving picture studio occupy a post similar to that of matchmaker. It is a criminal offense for them to accept gratuities from agents of actors or actresses. Is there any difference in their offenses? Kickbacks should be taboo and if the boxing commission were on the job, they'd soon be eliminated.

Nick Scalba, Chicago bantam, who fought Varias Milling in his last Legion appearance, spotted him seven pounds and earned a draw. After the fight Scalba intended to return to Chicago to visit his wife and went to say good bye to the Legion matchmaker. McDonald persuaded him to stay over because he told him that he was booked for two weeks later with Speedy Dado. The two weeks widened into four months and upon last reports, Scalba has yet to make his return appearance at the Legion. Scalba went through the money that he earned in the Milling bout and got into debt for a few hundred dollars besides, for no reason whatever.

He told Scalba to remain because his services could be called if he were in a tight pinch but as long as there were fighters like Bobby Leyvas, Frankie Covelli, Pablo Dano, Maxey Rosenbloom and others, there was no necessity for calling on the services of Scalba. Scalba is being handled on the Coast by Jack Kearns and it is significant that Bath is doing all his fighting at the Olympic. McDonald had first call on Bath's services but turned him down and now that Bath has developed into such a formidable card, it is McDonald's petty manner of getting even just because he did not have enough foresight to see the possibilities of Bath as a fighter.

They turned loose two fighting men of first class order in the Garden when Al McCoy, French-Canadian light-heavyweight, met his first defeat in the year at the hands of Jock McAvoy. This fight provided a corking scrap and it is too bad that the house did not come up to the expectations that such a fight demanded. McCoy scored a knockdown in the third round and appeared to have a convincing lead over his opponent when the fight was over. McCoy was forced to make 170 pounds under a private agreement and by agreeing to this, McCoy's mentor showed poor judgment. The light-heavyweight limit is 175 pounds and that is the only limit that legitimate light-heavyweights should be forced to make. Whether the weight making affected the result materially, is hard to say but McAvoy showed sufficient to prove that he ranks among the leaders in that class.

A great heavyweight card was furnished on the balance of the program. The most sensational encounter resulted when Bob Pastor, surviving five knockdowns in the first two rounds at the hands of Eddie Simms, came back so strongly to floor Simms in the fifth and to win the final session overwhelmingly that he got a draw. Joe Lipps whipped George Turner; Max Marek proved too strong and rugged for Steve Dudas; John Anderson scored over Fanis Tzanatopoulos; Frankie Connelley disposed of Hans Kohlhaas in three rounds while Lew Keiswetter won over Jerry Johnson in the opening bout. The show drew around $12,000.

Sixto Escobar clinched his right to the American bantamweight title when he whipped Louis Salica over the fifteen round route. Escobar had no trouble in the second meeting and floored Salica in the third and was in command at all times. Mike Belloise made a corking comeback with Mexican Joe Rivers in the semi-final. Belloise flashed a brilliant performance and looked like the Belloise of old—Ray Impellitiere turned in a victory over Ford Smith in Detroit which makes the first important victory that Ray really scored and it marked the third successive defeat for Smith, since his victory over Buddy Baer—Erich Seelig turned in a technical kayo over the shadow of Mickey Walker at the St. Nicholas Palace. Mickey entered the ring with nothing but courage and after being battered around had his eye cut and Referee Johnny McAvoy humanely stopped the fight. It's a shame to see Mickey in aetion against ordinary competition.

Leonard Sacks and Society Kid Hogan were the two latest Chicagoans to make the Coast their headquarters. Sacks is working on a newspaper syndicate proposition while Hogan is waiting for sundry offers from the movies. Jim Mullen, a strong booster of Hogan's, declares that Hogan is an unusual type and should register—Benny Ray is booming the cause of Milton Aron, a classy welterweight youngster from Chicago—Harold Steinman, is working on Moon Mullins, in addition to his headaches with King Levinsky— Marty Fuller, who started in the boxing game as an admirer of Tony Canzoneri, finished up managing Al Demedowitz, former Washington and Jefferson fullback, who is entered upon a professional fighting career—Jack Johnson, heavyweight champion of old, is now grooming James Sherman, a colored mobice from Harlem and Jack expects some nice things from Jimmy—Lew Diamond, who put boxing over in New Orleans and Memphis, has returned to his old stamping ground for the winter season.

Frankie Klick was on the verge of a knockout in the second and took the count of nine but recovered strongly and came through with a victory over Al Roth at the Garden. Roth is a greatly improved fighter and with a little more thinking apparatus, is going to make it tough for our lightweights. He is dead game, punches like a middleweight, and a little faster thinking should aid him considerably. Leo Rodak, Chicago lightweight, whom Charley Martin turned over to Hymie Caplin, looked like one of the best fighters on the card, when he survived a disastrous first round and pluckily came on to win the award over Lou Lombardi. Jimmy Christy had all he could do to whip Red Guggino while Lew Feldman, who was called upon to substitute for Abe Wasserman while he was in training, was unlucky to lose the verdict to Ralph Hurtado. It was a tough verdict to lose, particularly in view of the circumstances surrounding Feldman's entrance to the bout.

Leon Zorrita, who has been improving in leaps and bounds, made a sensational rally that ended the aspirations of Tony Roccaforte in the eighth round of their bout at the Olympic. Zorrita was trailing by a wide margin but stepped on the gas in the eighth and scored a thrilling knockout—Joe Bauer, Cleveland heavyweight, who is being handled by Jack Doyle and Wad Wadhams on the Coast, started off with a victory in his first start—Pablo Dano proved too strong for Frankie Castillo and ran off with the verdict after a gruelling affair—Dano, later in the month, handed Henry Hooks a neat trimming—Jack Gibbons made his Coast debut by winning over Don La Rue at the Hollywood Legion. Gibbons is a smart boxer but lacks hitting power. He is smart and crafty and will be difficult to whip—Jimmy Yeates is the manager of Oscar Matthews, Tallulah, Louisiana, heavyweight, who has won 27 starts out of 32 bouts—King Levinsky did not last very long against Ray Steele in their St. Louis mixed bout affair but he managed to share in a gate of $8,000.

Leo Rodak, who left the Coast because he did not make the proper connections, had no trouble in landing in the East—Charley Martin, upon signing Rodak to a contract found obstacles which he could not overcome and was forced to send Rodak East—Rodak is a corking scrapper and in his Coast appearances, looked good against George Hansford and Gege Gravante—The American Legion Stadium of Hollywood which does not pay taxes to the state or government on their boxing shows—a veritable gold mine—also has an invisible ban against negro fighters—Yet they are not bashful about bringing Bill Robinson, negro dancing star, into the ring almost every week where he is introduced and he is forced to do a dance routine before they let him alone—Eddie Siegel, Chicago fight manager, seems to be gifted with that magnet of losing valuable property. He was responsible for King Levinsky's advent in the boxing game and was also interested in Joe Louis, before he lost out.

Lew Feldman gave a flashy display of boxing in winning from Charley Gomer at the Broadway Arena—It was a good scrap with Feldman winning by a substantial margin—Feldman, in condition, stands out with the best of the eastern lightweights—Eddie Walker is now right hand man to Jimmy Kelly at his cabaret on Sullivan St. and Jimmy is doing the biggest business in town—Walker and Kelly are together in the management of fighters and they expect to gather a formidable stable of mitt wielders headed by Charley Massare—Massare has been resting in Pittsburgh and recently returned from a six weeks hunting trip in West Virginia—Sammy Goldman and Charley Rose are the latest fistic combination to double up.

Artie Rose is now training Hymie Caplin's staff of stars—Lew Stillman is enjoying a new life with the sudden influx of boxing interest and his spacious place on West 57th St. is doing a capacity business—Oscar Rankins is around Chicago fighting under the management of Larry Morrison, although he is under the contract of Claude and Mushy Greenstone—It was nice to see Al Singer make his comeback, and to hear about his sudden retirement is something difficult to fathom.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE closing month of the year ended in a blaze of glory with fistic action galore and distributed in all parts of the globe. The signs point to a highly productive season for the coming year and new talent is developing and new clubs are being opened where boxing lay dormant. Maxey Rosenbloom, still proved as deceptive as ever, by fighting a draw with a mediocre opponent, Cannonball Green, and then whipping John Henry Lewis in an overweight match. Jock McAvoy, English light-heavyweight, came through in great style by winning from Al McCoy, in his American debut. Four other champions engaged in action during the month with Freddy Miller being the only loser. He was beaten by Norment Quarles at Pittsburgh in an overweight match. Barney Ross trounced Ceferino Garcia, Marcel Thil won from Lou Brouillard and Balcazar Sangchelli triumphed over Luigi Magnolfi.

In the heavyweight division, Ford Smith was beaten by Primo Carnera and Ray Impellitiere. Tommy Loughran showed good form in England when he defeated Maurice Strickland. Butch Rogers was kayoed by Hank Bath in three rounds and Hank Hankinson in seven. Hankinson also kayoed Wally Hunt in three rounds while Bath trounced Terris Hill. Al Ettore disposed of Billy Jones in six rounds. Lorenzo Pack required one round to put away Dick Madden. Abie Feldman kayoed Johnny Krieger in four rounds. Obie Walker trimmed Don McCorkindale. Jack Sharkey earned dubious fame in coming back to put away Unknown Winston in one round. Steve Dudas lost to Max Marek, whipped Babe Hunt while Hunt scored over Bob Moody. Leroy Haynes drew with Willie Reddish. Joe Lipps whipped Georgie Turner. Bob Pastor drew with Eddie Simms while Roy Lazer won over Norman Baines.

John Henry Lewis, newly crowned light-heavyweight champion, started off inauspiciously by losing to Maxey Rosenbloom. Maxey also drew with Cannonball Green. Jock McAvoy started off on the right foot by whipping Al McCoy. Ambrose Palmer scored over Eddie Wenstob in his English campaign. Joe Knight defeated Buck Everett, Wilson Dunn kayoed Jack Kranz in three heats. Leo Kelly kayoed Tommy King in eight rounds. Tait Littman whipped Oscar Rankins. Jack Gibbons won over Don La Rue. Phil Brubaker kayoed George Simpson in seven rounds.

Marcel Thil's victory over Lou Brouillard heads the middleweight activity. Freddy Steele won from Young Stuhley. Frank Battaglia kayoed Paul Pirrone in six rounds. Fred Henneberry disposed of Red Affinito in the fifteenth round. Erich Seelig has been restored to the middleweight ranks because he has proven his ability to make the weight. He disposed of Charley Belanger in four and Mickey Walker in seven rounds. Ken Overlin scored over Mooky Goldman and Carmen Barth. Fred Apostoli defeated Swede Berglund. Al Quaill, Pittsburgh youngster who has been making such excellent progress has been given a rating. During the month he whipped Joe Smallwood and kayoed Jackie Aldare in six rounds.

Dave Shade whipped Eddie Saxon. Mark Hough scored over Ron Richards in Australia. Solly Krieger disposed of Tom Chester in six rounds. Tommy Freeman whipped Joe Dundee, Frankie Hughes, Paddy Creedon and stopped Tommy Beck in six rounds. Young Terry won over Tony Fisher. Al Diamond defeated Alec Bell. Johnny Rossi whipped Steve Carr. Alabama Kid won from Sammy Slaughter. Kid Leonard disposed of Lou Thomas in six rounds, Tony Brescia whipped Joe Gorman.

Barney Ross, welterweight champion, heads the action with a victory over Ceferino Garcia. Garcia scored over Gordon Wallace and Otto Blackwell. Kid Azteca won from Chief Paris. Harry Dublinsky scored over Jimmy Leto. Jack Portney whipped Benny Bass while Bass defeated Charley Burns. Willard Brown won over Puggy Weinert, Pete Mike and Larry Kid Kaufman. Leon Zorrita disposed of Tony Roccaforte in eight rounds. Al Manfredo drew with Joe Bernal. Wildcat O'Connor defeated Eddie Ran and drew with George Salvatore.

Andy Jesserun whipped Cocoa Kid and drew with Frankie Cinque. Mickey Serrian won over Pete Martin and kayoed Tony Catalano in four rounds. Tony Falco whipped Johnny Jadick. Maxie Strub bested Eddie Cool. Phil Furr stopped Sid Silas in thirteen rounds.

Among the lightweights, Lou Ambers assumes leading position with his victory over George Levy. Wesley Ramey drew with Bobby Pacho. Frankie Klick scored over Al Roth. Lou Lombardi was beaten by Leo Rodak and Irish Jimmy Brady. Pedro Montanez, a corking scrapper from Porto Rico, turned in a victory over Pete Mascia, and knockouts over Joey Greb in two, Jack Stanley in three and Johnny Morro in four rounds. Joey Ferrando whipped Steve Haliako and stopped Honey Mellody in three rounds.

Lew Feldman whipped Charley Bedami and Charley Gomer but lost to Ralph Hurtado. Gomer kayoed Billy Seaman in four and Pete Herman in six rounds. Jackie Berg kayoed Pat Butler in four rounds and whipped Peter McKinley. Bedami scored over Harry Carlton. Al Singer, who has been doing splendid work in his comeback, it is rumored has retired again, so we have taken him out of the lightweight ranks. He kayoed Al Dunbar in one and Johnny Toomey in five. Leonard Del Genio whipped Jimmy Vaughn. Davey Day won over Roger Bernard. Aldo Spoldi whipped Red Cochrane and kayoed Ernie Ratner in one and George Levy in eight rounds. Harry Serody scored over Joey Allen. Phil Baker whipped Al Casimini and Tony Morgano disposed of Jack Willis in four rounds.

Freddy Miller, leader of the featherweight brigade, whipped Roger Bernard, Jimmy Christy and Claude Varner but was beaten by Norment Quarles. Quarles also defeated Steve Smith and kayoed Ross Fields in six rounds. Christy defeated Red Guggino who drew with Petey Sarron. Sarron whipped Andy Martin and Jimmy McNamara. Varner was also beaten by Moon Mullins but kayoed Tiger Kid Walker in four rounds. Henry Armstrong scored over Midget Wolgast and disposed of Leo Lomelli in six rounds and Alton Black in eight. Baby Arizmendi won over Davey Day. Mike Belloise whipped Mexican Joe Rivers and stopped Louis Camps in the second. Petey Hayes defeated Jose Santos.

Bushy Graham scored over Eddie Zivic. Ritchie Fontaine whipped Gene Espinoza who defeated Pete De Grasse. Tony Chavez kayoed Young Rightmire in seven rounds. Kid Chocolate, in another comeback, kayoed Pelon Guerra in three rounds. Frankie Covelli drew with Georgie Hansford. Joey Brown stopped Tommy Paul in four rounds. Nel Tarleton won from Jimmy Walsh. Jackie Wilson defeated Cuthbert Taylor in England. Dick Corbett scored over Benny Sharkey while Benny kayoed Tommy Rogers in one round. Johnny De Foe won from Tony Fernandez while Little Dempsey drew with Abie Israel and kayoed Pete DeGrasse in three rounds.

Balcazar Sangchelli, bantam leader, defeated Luigi Magnolfi and Young Perez. Sixto Escobar showed his superiority over Louis Salica in a 15-rounder. Pablo Dano scored over Frankie Castillo and Henry Hooks while Hooks trounced Bobby Leyvas. Johnny King, England's bantam king, scored knockouts over Simon Chauvez, Jackie Quinn, and Jackie Brown. Little Pancho whipped Star Frisco. Joey Archibald triumphed over Indian Quintana. Young Tommy whipped Bobby Olivas. Lefty Gwynne won over Harry Gerson. Maurice Dubois defeated Emile Pladner. Len Hampston whipped Bobby Magee. Lloyd Pine scored two round knockouts over Ernie Peters and Eddie Feldman.

Jackie Brown heads the flyweight division with a four round knockout over Tommy Pardoe. Valentin Anglemann disposed of Willie Smith in five rounds. Tuffy Pierpont defeated Speedy Dado. Jim Campbell whipped Fred Bilsborough. Syd Parker won over Herbie Hill. Maurice Huguenin was beaten by Jim Warnock and Valdes. Phil Milligan kayoed Bernard White in five rounds. Spider Armstrong won from Bert Kirby and Jackie Quinn. Bobby Magee kayoed Freddy Webb in six rounds while Billy Miller finished Ellis Ashurst in eight rounds.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Katsumi Mariaki, Vancouver, B. C.
Bantamweight—Pee Wee La Salle, Des Moines, Iowa.
Featherweight—Tony Strazzeri, Philadelphia, Pa.
Lightweight—Al Nettlow, Detroit, Mich.
Welterweight—Milton Aron, Chicago, Ill.
Middleweight—Jacky McLeod, Scotland.
Light-Heavyweight—Charley Coates, Akron, Ohio.
Heavyweight—Johnny Erjanec, Duluth, Minn.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending December 10:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Joe Louis	Maxey Rosenbloom	Freddy Steele	Jimmy McLarnin
2—Max Schmeling	Jock McAvoy	Lou Brouillard	Bep Van Klaveren
3—Primo Carnera	Al McCoy	Babe Risko	Jack Carroll
4—Charley Retzlaff	Bob Olin	Frank Battaglia	Ceferino Garcia
5—Tommy Loughran	Tony Shucco	Fred Henneberry	Kid Azteca
6—Eddie Mader	Ambrose Palmer	Paul Pirrone	Cleto Locatelli
7—Hank Hankinson	Adolf Heuser	Erich Seelig	Harry Dublinsky
8—Ray Impellitiere	Joe Knight	Ken Overlin	Jack Portney
9—Al Ettore	Al Gainer	Fred Apostoli	Eddie Kid Wolfe
10—Ford Smith	Fred Lenhart	Al Quaill	Jimmy Leto

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Freddy Miller	World's Champion Balcazar Sangchelli	Title Vacant
1—Lou Ambers	Maurice Holtzer	Sixto Escobar	Benny Lynch
2—Wesley Ramey	Henry Armstrong	Louis Salica	Small Montana
3—Frankie Klick	Baby Arizmendi	Pablo Dano	Jackie Brown
4—Leo Rodak	Midget Wolgast	Johnny King	Joe Mendiola
5—Pedro Montanez	Mike Belloise	Little Pancho	Valentin Anglemann
6—Al Roth	Young Casanova	Frankie Castillo	Tuffy Pierpont
7—Joey Ferrando	Petey Hayes	Joey Archibald	Jim Campbell
8—Joe Ghnouly	Petey Sarron	Henry Hooks	Syd Parker
9—Ralph Hurtado	Vernon Cormier	Bobby Leyvas	Jim Warnock
10—Lew Feldman	Moon Mullins	Frankie Martin	Valdes

Boxers Grouped

(Continued from page 6)

Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg, Canada; Bobby Olivas, Los Angeles, Calif.; Cris Pineda, Philippines; Poppi Decico, France; Ellis Ashurst, England; Billy Miller, England; Henry Moreno, New Orleans, La.; Joe Tei Ken, Korea; Baby Face Mathewson, Buffalo, N. Y.; Joey Dodge, Los Angeles, Calif.; Pee Wee La Salle, Los Angeles, Calif.; Antol Kocsis, Hungary; Peppy Sanchez, Mexico; Midget Martinez, Los Angeles, Calif.; Jackie Treadway, Los Angeles, Calif.; Earl Everett, Memphis, Tenn.; Joey Wach, New York City.

Flyweight Division
(Group 1)

1—Benny Lynch, Scotland.
2—Small Montana, Philippines.

(Group 2)

1—Jackie Brown, England.
2—Joe Mendiola, Philippines.
3—Valentin Anglemann, France.
4—Tuffy Pierpont, Oakland, Calif.
5—Maurice Huguenin, France.

(Group 3)

Tommy Pardoe, England; Bobby Magee, England; Phil Milligan, England; Maurice Filhol, France; Syd Parker, England; Jim Campbell, England; Fred Bilsborough, England; Joe Hardy, England; Percy Dexter, England; Jose Puig, New York City.

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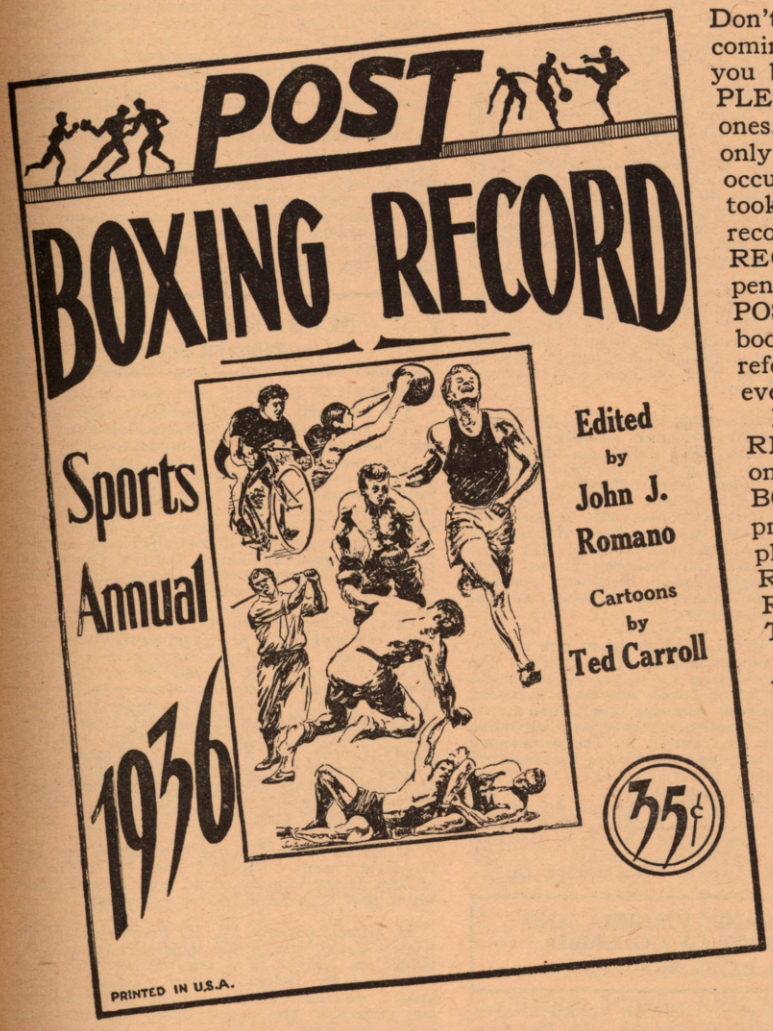

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JOHN J. ROMANO

280 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

RATING of the fighters of this section this year will be far easier than in the past, due to the fact that a large majority of the boys have drifted out to other sections. You'll find my ratings listed with the others in this issue on another page. Some boys have come and gone. Others started the year fast but faded later, and some got off to a bad start but wound up the year in a blaze of glory. Results of the last half of the year were the most important factor in determining my ratings from Texas. We also humbly ask to be forgiven for leaving out any deserving boy, which may be done as it is almost impossible to keep in close contact with each and every boxer in a territory as large as this great state. It is particularly hard to keep tab on the horde of great little millers from across the border in Mexico. These lads are great favorites here and we always welcome their visits.

I rated James Bradley the best heavyweight, because he is a lad of much promise. We have watched his progress over a period of three years of careful schooling by the capable Tom Shanahan, during which time he has developed from a raw novice into a polished performer. Our last account of him showed that he scored some thirty knockouts in about thirty-five starts and has never been defeated. We understand he has been signed up by Frank Bachman, manager of Maxie Rosenbloom.

In the cruiserweight division, it's a toss up. Chastain and Weimer met three times, Clyde getting two ten-round decisions and Dutch winning the last along with the state title by getting a T.K.O. over Chastain in twelve rounds. Bob Davey, who split a pair of dukes with Weimer last year and dropped one to Chastain, has been out for several months but is in training again and may turn out to be the best bet of the lot. Anyway, they're all good and represent probably the best class of fighters here.

Middleweights are scarce as the proverbial hen's tooth. Duke Tramel, veteran Fort Worther, gets the call over young Dick McCauley, despite the fact that the latter was given an unpopular decision recently. We believe it is pretty generally accepted that on the record and past performances, that with both in top shape and battling before a neutral crowd, Tramel would be returned the winner, probably by a kayo. Adolph Meave, young Houston Mexican, is improving rapidly and his only loss of the year was to Richie Mack.

George Salvadore still rates as a native son and, of course, is tops. Chief Parris won a lot of good bouts, losing only to Salvadore and Herrera, later winning from the latter. Tony Herrera, for many years the state's leading fisticuffer, was badly handicapped by a broken ankle. Tony should soon return to form and if so, is still a great little battler. Richie Mack and Midget Mexico are also a pair of top-flight welters.

Probably the outstanding fighter of the section heads the lightweight list. Lou Beard, Cowtown puncher, is really the grand slam of the lighties. He wound up the year with a sensational finish, flattening four and decisioning two of his last six opponents. Howard Scott, a sweet fighter with a good record, is Beard's only threat to supremacy. Phil Latona jumped to the front ranks with a decisive victory over Cullen Williams. Dave Shapiro, Roy Stice, Johnny Higgins also rate highly on their recent showings.

Jo Jo Passante, 126 pounds of *class*, is the best feather we have seen in a long time and is destined to go places. Mike Pereira has been idle for some time, but is expected to get going again soon. We kind of missed out on Gomez, but feel that he is probably as good or better than most other feathers.

Watching Al Elizondo climb up off the floor to win by a K.O. from Midget Azteca, took the writer's eye and we like him immensely. He is a youngster who will go far.

Hugh Benbow, formerly of New York, has opened one of the finest gyms Houston has ever had. He is schooling a couple of hundred amateurs, among which are several heavyweights who show rare promise. We are again going out on that well known "limb" with the prediction that Benbow will have a heavyweight contender within the next couple of years.

Only a couple of shows were held here last month, one at Harlingin, where Richie Mack defeated Ad Neave and dynamic Billy Deeg scored another kayo, but we missed the victim's name. The other show was at Beaumont, Lou Beard gaining an easy victory over Jack Griffin.

Clyde Smith, formerly of St. Paul, has opened a club at Longview and promises to make that a bang-up little fight city. He knows the game and is strictly a square shooter. We highly recommend him to any and all. He may be reached by addressing him, General Delivery, Longview, Texas.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

NEW ORLEANS, heretofore a mecca for first flight boxers and good fights, has slumped to the lowest ebb professional boxing has experienced in many years. The inability of a local favorite to hold up, an odor of several successive fiascos and some extremely bad decisions caused the blight on the sport. Nevertheless, the Crescent City is a village of half a million people, and as promoters are regularly staging two shows a week, it will pick up and join the upward trend of fisticuffs.

Jimmy Perrin, the only New Orleans boy capable of entertaining the best of the country's fighters, scored two wins. At Baton Rouge, La., the cagy little Italian decisioned Billy Hogroder, the featherweight star of the capital, while in his home ring, Perrin received the judges' tab over Armanda Sicilia, Springfield, Ill., featherweight, after ten bristling rounds.

Other performers of the "squared circle" in this vicinity produced the following results: Fritzie Clifford kayoed Red Hatfield, heavyweights. Bill Raggio stopped Bobby Fay, but was beaten by Henry Deubler; K. O. Baer defeated Boswell Thompson; Thompson chilled Jimmy Shell; Ted Cook drew with Jimmy Barrett; George McInnis drew with Wilford Hultz, all middleweights. Kid Glover kayoed Jimmy Hall, but Hall knocked out Buck Landry, all welterweights. Desmond Diggs decisioned George Holmes; Dave Cassabone beat Dave Mason; Boots Blalak stopped Clifton Wheat, all lightweights. George Murla defeated Harry Basquez; Oliver Shedden beat Mel Richardson, all featherweights. Sonny Batson decisioned Paulie Baer twice, bantamweights.

Cuban Harvey Massey, Negro welter of Cincinnati, kept his Southern record intact in two bouts in New Orleans, easily defeating K. O. White of New Orleans and evening with Jack Elverrillo, Chicago, in ten-round battles. Massey is now under the wing of Jack Eile, manager of Harry Dublinsky.

In other colored battles, the warriors performed as follows: Fast Black downed Schoolboy Al Ray of Tallahassee, heavyweights. Herman "Kid" Collins kayoed Baby Wills but was technicaled by K. O. White; Tiger Stewart knocked out Lee Dixon and Kid Stringbean; Mexican Pete beat Baby Wills; Wildcat O'Conner beat George Lawson; Roland Brown stopped Paul Holmes, all welterweights. Eddie Cooper trounced Kid Spibbens; Joe Lahrisse and Newsboy Brown drew twice, all lightweights. Lucius Fleet won over Guy Stubbs of Detroit, Mich.; Joe Noble kayoed Kid Labatt, all bantamweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—Bad decisions are consistently marring otherwise good bouts in New Orleans . . . . A shake-up of judges is in the air . . . . A large liquor house will stage a boxing show in the spacious municipal auditorium . . . . It will be an innovation, as everybody attending will be on the free list . . . . The auditorium seats ten thousand people and two of the country's best welterweights, Harry Dublinsky and Tracy Cox, are scheduled to top the show . . . . Not one boxing card held in New Orleans during the month grossed over five hundred dollars . . . . The writer will look after the affairs of any good boxing wishing to show in this vicinity . . . . Address mail to 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

PROMOTER JOE TURNER opened his new boxing arena in Washington, with Phil Furr defending his district welterweight title against Sid Sylas. Furr flattened the former New Yorker in thirteen rounds after a hectic struggle with both boys having their moments. Kirkwood Burk, local heavy, knocked out Young Ferra, another two-hundred-pounder, in four heats, and Eddie Burl beat Billy Lander in the feature prelim.

Ken Overlin gained a ten-round decision over Carmen Barth in Richmond, Va. The fight was very close and the Virginia fans are clamoring for a return bout. Barth gave Ken his best fight seen in the Virginia capital to date. Henry Irving of Washington bested Ralph Chong in the eight-round semi-final.

Jackie Portney had easy sailing with Benny Bass in ten rounds at Baltimore. Either Bass is far from the fighter he used to be or Jackie is just about the tops is the only answer, as the Baltimorean won with ridiculous ease. Frankie Cannon, a newcomer from Alabama, stopped Chester Ruby in six heats of the semi-final.

Norment Quarles gave Steve Smith a lacing in a feature ten-rounder at Norfolk, Va. This was Quarles' fourth win of the month, having knocked out Bobby Miller in Richmond, Ross Fields at Pittsburg, and winning over Champion Freddie Miller in the same town.

PICK-UPS—Chris Dundee of Norfolk is by far the busiest manager working out of the South . . . . Chris handles Phil Furr, Bob Turner, Norment Quarles, Charlie Jacobs, Billy Grimes and Billy Landers, which is the best looking group of promising boys in the South . . . . Joe Turner's new arena in Washington is the best set-up the writer has seen, the only drawback being a seating capacity of twenty-five hundred, which is not sufficient to warrant topnotch bouts, but Washington likes the slugging matches regardless of class, and that is what Matchmaker Goldie Ahearn intends to feed the Washingtonians.

Howard Livingston, former referee of these parts, is spending the winter in Florida, combining promoting with refereeing . . . . California Joe Rivers has finally come to the conclusion that he cannot fight as a featherweight and do himself justice . . . . Joe's best weight is 130 pounds, and to do less, the Mexican is a foolish boy . . . . Norment Quarles, the former collegiate lightweight champion, is sure death on southpaws . . . . Jack Dempsey has him . . . . In three straight bouts against southpaws, Norment flattened two of his opponents and then licked Champion Freddie Miller.

Baltimore is loaded with boxers from the South, newcomers being Frankie Cannon, Ray Boree, and Carl Knowles, each of whom has scored two knockout victories in the Monumental City thus far . . . . Frankie Litt, a New Jersey lightweight making his home in Baltimore, is the best young prospect seen in these parts . . . . Billy Lancaster, a bantam from Wilmington, made a hit on Joe Turner's opening show in Washington, winning over the veteran, Sammy Seeman . . . . Bob Wilson, Washington clouting welterweight, made his first showing in Baltimore, winning over Young Raspi in eight rounds . . . . Baltimore fans are still clamoring for another showing by Danny London, regardless of his knockout at the hands of Joe Rivers, as London made a great showing against the Mexican.

NEWS FROM FLORIDA
By TURNER SCOTT

"DENNY" DENNIS, well liked and big hearted sports editor of the Miami Herald, has another annual Xmas Stocking Fund Boxing Show to his credit. The affair was held early in December and featured Petey Sarron Birmingham, Ala. and Carl "Red" Guggino of Hartford Connecticut and Tampa, Florida. The ten round bout was a draw and well received by the huge crowd. In another ten rounder Tommy Freeman, former world's welterweight champ defeated Frankie Hughes of Clinton, Indiana. Captain W. H. Peeples, Miami promoter, donated his services to the show as matchmaker.

Larry Kelley, matchmaker at the Miami Beach club, celebrated his first anniversary with four ten rounders. The feature bout presented Benny O'Dell of Syracuse, N. Y. and Tommy Blanton of Birmingham in a thrilling draw. Another ten rounder brought together Joey Spiegel of Pittsburgh and Ray McNatt of Memphis, Tenn. Spiegel won the decision. In another ten round bout Irish Paddy Creedon of New Jersey stopped Young Toughy Griffiths of Ashland, Ky. in five rounds of furious fighting. Still another ten round fracas showed Tommy Spiegel of Pittsburgh defeating Jimmy Wade of Orlando.

At Miami Beach, Tommy Freeman, former welterweight champ, outpointed Irish Paddy Creedon of New Jersey in a ten round bout. Freeman looks better now than he did three years ago.

At Miami, Captain W. H. Peeples opened the winter season with a fine show that featured the tough Joe Knight in a ten rounder with Buck Everett, Gary Indiana slugger. Knight won the judges' decision. This was their fourth meeting and showed to the biggest house seen in Miami in the past year.

At West Palm Beach, Jack Menges, matchmaker for the American Legion, opened the season with Carl Knowles of Savannah, Ga. easily defeating Paul Marques of New York City. In another ten rounder on the same card Benny O'Dell, Bill Gore's pride and joy, stopped Tommy Blanton, Birmingham Ala. in the seventh round.

At Jacksonville, Tommy Freeman administered a severe whipping to Tommy Beck over the six round route. In another bout in Jax, Tommy Freeman knocked out Spike Kelley in the second round. Another feature bout saw Joey Spiegel winning a kayo from Wild Cat Monte from Texas. The newspapers stated that this practically closed professional boxing in Jax.

At West Point, Georgia Billy Hood, popular Orlando fighter, outpointed Curtis "Dynamite" Dunn in a ten round bout.

At Orlando, the writer presented Tommy Freeman and Texas Joe Dundee in a ten round finale to a thrilling card. Judge Boyer named the fight a draw.

Fighters that haven't managers and want to work in Florida should get in touch with B. F. Pate at West Palm Beach. Pate has a very good connection at the club there.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

A REVIEW of boxing in Illinois in 1935 reveals several interesting items.

For one thing, the biggest gate attraction held here since the Tunney-Dempsey fight at Soldiers' Field in 1927, involving Joe Louis, former Chicago Golden Gloves champion, and King Levinsky, was presented at Comiskey Park in August. A crowd of 39,755 paid gross receipts amounting to $214,442 to see Louis score a knockout in the first round. The state commission was paid ten per cent of the net receipts of $178,701, thus enriching the state treasury approximately $17,870. The federal government received the same sum.

There was considerable action in each of the eight weight divisions with the exception of the flyweight class. Joe Louis, who deserted Detroit to make his home in Chicago, leads the heavyweights and Billy Treest, Batavia, also a Golden Gloves alumnus, tops the light-heavyweights. Frank Battaglia, former Winnipeg, Man., fighter, now residing on the South Side, had a good season against middleweight competition. Barney Ross, West Side, set to rest talk that he was slipping by beating Ceferino Garcia of Los Angeles at Chicago Stadium. The accomplishment indicates that the 1929 Chicago Gloves king's world welterweight championship will be safe for perhaps another year.

Davey Day, also a West Sider, and stablemate of Champion Ross, lost to Al Roth at New York and Alberto Arizmendi in Chicago but he retained his ranking as No. 1 lightweight contender in this state. The featherweight division has Nick Scalba, Chicago, in first position and the bantamweight class is headed by Jimmy Eliopoulos, also of this city. Illinois ratings for 1935 include:

112-pound—None.

118-pound—Jimmy Eliopoulos, 1; Lenny Cohen, 2, both of Chicago.

126-pound—Nick Scalba, Chicago, 1; Armand Sicilia, Springfield, 2; Walter Matthys, St. Charles, 3.

135-pound—Davey Day, 1, and Leo Rodak, 2, both of Chicago; Geno Salvatore, La Salle, 3.

147-pound—Barney Ross, Chicago, world champion; Harry Dublinsky, Chicago, 2; Billy Celebron, Rockford, 3.

160-pound—Frank Battaglia, Chicago, 1; Hayden Stuhley, Kewanee, 2; Kid Leonard, East Moline, 3.

175-pound—Billy Treest, St. Charles, 1; Roy Wlliams, Chicago, 2; Ario Soldati, Rockford, 3.

Heavyweights—Joe Louis, 1; Max Marek, 2, and Otis Thomas, 3, all of Chicago.

MINNESOTA FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

YOUNG JACK GIBBONS, St. Paul lightheavyweight boxer, returned home after a trip to the West Coast. The trip was made by auto, and those in company with young Jack were his father-manager, Mike, a brother Bob, and Mike Collins, veteran Minneapolis manager and promoter. Gibbons lost only one decision, this to Freddie Lenhart of Seattle. It was the first setback of his career, and came after more than sixty-five consecutive victories.

Duluth, Minn.—Frankie Sagilio, Chicago welter, and Freddy Chynoweth, also of Chicago, went six rounds to a fast draw. In another sixer, Johnny Erjavec, Duluth heavyweight, knocked out Paul Atlas of Minneapolis in two rounds. Wen Lambert, Proctor, Minn., welter, defeated Curly Martin of Topeka, Kans., in four rounds.

A few of the minor results during the past month are as follows: Freddie Spies won over Frank Schliefer; Andy Spies beat Russell Bies; George Frost won over Al Pennig; Billy Maurer beat Bill Kastner; Joey Leier beat Ray Berger. These bouts were staged at St. Agnes' Auditorum.

LAST-MINUTE FLASHES—The writer regrets to announce that with the sending of these notes, I will no longer be able to represent the good old RING in Minnesota . . . . Have decided to move to Longview, Texas, where I will make my home, and will also promote shows there . . . . Boxers and managers coming this way, may reach me at 1003 E. Magrill Street . . . . I have made many friends through THE RING, and I wish to thank all of the fellows in Minnesota for helping me get these notes out every month . . . . Murray McLean, manager of Charley Retzlaff, the Duluth Dynamiter, has many offers for his ace since the latter defeated Ford Smith . . . . Everette Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, who is a big card around here, received a set-back when he was knocked out in seven rounds in a bout out in Montana with Tony Chavas . . . . It looks like there will be some big cards staged around Minnesota this winter . . . . The promoters have a number of big matches in the making.

One of the best looking prospects for the month from this state is Johnny Erjavec, Duluth heavyweight.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

THIS month I take my hat off to Eldridge Davenport, 147 pounder of Ware Shoals, S. C. Not alone your scribe but the entire South salutes him for his ring prowess. Eldridge's smashing, lashing and crashing padded mitts have earned him much fame here.

Under the management of Jack Dempsey, Joe Lipps, 175 pound leather pusher of Charlotte, N. C., is doing fine work. He stopped Jack Corrigan in one heat and beat the highly touted George Turner.

At Miami Beach, Joe Knight floored one "Jack Kranz" six times before Referee Tom Heeney stopped the farce. The results went over the country and the next day a Jack Kranz wired Florida officials that the Kranz that Knight stopped was an imposter. This statement was reaffirmed by the Illinois Boxing Commission as the real Kranz was at work there.

They tell me that—J. C. Robertson is promoting at Ware Shoals, S. C. and looking for talent as is Frank Jurgenson of the Francis Marion Hotel at Charleston, S. C. . . . See where Aubrey "Kid" Martin of Stotesbury, W. Va., is in the Middle West . . . . Buster Newberry is promoting at Sumter, S. C. . . . The Savannah *Morning News* recently celebrated its 85th anniversary. Truly a fine paper, many read its sports page which is up to date. Another Savannah paper, the *Evening Press*, also celebrated its birthday. Walt Campbell is its sports editor . . . . Tom Galbos, Olympic wrestling champion in the middle division in 1924, and European champion from 1924 to 1928, is now working in Miami . . . . Johnny Segar, former light-heavyweight champion of the Marines, is setting the woods on fire around Hartsville, S. C. . . . . Don't let nobody tell you that Al Massey, Charlotte heavyweight cannot punch . . . . Chino Alvarez is a good boy down this way. This Alvarez is the last thing in fisticuffs. Recently he stopped Manuel Quintero in 15 seconds of the first round.

What took place last month—Sailor Born, lightie of Atlanta drew with Davey White at Chicago . . . . Obie Walker, Atlanta heavyweight, scored over Don McConkingdale at London. England . . . . At Orlando, Tommy Freeman and Texas Joe Dundee went to a draw . . . . Al Roth scored over Carl Guggino at New York while Carl and Petey Sarron went to a draw at Miami Beach . . . . Phil Furr stopped Sid Silas at Washington . . . . Petey Sarron decisioned Jimmy McNarmara at Miami. On the same card, Curtiss Scott scored over Tommy Blanton. Both are heavyweights. This Scott is a rapier if there ever was one and his manager Cecil Apple sees a brighter future for him . . . . Joe Knight scored over Wilson Dunn at Daytona Beach . . . . At Savannah Josey Speigle outpunched Joe Pennino . . . . At Astabula, Ohio, Battling Bozo stopped Young Palmer . . . . At Charleston, Tommy Keene and Johnny Kennedy went to a draw . . . . Keene is about the hardest punching bantam in the South.

Your scribe in conclusion will like to state that good boys of means can make some good money in the South and a list of the promoters will be furnished free if a stamp is enclosed. Savannah is playing to gates of one grand and up as is Miami, Jacksonville, Norfolk and other leading centers. To those that are not tied up with strings, I would like to book you but in first letters please enclose clippings, photos and the like. Pinkie Lou Masters, 1911 Waters Ave., Savannah, Georgia.

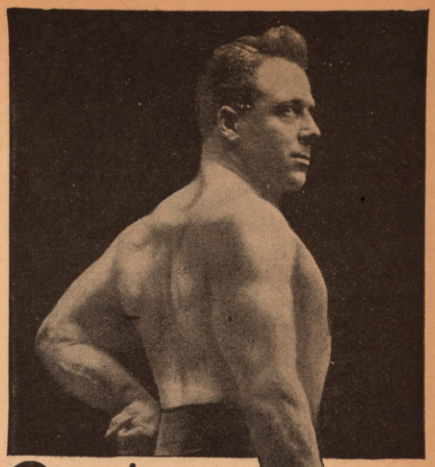
BUTTE, MONT., RING SHORTS
By FRANK QUINN

UNDER the able matchmaking of Ben Hardin of the American Legion, Butte is enjoying a revival in the fight game which promises much for fans of the Mining City in future months. Hardin, although new to the fight game, has already staged in his initial card one of the best fights in a Butte ring for many years.

In the first Hardin matched card, Tony Chavez of Los Angeles knocked out Everett Rightmire of Sioux City, Ia., in the fifth of a scheduled ten-round bout. The bout was fast and furious throughout and pleased a near-capacity house of fans.

At this writing, Hardin has signed up Cecil Payne of Seattle and Lew Massey of Philadelphia, both lightweights, to show here. The winner will in all probability fight Hubert "Kid" Dennis, Montana's lightweight champion hailing from Bozeman, on a card here in the near future.

Johnny Stanton of Minneapolis is also seeking a fight with Dennis in Butte. Dennis topped Stanton here last spring and Tommy O'Loughlin's boy is anxious to get another crack at the Montana boy, who beat Jimmy Johnson of Colorado in Belgrade, Mont. Dennis scored a technical knockout over Johnson in the ninth round.



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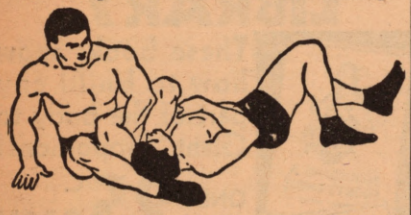

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By BILL HAWKINS

THE LAST BELL—Nathan Dax, veteran Sioux City boxing promoter, and well known theatre man, passed away in a local hospital from injuries received in an automobile accident. Mr. Dax was well known in the boxing world and had a host of friends. He promoted many shows in Sioux City, and during the past summer he was manager of the Riverview Park Arena, taking over the management of the park after the death of the late Harry Jones. He befriended many and his acts of charity were unnumbered.

The big fistic jolt of the month took place at Butte, Montana, when Everette Rightmire, Sioux City's ace featherweight, was knocked out in the seventh round of a scheduled ten-rounder at the hands of Tony Chavez of Los Angeles. It was the second time the local youngster has been counted out in his career, the first time being at the hands of Frankie Wolfram back in 1932. Regardless of this recent kayo, the Sioux City youngster is still a tough one to be reckoned with.

Perry, Ia.—Jess Ackerman, Valley Junction, Ia., welter, scored a six-round decision over Eddie Spencer of Perry. Bill Hendricks won a hair-line decision over Kayo Erickson in the semi-windup. Wilbur Berten of Dayton, Ohio, knocked out Dixie Miller in two. Johnny Chase and Bud Manges battled to a fast draw.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—Ray Mann, Sioux City middleweight, scored over Eddie Randolph of Chicago. Mickey "Babyface" Slater, Sioux City featherweight, fought to a draw with Jimmy Salvatore of Fort Dodge. Socko Cadwell, Sioux City middleweight, battled four close rounds with Goldie O'Hara, popular Fort Dodge comer. Jackie James, Sioux City welterweight, shaded Benny Salvatore.

Eagle Grove, Ia.—Bud Rule, Eagle Grove welterweight, went to a fast draw with Johnny Cossgrove of Waverly, Ia. Chris Christianson won over Billy Dugan. Jimmy Dugan and Georgie Olson fought to a fast draw.

Des Moines, Ia.—Johnny Miler, Albia lightheavyweight, who is making a comeback, outpointed Pettit Ferrar, Des Moines Negro, in ten rounds. Steve Cronin, Des Moines lightweight, won over Slugger Edwards of Clinton, Ia., in six. Le Roy Selover, Des Moines, defeated Jimmy Constance, also of Des Moines, in six. Bob Rings, Des Moines middleweight, won by a T.K.O. over Jimmy Wooten of Council Bluffs in four rounds. Cappy Wooten, Council Bluffs lightweight, scored over Dave Nemo of Des Moines, and Johnny Starr beat Tommy Grasso, both Des Moines lightweights.

Perry, Ia.—Eddie Spencer, Perry, knocked out Buddy Taylor of Davenport, Ia., in three rounds. Kayo Erickson gained the nod over Bill Hendricks. Rowdy Davis stopped Red Richenig in three. Johnny Chase put the kayo on Ralph Jones the second. Billy Affle scored a knockout over Jack McCarty in the first round.

Mason City, Ia.—Young Mickey Walker, Fort Dodge featherweight, won an eight-round decision over Sammy Musco of Omaha. Jimmy Salvatore, Fort Dodge featherweight, scored over Freddie Penn of Omaha in a sixer.

Lincoln, Nebr.—Kenny Austin, Grand Island middleweight, making a comeback, won over Bobby Williams of Chicago in eight rounds. Al Soukup, Cicero, Ill., lightweight, stopped Larry Trumble of Lincoln in three rounds. Slim Summerville, Omaha welter, won over Tuffy Langford of Sioux City, Ia., in six. Joe Brown knocked out Harry Holden. Henry Knight won over Bobby Vogelsang.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Stout Petrie, Park Rapids, Minn., welterweight, outpointed Curly Martin of Proctor, Minn., in six rounds. Win Lambert, Proctor welterweight, scored over Sonny Woods of Fargo.

Bismarck, No. Dak.—Dick Demaray, Bismarck welterweight, scored a T.K.O. over Jock Moore of Duluth, Minn., when the latter was unable to return for the fourth round of their eight-round battle. Wild Bill, Bismarck heavyweight, knocked out Otto Vetroskie of Fort Lincoln, No. Dak., in six rounds.

Belle Fourche, So. Dak.—Joe Jaramillo knocked out Frisco Kid, Scottsbluff, Nebr., welterweight, in three rounds. Ted Garcia knocked out Eddie Chism in two rounds. Joe Bitto outpointed Cecil Long. Stub Gross knocked out Patsy Brannigan in four rounds. Lloyd Harmon scored over George Middleton. Sammy Martinez knocked out Mickey McDonald.

Aberdeen, So. Dak.—Larry Udell, Aberdeen light-heavyweight, licked Ernie Hetherington of Winnipeg in ten rounds. Rusty Gramling, Bismarck, No. Dak., welter, won over Nick Busch of Aberdeen in six rounds. Nick Zerr scored over Vern Gramling.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Jimmy "Young" Slattery of Bismarck, No. Dak., defeated Walsh McCormick, Moorhead, Minn., light-heavyweight, in six rounds.

Rapid City, So. Dak.—Deal Barnes, Rapid City featherweight, won over Jackie Sharkey of Minneapolis in ten rounds. Rippatoe of Fargo, No. Dak., drew with Blackie Bursheim. Ray Bullington won over Jackie Robinson.

Your scribe wishes to take up this little space and thank the many correspondents in Iowa, South Dakota, North Dakota, Nebraska and Minnesota for keeping me posted on conditions of the sport in their respective territory during the past year. It is your help and your cooperation that make these notes possible, and I wish every one of you fellows a Happy New Year.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—According to press reports sent out over the wires regarding a bout between Andy Miller and Johnny Miler, Albia, Ia., light-heavyweight, the latter is credited with a win . . . . According to Emmett Mowrey, sports editor, or someone on the staff of the Ottumwa, Ia., *Daily Courier*, in the town where the fight was held, the bout was called a draw . . . . Incidentally, Jimmy Salvatore, Fort Dodge featherweight, claims he did not lose to Bobby O'Dowd, and has the Fort Dodge newspaper clippings stating he won . . . . The fight went out over the A.P. wire in favor of O'Dowd . . . . Trying to keep records in order in Iowa is no soft job . . . . Decisions are made by the newspapers, hence fight managers have freedom of speech regarding results . . . . It has always been my policy to call decisions in these notes according to the sports editors' views, and very seldom do I find them out of line on their decisions . . . . Of course, we are all subject to errors, regardless of how hard one may try to be perfect.

Bobby Paul, former Sioux Cityan, informs us he has a large stable of boys and would like to hear from promoters . . . . He can be reached c/o Oaks Hotel, Omaha, Nebr. . . . . Jack Lofthouse of Peoria, Ill., has his ace welterweight, Scotty McLean, going like a house on fire . . . . In recent starts, McLean scored over Bob McAvoy by the kayo route, and a number of others . . . . The best looking prospect around the state of Iowa at this writing is Young Mickey Walker, a two-fisted featherweight from Fort Dodge, Ia., and under the management of Roy Gillman . . . . This boy Walker certainly looks promising . . . . He is a puncher and a little wildcat in action.

Bob Tinsley, Chicago lightweight, who was a big card here last summer, was belted out by the T.K.O. at the hands of Frankie Sagilio of Chicago in a recent fight there . . . . On the same card Milt Aron of Dubuque, Ia., won over Puggy Weinert in eight rounds . . . . Waverly, Iowa, will hold a series of athletic shows this winter under the direction of the American Legion with Frank Curtis, Jack Dienema, Fred Mohr, and W. H. Broadle in charge . . . . Creston, Ia., is back on the fistic map, along with Mason City

At this writing the biggest event of Sioux City indoor boxing season is getting set to pop . . . . The Good-Fellow boxing card . . . . It will be a grand affair as usual . . . . Ty Dillon had the matchmaker's job this year . . . . Jack Finney, that popular little manager of Baby Manuel, keeps us posted from all sections of the map . . . . He really moves around . . . . Readers, don't forget my address is 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Ia.

KANSAS AND VICINITY

By L. R. FORD

NEWTON, KANS.—Les Showers, the Middle West's foremost amateur promoter, staged his big pre-Olympics three amateur tournament the first of December. Eureka, Kansas, was the second spot where Showers directed a tournament.

Wichita, Kans.—Tommy Murphy, West Coast lightweight boxer, is now located in this city and employed at the Y.M.C.A. as boxing instructor. Tommy already has a large class of boxers that he is conditioning for tournaments. He also is polishing up several pro fighters. Tommy won many fights on the West Coast with many of the best in that section.

Salina, Kans.—Johnny Apt will not hold any more bouts until after the first of the year. His battler, Bruce Brown, is still winning against all comers.

Chanute, Kans.—Orval Cox is promoting wrestling at this spot with an occasional fight or so on the card. Floyd Everly, lightweight, is a classy lad being developed here and it is probable he will enter the pro ranks within a few months.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Amateur boxing results (one night show)—Bobby Harper beat Burton Thomas. Ed Beatty knocked out Ken Chastain in two. Johnny Hudspeth knocked out Bill Brown in two. Doc Hurd beat Johnny Davis. Virgil Poe knocked out Clarence Blake in four. Everett Hughes beat Emil Zowadny. Benny Floyd knocked out Buck Thompson in three rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Earl Hancock beat Baby Lou Alcanter. Jack Lopez knocked out Curtis Demmitt in two. Ed Hubner beat Lee Bolander. Ralph McIninnich beat Bud Trueblood. Marvin Peek knocked out Champ Wingate in three. Mark Peek beat Tarzan Ogle. Grover Nolan beat Garnett Eubank.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON
By DOC ALMY

JACK SHARKEY'S much heralded "comeback"—that is, the first step which he thinks may lead up to a battle with Joe Louis—was launched in the Boston Garden ring. A Goodwin A. C. offering, it went over very big—fully fourteen thousand fans turning out to witness the excitement. And they saw something. Just what, few are exactly sure of themselves, but their curiosity was satisfied.

They saw Sharkey do a "comeback" and, as affairs so turned out, a double-header, all for the one and same price. Twice the ex-champion had to triumph over Edward "Unknown" Winston of Hartford, his opponent, to convince the members of the State Athletic Commission that all was to the merry—a happening not without precedent in ring annals, but something brand new as concerns the return to the ring of a former world's heavyweight champion. And, as usual, in connection with many of the joint ring efforts of Sharkey and Johnny Buckley, his manager, the bout had its aftermath.

To begin at the beginning, also make the story as brief as possible, Sharkey came into the ring weighing 196 pounds and in very good physical condition considering his layoff of more than two years. He had faithfully trained for weeks for the plunge—no question about that. Winston also looked to be in fettle. The gong sounded—they got busy and, though "The Squire" was a bit slow, off on distance and wild, he certainly did hit Winston. After 1:35 of the initial round, the colored chap went to the floor, seemingly kayoed. Referee Johnny Martin counted six over Winston, ordered him to get up, and, when Edward remained down, walked away from him. Martin had a brief huddle with the boxing commissioners at the ringside, then the judges. Martin thought that Winston had "taken a flop," and one of the judges agreed with him. So did the commissioners. While Winston was being dragged to his chair by his seconds, it was officially ruled that he was disqualified for not trying. The decision automatically went to Sharkey, who was trying.

The fans began to bellow—whether at Sharkey, Winston, Martin, the commissioners or the club remains undetermined. In any event, the makings for a riot were rapidly developing. As Sharkey wished to fight Winston all over again, and Winston, who had been restored by this time, was agreeable, the commissioners decided to let them go to it. So Winston had the gloves put back on him, the ring was cleared, the gong again sounded and bout No. 2 was in order.

The men came out fighting. Sharkey got a slam to the nose and another alongside the eye that opened a small cut and, in turn, he socked Winston. They got through the round all right, the fans cheering. After the second heat had gone two minutes and thirty seconds—Sharkey now and then connecting with Winston—down went the black man. Referee Martin counted him out, thus "The Squire" won a second fight, and both the same evening in the same ring. The fans seemed to be satisfied with the outcome.

Two days later, however, following a rather generous slamming of the show by various sports writers, the boxing commissioners held a conference. It was decreed that Winston should be suspended for a year because he had not tried to whip Sharkey. Such was the charge against him. Though Winston had been paid around two thousand dollars for his services—big money for him, but his share on a percentage basis—the fact that the Bay State solons now are allied with the N.B.A. may serve to put him in a very bad spot. In fact has, at this writing. Whether Winston will seek a hearing before the Boxing Commission remains to work itself out.

And how did Sharkey shape up? Well, many were not particularly impressed. He was down to 196 pounds, the result of weeks of real work, and was in good physical trim. To all intents and purposes, seemingly he is taking his "comeback" seriously.

On the whole, his business affairs appear to have been very ably handled. Only Sharkey and a few of his close admirers think he will go very far with his "comeback." It would be no surprise if he were back in a Boston ring by another month. Natie Brown is a possible early opponent.

Dennis Kelliher, a member of the old guard of pugilism and a ringster of merit in his prime, passed on to his fathers early in October at his home in Naples Road, Brookline, at the age of seventy-four. Because of his own well-known objections to publicity, also that of his kin, the fact of his death did not become generally known until two weeks later. He was a fine, quiet, kindly man—far from being old in the sense of years—a friend of the writer.

Though always a close follower of boxing when, years ago, he quit the active ring, he stepped out of the limelight and out of the sport, confining himself to reading about the triumphs and trials of the boxers rather than witnessing such as a spectator. The occasional visits of Jim Corbett to Boston always marked a reunion of two friends and pals—a temporary comeback of the veteran into the atmosphere of the ring.

Kelliher was born in Quincy, Mass., February 1, 1860, and in early manhood was a stone-cutter by occupation. Physically well put together, game, strong and a lover of strenuous sport, boxing proved an allurement. After a few warm-ups, he made his bow on October 31, 1884, at the old Cribb Club, Boston, with no less an opponent than George LeBlanche, the Marine, with money up in both corners. Kelliher lost that fight, but later on held LeBlanche to a draw. LeBlanche refused to again take him on. In 1885, Dennis stopped Jack Green in a Boston ring, and later that year held Joe Lannan to a draw. Kelliher at the time was rated as a big middleweight, while Lannan was a heavy. December 22, 1885, Kelliher stopped Ike Williams, a heavy, at Flushing, L. I., in a round.

Others he boxed with were Joe Goss, Pete McCoy, Johnny Connolly and Harry Allen. Though Dennis rated as one of the hardest hitters for his weight ever in the game, and piled up a worthy record inside ropes, because of his reticence to ever discuss the subject, we find ourselves very shy as to details.

Here's one for the book as concerns "Admiral" Ray Cass, official matchmaker for the Boston Garden, who keeps his job and makes money for that sports palace though rarely staging any fights. The how of it is something like this. Cass makes signs of getting together a bout. The story is given to the press, then he sits back and awaits developments. The latter come in the form of a bigger bid for the fighters from the Goodwin A. C., the Garden's rival, the upshot being that it corrals the contest. The Goodwin then hires the Garden at a rental never less than fifteen hundred dollars, but usually much more, and stages the show. Sometimes the Goodwin makes some money, and other times it does not, but the Garden, as landlord, always collects. Thus the practically boxingless Garden has made plenty of money out of the fight game without staging shows. Another case of "heads I win—tails you lose." The entire procedure is hardly in the best interests of boxing, but the Garden's first interest is its own financial affairs and keeping the same in the black.

The defeat late in November of Al McCoy of this city by Jock McAvoy of England in the New York Garden ring proved a severe jolt for the Boston and New England admirers of the French-Canadian light-heavyweight star. Seemingly the McCoy forces were badly outgeneraled in the making of the match, particularly in the matter of weight. The upset was a costly one for McCoy, it losing for him his long-sought chance to battle for the world's light-heavy crown.

However, as all accounts seem to agree that in the last three rounds he found himself to the extent of keeping McAvoy on his heels, a display of good sportsmanship would seem to warrant McAvoy giving the Bostonian a return bout. A match between the men in Boston most certainly would double the gate which they recently drew in New York.

When McCoy returned to Boston two days after his New York experience, he bore but slight visible traces of the fray. He paid graceful compliment to McAvoy as a great fighter, but expressed the opinion that in a return mill, he would be able to reverse the decision.

Before this issue of THE RING reaches the readers, McCoy will have competed in two more contests, he being booked at this writing to take on Bob Olin in Montreal on December 10, and Tony Shucco of Boston in the Garden ring on December 20. In the latter fray, the New England heavy and light-heavy titles, claimed by Shucco, will be at stake. McCoy will give away about ten pounds in weight, which means he will have to do plenty of hard fighting if he is to defeat the Boston Italian. It shapes to us as some contract, as Shucco is a straight puncher and stiff hitter.

Barring the Sharkey "comeback," the "pro" game in this city has again drifted into the doldrums but, thanks to the Irish-American A. A. of South Boston, also several minor organizations, the amateurs have been kept busy enough. At this time the I.A.A.A. is putting through its Diamond Belt series—tryout tourneys for its grand finale on December 16 at the Boston Arena, and its efforts have met with success as regards finances and the bringing out and development of some very promising talent.

"Father Bill" Cuddy, promoter in years past of big league inter-city and international tourneys for the "pures," has come back into the sport after an absence of more than two years and is staging amateur boxing every Saturday night in the Mechanics Building.

Outside of Boston in such smaller cities as Lynn, Salem and Lowell, Sam Price of Boston is rapidly coming to the front as a promoter. Price first warmed up his public with wrestling—then started putting on three- and four-round boxing bouts, about six to a show, with small definite winner-loser purses for the contestants. Now he is staging eight-round feature bouts every week in his three-city circuit, and though not getting rich out of it, is keeping out of the red. Slowly but surely he is bringing boxing back outside of Boston along the small club lines we have advocated for years—a sure-fire system if rightly handled by those behind the lines.

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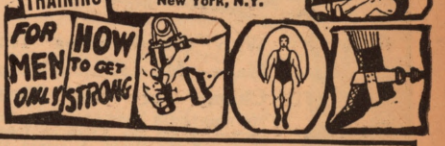

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

APPARENTLY ring rusty after a long layoff, Bob Moody, Syracuse colored heavyweight, lost a ten-round battle to Babe Hunt, Oklahoma's traveling bruiser, before a crowd of three thousand fans at the Arena. Moody is a good fighter, and a splendid fellow personally, but needs to fight often to retain good form.

What the main event lacked in fistic action, the preliminary battlers provided. Tom Baxter, Buffalo's promising young heavyweight, defeated Long Tom Williams of Chicago in the six-round semi-final. Al Traino, Sam Porcelli's good Rochester lightweight, exploded a vicious left-hook on Eddie Dempsey's chin, and the local slugger hit the deck for the full count in the second. Lester Ryder, Ballston Spa, former amateur favorite, was given a draw with Freddie Mitchell, Utica, in six fast rounds. Freddie Sallus, Syracuse middleweight, trounced Tod Morgan of Tully in the four-round opener.

The amateurs are packing them in at the Arena and staging slambang cards. In the headliners the past month, Cozy Storace, Rome, defeated Billy Furrone, Jersey City (5); Sammy Devine, Batavia, won from Buddy Moran, Utica (5); Cozy Storace, Rome, beat Billy Furrone, Jersey City, in a re-match (5); and Ralph DeJohn, Syracuse, outpointed Steve Kovach, Binghamton (5).

One of the greatest battles seen in Syracuse since the colorful days of the bootleg fights was a five-round shindig between Heinz Voigt, Syracuse German featherweight, and Allen Russell of Alexandria Bay. Voigt knocked Russell down four times in the first three rounds, and it looked as if Billy Browne, the referee, would have to step in and stop the bout. But Russell, who owns the fighting heart of a Bengal Tiger, came back. Half groggy, he cut loose like a wild man in the fourth, driving both hands with everything he had in them! The crowd was in an uproar! A smashing right dropped Voigt for nine. He pulled himself to his feet, only to be sent crashing to the canvas twice more under the brutal, crushing attack of the Alexandria Bay slugger! In the fifth, Heinz, somewhat revived by Jackie Brady, his handler, tore into Russell, both fists flying. Then socko! Bang! Russell connected solidly, and Voigt went down! The game Teuton somehow got to his feet. Russell threw a volley of terrific blows at him and as Heinz fell into the ropes, Referee Browne stopped the bout, and carried the unconscious Voigt to his corner. No wonder the amateurs draw the crowds!

Over in Binghamton, Tommy Howells, Buffalo featherweight, knocked out Connie Holmes, New York Negro boxer, in the third round of what was to be the eight-round main bout. In the semi-final, Jackie Flowers, Clinton, outpointed Babe Amos, Syracuse middleweight, in six spectacular rounds of slugging.

At Utica—Joey Kolba, Utica, and Willie Pal, Albany, fought six rounds to a draw at Convention Hall.

Gus Browne writes me from New York that Irish Eddie Brink, the Scranton welterweight, is under his management and not under the management of Jack (Three Star) Hennessey. At the same time Gus assured us that everything is okay between him and Hennessey, only he didn't want promoters writing Three Star for Brink when he really was under his (Browne's) management.

Eddie Saxon, Jack McCann's clever colored middleweight, journeyed to Albany and knocked out Leo Salvas, New England iron man, in eight rounds. The win earned Saxon a crack at Dave Shade, the veteran with the corkscrew style, at Springfield, and Eddie lost a decision which he claims was rank and unfair, in a ten-rounder. Saxon says he took seven of the ten rounds!

A few days after he lost to Babe Hunt here, Bob Moody went to Pompton Lakes, where he again took up his role of sparring partner for Joe Louis, the Dark Destroyer. Louis was training for his bout with Paulino Uzcudun, and Moody proved a big help to Joe. Moody also worked with Louis for the Max Baer fight, getting some nice press notices, and a bonus from the "uncrowned champion."

In the pictures received here of James J. Braddock, world's heavyweight champion, who is on an exhibition tour, the champ looks hog fat. One would think James J. would keep in good physical trim. He looks anything but impressive, wearing a big pair of twenty-four-ounce training gloves, with all that blubber on his pantry.

From far-off Barcelona in sunny Spain comes a letter from Paul Swiderski, the Sad Eyed Pole of boxing. Paulie had plenty of news, and informed us Marcel Thil is Jeff Dickson's biggest card at the moment. Swiderski believes a title bout in Europe between Babe Risko and Thil would draw a tremendous gate.

Syracuse has a good looking amateur middleweight in Ralph DeJohn. He is only eighteen years old, but is a good boxer and puncher. Ralph is one of a family of twelve children, all boys. Despite the handicap of only three fingers on his left hand, DeJohn has a beautiful portside poke, and a right hand that carries dynamite.

Babe Risko, the world's middleweight champion, gets offers galore for his services from promoters all over the civilized world. Gabe Genovese, the champ's sartorial correct manager, is authority for the statement that Risko will defend his crown this year. The Babe has a full-blooded English bulldog, a gift from Genovese after Risko won the title from Teddy Yarosz at Pittsburgh.

SHORT SHOTS—Stuart Smyth, publisher of the Owego *Times*, is a regular RING reader and all-around boxing booster . . . . Al Wertheimer, A.A.U. commissioner in this district, is a former intercollegiate featherweight champion . . . . He matriculated at Syracuse University . . . . Jasper Canzoneri, brother of the world's lightweight king, is now a student there . . . . Jasper prefers the violin to boxing . . . . Frankie Eagan, Vince Plunkett's promising young welterweight, knocked out Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel in an upset at Buffalo . . . . It was the first time he was ever chilled, and Bad Boy blames it on his own carelessness . . . . Nick Stemmler, WSYR sports commentator, and Leo Bolley of WFBL vie with each other in giving the fans hot boxing news and views . . . . Both are top-notchers in the radio field . . . . Irving Robbins, director of bouts for the amateur club, is so nervous he can't sit still for more than a moment . . . . He's a hustler . . . . Joe Banovic, Binghamton light-heavy, has fully recovered from his near fatal infection and is back in the boxing game again . . . . Bingo Joe worked with Joe Louis at Pompton Lakes for the Uzcudun match . . . . Johnny Nelson wants to fight Babe Risko here . . . . Write us at 1009 Cadillac Street . . . . Happy New Year.

Joey Brown, local featherweight, created a sensation at Buffalo when he stopped Tommy Paul, former N.B.A. champion, in the third round of a scheduled eight-round bout. Brown peppered Paul with everything but the ringposts and had Tommy in a bad way when the referee stopped the bout. Paul complained of a shoulder injury which prevented him from using his right arm. It was sweet revenge for Brown, for Paul beat Joey at the Syracuse Arena a year ago.

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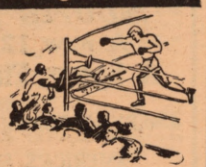

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

AL TRAINO, Rochester's good little lightweight, is going great guns in Pittsburgh and New York State. Al, in his last seven fights, defeated Jimmy Quine at New York, Battling Grizzy twice at Pittsburgh, Bad Boy Emmanuel at Jamestown, Elmer Wilson at Pittsburgh, and his last victim was Eddie Dempsey of Syracuse. All stopped him in two rounds.

Tiger LeRoy Smith just returned from New Haven, Conn., where he stopped Eddie Moore out there in two rounds. Smith is ready to fight anybody in the middleweight class up to 165 pounds. Tiger is the best showman in the world. Lose or win, he panics the fans.

Jamestown, N. Y., opened its first pro club in ten years and Tommy Moore gave the fans a great show. The house was packed. Tony Tozzo, Buffalo, defeated Eddie Saxon; Al Trainor, Rochester, defeated Bad Boy Emmanuel of Syracuse; Big Boy Brackey stopped Bill Florgel; Mickey Regan stopped Joe Severno in two rounds; Blaze Pantano stopped Civie Osborn in three rounds.

Amateur—Sammy Leta defeated Jimmy Brown in five rounds. Sammy Goritz defeated Stanley Felong in five rounds. Nello Nucelli defeated Jimmy Pinti. Georgie Sprague defeated Kid Smokie. Jack Palivo defeated Babe Salone. Walter Stewart defeated Ross Romano.

The following clubs are running pro fights weekly or semi-weekly: Buffalo, Syracuse, Jamestown, Utica, Albany, Binghamton and Erie, Pa.

The following pro boxers are training daily at Mike Rago's Gym: Bill Fogerty, Tiger Smith, Johnny Baker, Al Traino, Mickey Regan, Rosie Fenaro and others.

A LITTLE FOR ALL—Phil Verde is training amateur boxers. Lefty Thomas has a good looking heavyweight. Tiger Smith is going to fight Babe Risko. Al Traino has a new car. Joe Netro is matchmaker at Syracuse and is packing them in. Duke Denning says that nobody will fight Maxie Strub because he punches too hard. Bud Creesy has Patsy Severno fighting often. Tommy Moore is still looking for some good boys to show on his next card. Irv. Robbins is packing them in at his weekly amateur bouts. Irv has a new car. Don Willetts is packing them in at his weekly shows. Jimmy Betts is making the matches at Albany. Jack McIntyre's club at Bingo is drawing better every show. Billy Shaw is looking great and putting on weight. Red Carr wants Jim Flood to join his stable. Playfair Brown is looking for a good amateur team in Toronto. That is all.

THE RING is on sale at Clinton and Main Streets on the fifth of each month.

The writer will answer all mail if you send stamped envelope with your query to 238 Lyndhurst Street, Rochester, New York.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

JOE GOLINAS of Athol, Mass., won over Jerry Maloni of Springfield, Mass., in eight rounds. Romero Ducharme of Easthampton, Mass., was beaten by Sal Canata in another eight-rounder. Richie Thorer won by a knockout over Hildreth Erickson of Athol, Mass., in what was to be eight rounds. Sam Calvin of Hatfield, Mass., won over Dean Cross of Athol, Mass., in four rounds. Johnny Prout of Northampton, Mass., K.O.'ed Jerry Reale in the second round. Andrew Jessurun defeated Cocoa Kid of New Haven, Conn., in ten rounds. Elmer Cicone of Schenectady won an eight-round semi from Roland Lecuyer of Holyoke, Mass. Al Annone of Springfield, Mass., won over Billy Clark of New Haven in six rounds. Johnny Buiso of West Springfield received a draw with Armand Rainault of Springfield in four rounds. Pete Herman of Boston lost to Sammy Athas of Springfield in four.

Frankie Cinque of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Andrew Jessurun fought a ten-round draw at the Valley Arena, Holyoke. Jack Renault of New Haven K.O.'ed Richie Thorer of Springfield in the sixth round of a scheduled eight. Ruby Bradley of Holyoke won over Al Pinkham of Hartford in four rounds. Tom Grady of Springfield won over Jimmy Prout of Northampton.

Pittsfield, Mass.—Leo Salvas won over Charlie Weiss of New York in a ten-rounder at the Auditorium; Young Saldato of Pittsfield won from Jimmy Stathis of Springfield in six.

Dave Shade won over Eddie Saxon of Jersey City in ten rounds; Eddie George won a six-round semi from Schoolboy Oppida of Pittsfield; Young Carnera of North Adams won over Eddie Decker of Pittsfield; Young Saldato of Pittsfield won over Armond St. John of Holyoke in another six; Young Baranowiski of Pittsfield K.O.'ed Joe Klein of Springfield in the second.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

HONOLULU—Joe Velasco, a 125-pounder, was crowned the new weatherweight champion over Al Citrino by his clever boxing. Joey took six rounds to Al's three, and one even. Citrino was down for a count of eight in the seventh, the only knockdown of the evening.

Jessie Garcia kayoed Lefty David in the second in 2.43 seconds. Adolph Samuel and Benny Dawson fought a draw. Joe Oliveira won from Kid Bulldog. Kid Waialua T.K.O.'ed Henry Francis in the first. Benny Dato slapped Ted Dullay in one heat.

Kaui—Kid Javellana scored an easy win over Kayo Kuratsu, one-time leading flyweight. Kayo went down twice and was almost counted out. Lefty Lapinid disposed of Fred Bailey in the third frame.

Honolulu—Augie Curtis defended his so-called crown over Al Pazmore in ten rounds before a small crowd. He was far the better of the two all the way. Roaring Rodrigues won easily from Walter Strappel in the semi-windup. Abe Konaaihele flattened Larry Santana in the fifth round. Henry Callejo and Freddie Buck a draw. Mariano Matias beat Glenn Taylor.

Molokai—Freddie Gomez came back strong since his K.O. defeat by More recently to beat Kohala Lion by a T.K.O. in the fifth when Lion refused to continue, claiming a foul.

Hilo—Tiny Tommy Muroda, flyweight champion, saved his crown by a win over Little Reynes in an eight-round event. The fight was a very poor one for a championship bout.

Joey Ledesma beat Kid Felipe by a T.K.O. in the fourth round. A terrific smash to the jaw sent Felipe out of the ring but he returned gamely to meet the onslaught of his opponent. Kid Salvador was too fast for Hisashi Nishi. August Rodrigues put away Bulldog Emilio in one. Juan Atanacio scored a clean knockout over Kats Okuna in the fourth. Kid Harry and Victor de Vera fought a draw.

Kayo Kuratsu signed his contract with Sad Sam Ichinose, one of the leading managers on the island . . . . Promoter Choo is dickering for the services of Small Montana, offering him $1,000 guarantee with two round-trip tickets . . . . Latest development in fistic front is that the local promoter is trying to bring Champion Jimmy Braddock and also Buddy Baer.

Honolulu—Kid Moro, in defense of his welterweight crown, faced a tough man in Tod Morgan, former world's junior lightweight champion, before a crowd of more than five thousand fans. Moro could not break through the perfect defense of Morgan, who either blocked the blow on his elbow or just slipped away from the blow.

Kid Javellana knocked down Satoru Umetsu twice in the very first round and continued to slaughter the Japanese lad when the referee stopped the bout. Little Hufana and Larry Santana a draw. Battling Pering won from Emil Samson. Adolf Samuel beat Young Alfonso. Kid Manclay licked Kid Andrade. Young Benny Leonard kayoed Young Dato in one.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

RENE SANCHEZ is the newly crowned welterweight champion by his victory over Kid Calixto in the sixth round of a scheduled fifteen-round bout. These boys engaged in this contest to prove the right of holding the title left vacant by the resignation of Relampago Saguero, retired.

Baby Oriental, a new product in the bantamweight class, looks like a coming champion. He is fast, clever, and can take and give. In his initial start he defeated Young Hurtado of Panama in ten rounds. Young Jardines beat Valiente in the eight-round semi-final, and Prudencio Arce scored an easy victory over Kid Aldama in six rounds.

Alex Yanes, Cuban featherweight champion, drew in ten rounds with Valentin Miro, the Spanish lightweight, who is coming along fast. Yanes' punches were the most effective, but Miro proved he is hard to hurt.

Kid Chocolate, hard on the comeback trail, scored a three-round kayo over Pelon Guerra of Mexico. Guerra has a victory over Fillo Echevarria, the conqueror of Baby Arizmendi.

Mike Jacobs, New York promoter, was here in Havana and signed the documents for the Joe Louis-Isadoro Gastanaga fight, to be held in Havana the latter part of December. The bout should draw good and Louis will be a heavy favorite.

Conrado Conde, winner over Pelon Guerra of Mexico, is trying hard to obtain a bout with Kid Chocolate or Alex Yanes. Conde is a great little fighter, and is one of the favorites here, and well known around New York City. He would like to meet Lew Feldman, too, and the promoters are considering the contest.

Pincho Gutierrez, Kid Chocolate's pilot, is still promoting at Miramar Gardens with success. Now that Chocolate has scored over Pelon Guerra, Pincho will take him to the United States to make a clean-up of all the featherweights, and then try for a crack at Freddy Miller.

Luis Parga and Aramis Del Pino are still promoting at the Cristal Arena, and intend bringing back Fillo Echevarria for some important bouts this winter.

GOSSIP FROM PUERTO RICO

THE fight of the year took place between Jose Lago, Fogonero, and Felipe Andrade, Yambo, who defeated the Canadian bantam champion, Frankie Martin. "Lago, the winnah!" shouted Villa, the announcer.

Joe Malinsky, the Puerto Rican featherweight sensation, shaded Joe de Jesus and kayoed Billy Nelson, who was also beaten by King Guingo.

Battling Chemin defeated Gus de Sagon, Celestino Ayala and Max Sanchez.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!
By CONRADO MATA

LITTLE PANCHO again asserted his supremacy over Star Frisco by pounding out a clean-cut decision over the latter in a twelve-rounder at the Tennis Stadium with Pancho's bantamweight title at stake. It was Pancho's bout all the way. There was no doubt about the verdict.

Joe Mendiola, classed as third best flyweight in the world by THE RING, blew into town with his charming French-Belgian better-half. He looked in trim despite a month of sea voyage.

Mendiola was the fellow who knocked out Young Perez, when the latter still sported the world's flyweight title in Europe. The K.O. came in the first fifty seconds of fighting in the first round. He lost a return bout to Perez.

The month saw the passing of that colorful figure, Sr. Andres Limgenco, manager of B. de Guzman and Star Frisco.

"Mang" Andres, as he was popularly known throughout the local boxing kingdom, was one of the most generous and kind-hearted fight pilots the Islands ever had.

Francisco Limgenco, outstanding promoter, is mapping bigger fight shows for the coming year. As usual, he is starring Little Pancho in most of them. Pancho is the only available gate attraction in the Islands.

From confidential sources, it is believed that Sr. Dn. Euleuterio Navoa, Filipino millionaire, will definitely stage his mammoth boxing program, with Piston Horiguchi and Little Pancho topping the list, on the inauguration of the 1936 Philippine Carnival which falls on Feb. 15.

B. de Guzman, featherweight champion, took six out of a twelve round bout from Vince Venturillo at the Tennis Stadium. Venturillo, just fresh from California, where he made a fair record, copped four rounds. De Guzman's crown was at stake.

Young Tarley, in his fight with Fighting Yaba, lost the duke to the ten rounds of milling. Yaba punished him at short range, and Tarley's highly touted left was conspicuous by its absence. This is Tarley's first fight since arriving from Singapore, Malayas, where he became the featherweight and lightweight champion.

Dencio Cabanela, Jr., it seems, is headed for bigger things. A rank outsider in his scramble with Fighting Cornejo, Cabanela managed to hold the veteran to a slashing draw in a six rounder. Cabanela is the only son of that great Filipino fighter of years ago, Dencio Cabanela.

Macario Bayan Rivera is trying hard to revive the defunct Managers' and Boxers' Association.

Al Cante or Al Alicante, former Filipino-California welterweight, now a full grown middleweight, is angling for another shot with Young Frisco for the latter's middleweight belt. Alicante is considered by local experts as a "has been."

Young Schmeling, light-heavyweight champion here, lost a heart breaking scrap with one Kid Andre, Russian fighter, down in Singapore after hitting the "Russo" with everything but the proverbial bucket.

TITBITS OF P. I. FISTIANA—Limgenco has again opened the Osmena Boxing Park, and he has chosen Leon Castillo, his right hand man, to manage it . . . .Doc Anido, a "Ring" fan, is still connected with the U.S.T. . . . . Arsenic Lacson is busy poring over criminal codes, etc. . . . . Joaquin Quintos is at the San Lazaro Hospital . . . . Well, Happy New Year, senores! Hasta la vista!

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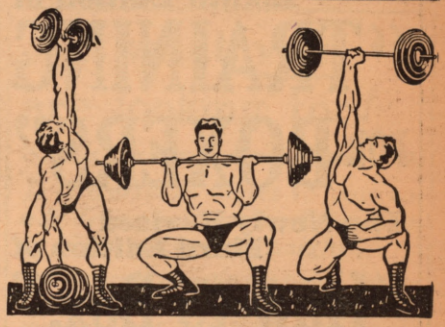

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

LEN HARVEY, former Empire Heavyweight Champion, won his bout with Eddie Phillips, Cruiserweight Champion of Great Britain, and therefore won the right to meet Jack Petersen for the latter's Empire title. Both Harvey and Phillips have met on two occasions, a draw and a win for Harvey being the results.

Frank Hough (Battersea) knocked out Johnny Summers (Leeds) at East Ham. The bout only lasted two rounds when a left hook to the body and a right to the chin, spelled FINIS to the activities of Summers. Hough followed up his two days later with a K.O. over Glen Moody of Wales in 8 rounds at Plymouth.

Bob Firmin, the Young Lowestoft cruiserweight, atoned for his points defeat at the hands of Bert Layton (Wolverhampton) when he scored a surprising K.O. over the latter in the 7th at Norwich.

Joe Connolly (Bathgate) boxed well to outpoint the Cuban, Pancho Martinez in 12 rounds at Glasgow.

Tommy Farr (Welsh Heavy) beat George Brennan of Derby in 12 rounds at Granby Halls, Leicester.

Kid Tunero (Middleweight Champion of Cuba) and Kid Janas, sensational coloured Freshman, fought a terrific ten rounder to a draw at Jeff Dickson's Salle Wagram, Paris. Both fought like Wildcats throughout.

Dick Corbett (Bethnal Green) gave a Boxing Lesson to Hal Cartwright (Tipton) at Walsall, before Cartwright was disqualified for fouling in the sixth.

Frank Hough (Battersea) fought on clever lines when stopping Tom Curran (Walton-On-Thames) in the 10th at the Ring of London.

Pat Palmer (Battersea) won on points over Willie Smith (Margate) in 10 hard rounds.

Dave Finn (Stepney) seems to have put new vigor into his bouts since going up into the lightweight class. In his bout with the latest lightweight sensation, Alby Day (Old Ford) at Devonshire Club, Hackney, showed good generalship by stopping Day in the first after downing him once for an eight count.

Bert Taylor (Birmingham) scored a good win on points over Tommy Dowlais (Tredegar) at Birmingham.

Mickey McGuire (The Newcastle Flyweight) took a tough one on in Laddie Hines (Colne) at Newcastle, but won in 10 rounds.

Bert Ison (Leicester) and Johnny Peters (Battersea) battled 12 rounds to a draw at Hammersmith Stadium.

George Odwell (Camden Town) had to pull out all he knew to defeat Johnny Rust (South Africa) in 10 at Bedford.

George Chaplin (Walsall) defeated Ted Hinton (Dudley) on points in 12 at Dudley.

Tiny Bostock (Hanley) gave Pat Warburton (Ebb Vale) and the crowd at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, a big surprise when starting at the short end of 4 to 1, he easily defeated the Welsh Boy.

Billy Charlton (North Shields) made a big hit at the Royal Albert Hall recently, when he defeated Frank Barron (Sheffield) in 12 rounds.

"Ginger" Sadd (Norwich) who is destined to make a big name for himself in the Welterweight division, enhanced his reputation when he beat Billy Bird (Chelsea) in 12 at Yarmouth.

Len Hampton (Leeds) won again at Leeds, when he easily defeated the clever Bobby Magee, (South Shields) in 12. On the same card, another local boy, Billy Miller stopped Ellis Ashurst (Conisboro') in the 8. The winners are good fighters, watch em.

Phil Milligan, Northern Area Flyweight Champion, stopped Bernard White (Bolton) in the 5 at Manchester.

Nipper Cusick, a Manchester lad with a future, defeated the more experienced Rose of Bolton at Morecambe in 12. Cusick will be heard from.

Joe Keer (Glasgow) defeated Frankie Brown (Liverpool) in 12 at Blackpool. Brown did well to last the distance.

Al Diamond (U.S.A.) one of the toughest middleweights in the world, went ten rounds with Marcel Thil, World's Middleweight Champion, at Palais Des Sports, but lost on points. The big crowd gave the visitor a big hand for giving their own favourite Thil a great fight.

Motsi Spakow, the Roumanian Heavyweight Champion, gave Alf Sauvage (France) a beating in Bucharest in 10 rounds.

Kid Nitram (Paris) now boxing as a cruiserweight, defeated the Spaniard, Santos, on points, at the Central Sporting Club, Paris. On the same card the Czechoslovakian Light-heavy, Hampacher, stopped Roger Royer in the eighth.

Obie Walker, the American Negro, K.O.'ed a good opponent in Limousin, (Belgium) in the 5th round at Jeff Dickson's Paris show. And in the supporting bout, Angel Clivelle, the South American Negro Middleweight, defeated Bee Donnars, the Hollander, on points.

"Ginger" Sadd (Norwich) outpointed George Bunter (West Hartlepool) in 12 at Norwich.

Dave McCleave (Smithfield) scored a clear cut victory over the persistent Birmingham "Blonde," Leo Phillips, in 12 at the opening of "Morry Macks" Promotions at the West Hams Baths.

Jack Pettifer (King's X) stopped Ted Mason (Maidstone) in the fourth at East Ham.

Ernie Roderick (Liverpool) although only a welterweight, was called in as a last minute substitute to meet Harry Lister, (New Zealand) at Liverpool Stadium and easily won.

Ronnie James (Swansea), the undefeated Welsh Featherweight, confirmed his previous win over Len Beynon (Swansea) in 12.

Charlie Baxter (Southern Area Welterweight Champion) met with an unexpected defeat when the referee stopped the contest with George Rose (Bristol) in the 7th round at Walsall. Baxter who had been on the sick list for some time, collapsed as the referee intervened and was taken to the local hospital.

George Williams (Treherbert) stopped Teddy Rollins (Whitley Bay) in the eighth at Merthyr. Rollins' eye was badly cut.

Pat Haley (Hanley) scored a meritorious win over Tommy Taylor (Liverpool) at the Brunswick Stadium, Leeds.

Peter McKinley (Scotland), who gave Jack Kid Berg a close call recently when he lost on points, was given a real reception from the young Becontree Lightweight Jimmy Vaughan, who stopped him at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, in the fourth.

Fred Morris (Stepney) scored a K.O. over Jack Kilburn (North Shields) with a left to the body at Newcastle in the fourth.

Dave Crowley (Clerkenwell) had little difficulty in beating "Kid" Osterhout, who holds the Championship of Holland, in the third at the RING.

George Marsden (Nottingham) stopped Jerry O'Niel (Merthyr) in the tenth at Nottingham.

Jack Lyden (Liverpool) a lad who with a little more experience will be a worthy opponent for any lightweight in the world, proved himself "a corker" when he was called upon to take the place of his stablemate, Peter Clarke, against The Southern Area Lightweight Champion, Norman Snow, at Rushden and won. He had Snow down for nine in the second. I am predicting a very bright future for Jack Lyden of Liverpool. Watch this New Find. He has everything.

Charlie Bundy (Treherbert) scored a points win over Jack Robinson (Nottingham) in a Cruiserweight match at Newport.

Dick Corbett (Bethnal Green), who has been winning all along the line, scored another points victory, when he beat Benny Sharkey (Newcastle) at the Stadium Club, Holborn.

Jackie Brown former flyweight Champion of the World, was credited with a K.O. over Tommy Pardoe (Birmingham) when the latter went down from a body blow in the 4th round, at Birmingham. The referee ignored the claim for a foul. In the supporting bouts the Canadian Ex. Amateur, Spider Armstrong, gained a points victory over Bert Kirby (Birmingham). Ginger Foran (Liverpool) could do no more than box a draw with Harry Edwards (Smethwick).

Len Hampston (Leeds) forced the seconds of Mickey Summers, (Bantamweight Champion of Scotland), to throw in the towel as a sign of defeat in the fourth at Blackpool.

Carl Neubauer (The Austrian Middleweight), fought a good draw with Claude Bassin of France in 10.

Huguennin, French Flyweight who has fought some of the best lads in Europe, was defeated on points by the Negro, Cuban, Valdes in 10, in Paris.

At Jeff Dickson's Salle Wagram, Paris, the Negro middleweight, Kid Tunero, stopped Jean Morrin (Paris) in the 6th.

Jim Lawlor added Harry Mason to his string of victories at Ipswich.

K. O. Morgan, Detroit Southpaw, featherweight, retained his undefeated record in Scottish rings when he again defeated Gilbert Johnston (Dundee) in the latter's home town. This time he stopped Johnston in the 7th with a cut eye.

Jake Kilrain (Belhill) gained a narrow points win over Billy Graham (Gateshead) at Edinburgh.

Bert Ikin (Stoke-On-Trent) after defeating Salah-El-Din, the Egyptian, at Bristol, went to Holland, and stopped its heavyweight champion, Harry Staal, in the sixth round.

Pat Haley (Hanley) surprised his most ardent admirers at Blackpool when he outpointed Liverpool's K. O. King, Jimmy Stewart in 12.

Jack Lewis (Bournemouth) turned in a good win when he outpointed Jim Toohig (Croydon) at Bethnal Green.

Frank Hough (Battersea) gave away a lot of weight to Len Rowlands (Dagenham) at East Ham, and was considered lucky to draw.

Nel Tarleton, British Featherweight Champion, received the decision over Jimmy Walsh (Chester) in a 12 rounder at 130 lbs. at Liverpool. In the supporting bout, the Negro sensation, Jackie Wilson of Pittsburgh, U.S.A. who is described here, as "Forked Lightning with Gloves on," gave a sparkling exhibition to outpoint Cuthbert Taylor (Merthyr) in 10 rounds that were brimful of thrills and interest.

Tony Arpino (The Bedford Cruiserweight) pulled a new one on the Bristol crowd when he refused to hit his helpless opponent Pat Buckley, after he had risen from a count. On his refusal to box on, the referee declared Buckley the winner. Put that one in your book, Nat!

Jack "Kid" Berg (British Lightweight Champion) stopped the well beaten British Welterweight Champion Pat Butler, at West Ham Baths in the fourth round, after Pat was down twice.

Don McCorkindale, popular South African Heavyweight, was badly beaten on points by Obie Walker, American Negro at the Ring, London.

Mr. Arthur Elvin staged another attractive show at his Empire Pool, Wembley, which drew a crowd of 11,000 people. Tommy Loughran (Philadelphia) gave a boxing lesson to the Young New Zealand Champion, Maurice Strickland in 10 rounds. Loughran, a past master in the art of self defense, although a veteran, gave a polished display of boxing. Ambrose Palmer, cruiserweight and Heavyweight Champion of Australia, made his debut in Great Britain, by scoring a clean cut win over the Bustling Hustling, Canadian cowboy, Eddie Wenstob in 10 rounds. Palmer showed himself clever in defense with a dangerous left hook.

The American, Roy Lazer, gave Norman Baines of Catford thirty pounds' weight advantage, and an eight-round beating, winning every round, but was prevented of scoring a K.O. by holding tactics of his heavier opponent.

Jimmy Vaughan (Becontree) is making quick strides in the Lightweight Division, and after scoring a K.O. over Peter McKinley, made short work of Tommy John (Wales) in the third, at the Devonshire Club, London.

Billy Thomas (Deri) regained his Welsh Middleweight title when he defeated Cyril Eddington (Pontycymner) on points in 15 rounds at Mountain Ash.

Tommy Bland (Canada) defeated the tough South African, George "Panther" Purchase, in 15 at East Ham Baths.

Gustave Eder (Welterweight Champion of Europe) retained his title in Berlin, when he knocked out the Belgian title holder, Felix Wouters, in the 9th.

Clem Meroni (The Italian Middleweight) was awarded the decision over Besnoux, at Marseilles.

Christoforides, the "Fighting Greek" won over the popular French boxer Faes, at Paris.

Angel Cliville K.O.'ed Bozin in the third of a Cruiserweight match at Paris.

It is with deep regret that I write of the death of "Little" Jimmy Thornton (the Bethnal Green Featherweight) who at the age of 24, passed away in a London hospital after a three-year illness.

Al Diamond (American Middleweight) made a good impression at the Ring, London, when he outpunched and outfought Alec Bell (Leith Light-Heavyweight) in 10 rounds.

George Rose (Bristol) easily defeated the local pride, George Bunter, at Hartlepool.

Peter McKinley (The Scottish Lightweight) and Tommy Dowlais of Wales were both in for some gruelling exchanges during their 12 rounder at Wales before the former was declared the winner.

Syd Parker (Bolton) is a lad who should be boxing amongst the top class boys. After his latest performance, I am certain that he would make any of the best go to defeat him. The way he finished off his local adversary, Bernard White, in the 2nd round at the "Junction Stadium" Manchester, proved him a topnotcher.

"Ginger" Sadd (Norwich) was considered very lucky to receive the decision over Dave McCleave (Smithfield), in the Eliminating Welterweight Championship bout at Norwich. Referee Jim Kenrick's decision was very badly received.

Sonny Lee (Leeds) repeated his victory over Alby Day (Old Ford), at the Devonshire Club.

Jimmy Walsh (Chester) substituting for Nel Tarleton (Liverpool) gave a boxing lesson to Tommy Steele (North Shields) at Newcastle.

Ted Hinton (Dudley) and George Chaplin (Walsall) fought a tough draw at Dudley.

Manoel Abrew (The Coloured Scotchman) gave a good account of himself when he outpointed Alf Robinson of Manchester at Glasgow.

Ernie Simmons (Dublin and Birmingham) gained a clever points victory over the Bedford Italian, Tony Arpino, at Walsall.

Joe Connolly (Bathgate) outpointed Phil Zwick (U.S.A.) in 12 rounds in Glasgow. In the supporter, Harry Mason (Former Welterweight Champion) outpointed J. B. Boyle (Glasgow).

Archie Sexton (Bethnal Green) gave Battling Charlie Parkin (Mansfield) a sample of his hitting powers when in the first minute of a 12 rounder, before a packed house at the Bethnal Green Drill Hall, he K.O.'ed the Mansfield middleweight.

Benny Caplan (St. Georges) outpointed Gilbert Johnston (Dundee) at the West Ham Baths.

Ginger Foran (Liverpool) was given the verdict over Simon Chavez (Featherweight Champion of Venezuela) in Liverpool.

Ed. Wenstob (the Canadian Cowboy) gave his best display since coming to Europe when he forced the seconds of Pat Marrinan (Belfast) to throw in the towel in the fifth at Belfast. Marrinan's both eyes were cut. Jim Warnock (Belfast), a lad who is going to make many of the big-timers step around quite soon, gave one of his spectacular performances when he well outpointed Maurice Huguenin (France). Spider Armstrong (Canada) outpointed Jackie Quinn (Belfast).

Frank Hough (Battersea) is now the Southern Area middleweight champion by virtue of his victory over Jack Hyams (Stepney).

Jean Berlemont (cruiserweight champion of Belgium) was stopped in the third by Adolph Witt, in Berlin.

Balcazar Sangchelli, the Spaniard who captured the world's bantamweight championship when he beat Al Brown, scored an easy victory over Luigi Magnolfi (Italy) in ten rounds at Madrid.

In a cruiserweight match at Vienna, the Austrian, Poldi Steinbach, lost to Angel Cliville, the South American Negro.

At Jeff Dickson's Sall Wagram, Paris, Werner Selle, the young German heavyweight, and Tomasulo, the South American, boxed a ten-round draw.

Charles Rutz (Strasbourg) easily outpointed Maurice Griselle (former French heavyweight champion) in ten rounds at Strasbourg.

At the Central Sporting Club, Paris, Marcel Lauriot lost his cruiserweight championship of France to Barjolin by a decision.

A bout at Belle Vue, Manchester, between Jackie Brown (Manchester) and Johnny King (bantamweight champion of Great Britain) for twelve rounds at 118 pounds thrilled eight thousand fans. The ruling moguls declared that it was not a championship contest, yet it was within the division limit. Their ruling does not read sense to me. The referee stopped the bout in the sixth when Brown was sitting on the ropes unable to defend himself.

Many English readers have written me after seeing the scientific boxing of Tommy Loughran at Wembley, and knowing that he, Jack Dempsey and Tony Canzoneri, have collaborated in producing Nat Fleischer's "Universal Boxing Course." European readers can get this course by writing to John S. Sharpe, 3 Edward St., London, E.1, and if you want a reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Thanks.

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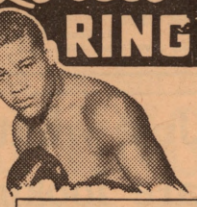

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

HANK BATH, sensational 20-year-old puncher from Fort Morgan, Colo., whom Jack Kearns is managing, scored a sensational three-round knockout over "Butch" Rogers, Army heavyweight champion, at the Los Angeles Olympic late in November and gave the gamblers quite a headache. The betting men were betting 2 and 3 to 1 Rogers would not get stopped, and when Kearns' hard-hitting kid from the Silver State turned the trick, the so-called "wise dough" men were convinced that young Bath is going places. Bath flattened Rogers quicker than did Hank Hankinson a few weeks before—and in a far more convincing manner. Joe Waterman grossed $5,300, which left a profit of about $750 for the former sailor man, who has done a nice job of matchmaking at the huge Grand Avenue temple of maul.

Many boxing men in California believe Bath could spot big Hank Hankinson thirty-five pounds and stretch him for the full count. Up to the time Rogers was stopped, he was giving Hankinson plenty of trouble. George V. Blake, one of the outstanding referees of the country, who has handled several of Bath's fights on the Coast, believes Bath will be boxing main events in New York within six months. "Bath is a great prospect," declared Blake, "and destined to go places. He has an unusually alert mind, can box and hit, and obviously weather no end of rough going." As this column was sent in to THE RING, Bath had scored thirty-six knockouts in as many fights. Watch him! He's going places!

Pancho Leyvas, colorful Mexican bantamweight from Yuma, Ariz., who fights under the banner of George Parnassas, defeated Young Tommy, Speedy Dado and Pablo Dano in rotation, but fell into a rut when he was beaten by Midget Wolgast and Henry Hooks. However, the aggressive Mexican is still a good card and is rapidly developing valuable experience. He banks his money and recently purchased a new sedan for his parents. Los Angeles promoters were trying to bring out Sixto Escobar to meet Leyvas in an outdoor show early in February.

Oakland writers have been singing the praises of Ritchie Fontaine, Montana featherweight, who gave Johnny Pena a sound licking, cracking three of his ribs, and knocked out Gene Espinosa in six rounds. Leo Leavitt, ace promoter of Oakland, claims Fontaine is the next featherweight champion.

Billy Hunnefeld of Stockton has bobbed up with a money-maker in Phil Brubaker, Dinuba, Calif., light-heavyweight. Brubaker registered a knockout over Georgie Simpson in San Francisco, and showed real punching ability in downing the Spokane, Wash., mauler.

Ceferino Garcia handed Gordon Wallace a one-sided licking at Vancouver, B. C., flooring the Canadian and winning every round. The Filipino plans an invasion of European rings with his manager, George Parsassas, during the coming spring and summer months.

RANDOM SHOTS—One of the best matchmakers in the Middle West is Frankie Gatto, who pairs the fighters in Kansas City, Mo. . . . . Curley Badivanitz, Los Angeles plunger, won a chunk of money when Hank Bath put the K.O. over on Butch Rogers . . . . Johnny Indrisano, former welterweight and middleweight contender of Boston, was in charge of hiring a flock of extras on the recent Mae West picture, "Klondike Lou," and the Bean Town boy put a large number of ex-pugs to work in the flicker . . . . George Zaharias, burper, owns a large ranch a few miles from Pueblo, Colo. . . . . he has two brothers, Babe and Chris, who are also in the rasslin' racket . . . . Tom Gallery and C. C. Pyle will open a "Believe It or Not" show at the Dallas, Tex., Exposition next June . . . . "California Joe" Lynch, former bantamweight boxer of Frisco, is tending bar in the city by the Golden Gate . . . . Joey Wilson, Cleveland featherweight, placed himself under the management of Tommy McFarland upon his arrival in Los Angeles . . . . at one time, aforementioned McFarland managed as many as seventy-five scrappers.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES

By HERB McHUGH

THERE was an unfortunate ending to the "Red" Affinito-Fred Henneberry contest at Sydney Stadium. After having put up a stubborn resistance to the Australian champion for fourteen rounds, Affinito ran into heavy weather in the final round and, after having twice hit the canvas, the police called a halt, thus giving Henneberry the match on a T.K.O.

With hostilities ended, Affinito collapsed. A swift examination by the Stadium's medico and the American fighter was quickly dispatched to hospital for observation. At the time of writing, nearly two weeks after the incident, Affinito is still an inmate, although he is now well out of danger. He is likely to remain another week.

Medical opinion is that Affinito will have to take a long spell from the fight game. Just what the future holds is beyond the surmise of the average layman. Naturally, "Red" feels badly at the turn of events. The defeat by Henneberry does not worry him so much as the thought that he has let the public down. The sooner he can erase this thought from his mind, the sooner will he be his old bright self again, as physically he is practically O.K.

As for the fight itself, it can be said that Affinito gave Henneberry more trouble than was anticipated. Inches shorter than the Australian, he would rush in close and let 'em go. Strangely enough, Henneberry allowed "Red" lots of latitude in this respect, an error that allowed the visitor to pile on the points.

The true Henneberry flashed along in the ninth and, keeping Affinito at long range, gave him a severe lacing and to such purpose that "Red" at the end of the round was reeling around the ring like a car with wheel wobble.

A remarkable recovery by the American, saw him steal the next round, but from then on he was mostly fighting on his nerve. He commenced to tire badly and probably his collapse at the finish was helped along more by exhaustion.

"Tony" Rock, who accompanied Affinito to Australia, made an impressive debut, and although Referee Wallis declared him loser on points to Jimmy Purcell at the end of fifteen rounds, I thought at least he was entitled to a draw.

Rock, however, is not concerned about the decision. He went over in a big way, which is acceptable balm to a fighter in his first glove-up in a new country. From the fourth round he was somewhat hampered by a strained muscle behind the right shoulder which had him going easy on his sledgehammer rights towards the finish.

Apparently a few had been telling the American that Purcell, who is only nineteen years of age, was just a raw kid. After Tony had sampled a few of the "raw kid's" wallops on the button, he started to tighten up a little and from then on customers sat down to a fight that was full of interest to the last buzzer.

Purcell has one big failing. He fights spasmodically. Trainer-manager Ernie McQuillan has a potential champion under his wing and if he can get his protege to step on it every round instead of one in three, there's stacks of money awaiting to be picked up.

Two Americans, Leo Kelly, the colored light-heavy from Los Angeles, and Tommy King, are featured in the main event at Sydney Stadium next week. Kelly has to come in at 12-1 (169) at 2 o'clock, under a $500 forfeit. The colored lad has now completed his contract with Leichhardt Stadium, where he made good money. His manager, Billy Newman, has returned to the States, leaving him in charge of Jack Warner, who trained Ambrose Palmer. Newman is expected back in Australia with a bunch of fighters.

Tod Morgan is due here Nov. 5 on his third trip to Australia. This time he will be under contract to Leichhardt Stadium for a series of contests. He will clean up a tidy little sum. George Barnes, manager and matchmaker at the Leichhardt club, has a bunch of young welters all keen to get set against the ex-world's titleholder.

At the moment it looks as if Jimmy Purcell will have the first shot at Morgan. Assuming that the prices of admission will be a dollar down to fifty cents, I'll bet on a $3,000 "gate." Other boxers who can be lined up against the invader are: Dick Humphries, Jimmy Day, Cyril Pluto and a couple of other youngsters at present making the grade.

Charlie Lucas is stepping out and breaking lots of space with the coming battle between Bep Van Klaveren and Jack Carroll at the Sydney Sports Ground.

The official program handed to the press during the week reads: Lightweight championship of Australia—Herb Bishop vs. Alf Blatch; referee, Colonel Darcy Francis. Welterweight championship of Europe—Bep Van Klaveren vs. Jack Carrol; referee, Harold Baker. Bantamweight championship of Australia—Mickey Miller vs. Bobby Clements; referee, O. Barling.

After he has seen Tommy King through with his fight with Leo Kelly, Jack Laurence will entrain for Melbourne to direct Tommy Jones, the colored youth from Brooklyn, N. Y., in a series of contests under the promotion of Pat McHugh. New Yorkers will see a big improvement in Jones when he returns. He has tons of confidence these days and, backed up with a "kick-over" right hand, he'll finish among the money. Laurence is holding to his popularity, his breezy mannerisms keeping him O.K. with both the press and public.

Merv Blandon, featherweight title-holder, and Billy Carr, put up a slashing affair at the Leichhardt club. The decision was a draw, although in my opinion Blandon was deserving of the nod. At present Carr ranks with Mickey Miller as the only two scrappers here capable of giving Blandon a go for it. The Australian champion is no stylist. His two main assets are to keep on walking up and throwing plenty of gloves. But what a crowd-pleaser. He measures up at only 5 feet 2½ inches.

Jack Dempsey

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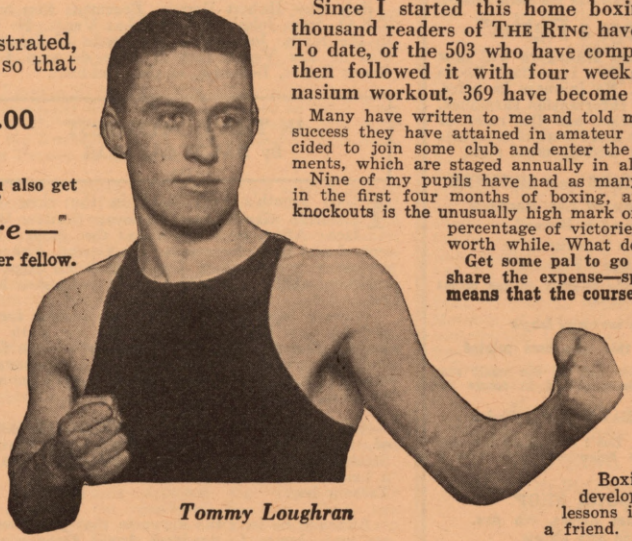

Tommy Loughran

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BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS
By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL

IN the main event of what was to have been a ten-round bout between Hubert Dennis, Bozeman, and Babe Daniels, Minneapolis, the fight had just gotten under way when Daniels fell through the ropes in the second round, and got a concussion of the brain by hitting his head on the floor. He was out for full fifteen minutes and Dennis won the fight on a T.K.O.

The semi saved the card when Buz Crandee, Hysham, and Marvin Stanley, Miles City, fought every second of the bout. The decision should have gone to Crandee by a wide margin. However, the judges called it a draw. In the special, another accident occurred when Jack Brooks of Custer was butted by Billy Neibauer, Billings, and this accident resulted in Brooks' seconds throwing in the towel in the third. Another special between Bee Burton, Billings, and Black Powder Johnson, Minneapolis, resulted in a K.O. for Burton. Johnson folded up like an accordion. In a four-rounder, Eddy Homers, Billings, K.O.'ed Evan Davis, Roundup. Eddy Strecker, Billings, took a decision from Harry Hunter, Roundup.

Bismark—Dick Demeray, Bismark, N. D., took an eight-round decision from Joe Jaranillo, Denver. Rusty Gramling, Bismark, N. D., stopped Eddy Munyer, Rugby.

Powell—Lou Cozzins, Byron, took the decision in the main event from Al Webster, Billings Iron Man, in ten. Young Dempsey, Billings, dropped the verdict in a six-round semi-final to Billy Hardey, Powell. It was a real fight all the way. This was Dempsey's first fight in several years.

Belle Foursch, S. D.—Joe Duran, Scotts Bluff, Neb., won over Harold Jepson, Fargo, N. D., in an eight-round main event. Jimmy Kirwan, Miles City, defeated Everett Roe, Altmont, S. D., in six. Ted Garsha, Belle Foursch, K.O.'ed Howard Smith, Ismay, Mont., in six. Howard McCrory, Deadwood, S. D., K.O.'ed Jim Patterson, Caliente, Mont., in three.

Worland—Santos Ramerez of Cody, Wyo., K.O.'ed Tom Chavis, Lander, Wyo., in the fourth round of a ten-rounder. Chevis was substituted for K. O. Larson, Casper. The best fight on the card was between Adam Schneider, Worland, and Mike Ballorby, Graybell, which resulted in a victory for Schneider. Curtis Ingals, Worland, K.O.'ed Noting Lou, Sheridan, Wyo., in two. Johnny Haradyk of Thermopolis K.O.'ed Joe Blake, Cheyenne, in four.

Butte—Tony Chavez, Los Angeles, stopped Everett Rightmire, Sioux City, in the seventh round. Charley Roper, Butte, decisioned Spider McCallum, Missoula, in six. Ralph Hocking, Butte, K.O.'ed George Neva, Milltown, in one. Rube Stewart, Butte, took a four-round decision from Walter Franklin, Opportunity. Bert Somners, Missoula, decisioned Nick Malkovich, Butte, in four.

Belgrade—Hubert Dennis, Bozeman, won on a T.K.O. from Johnie Johnson, Las Vegas, N. M., in the ninth. Joe Roma, stablemate of Johnson, also of Las Vegas, took a close decision from Bruce Fisher, Bozeman, in the semi-final.

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

THIS month's high light is the close call Ceferino Garcia received over Gordon Wallace. After twelve rounds, the judges disagreed and the referee voted for Garcia. Although my score card showed Garcia with an edge on punching ability it was the closest fight seen here yet.

Wallace injured his right hand in the fourth and his eye bled profusely from the sixth on. Boxing Commissioner Henderson, after the fight ended, congratulated Garcia on his sportsmanship in not taking advantage of Gordon when he was in trouble.

An important incident this month was the defeat of the highly rated Young Stuhley by Freddie Steele. Steele won easily and would have won by a knockout had Stuhley cared to mix it with the Tacoma boy.

Although he isn't the showman that Jack Dempsey was, James J. Braddock boxed three rounds in each city. He showed real boxing ability and received very enthusiastic receptions from the large crowds.

Cecil Payne decisioned Al Hamilton and beat him a second time to prove the first was not an accident. Alan Foston wiped out his only defeat when he beat Eddie Spina in ten rounds.

Russ Fillino lost to Eddie Ryan; Joey Palmo defeated Phil Trudeau; Al Spina, class of the Northwest bantams, knocked out Perry Lee and Joey Schwartz; Eddie Ivory won a deserving decision from Jimmy Best.

Al Hostack beat Eddie Ivory, Willie Walker and Bill Lancaster. Local sports writers and yours truly already pick this promising middleweight to succeed Freddie Steele. Young Corpuz, a smaller edition of Ceferino Garcia, used the bolo punch to knock out Harry Marshal in one round.

Ceferino Garcia won easily over Otto Blackwell in ten rounds.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Cripple Creek, Colo.—Before a crowd of madly cheering hard-rock miners, George Manley, Denver light-heavy, pounded out a victory over "Cyclone" Lynch, Walsenburg Negro, over the ten-round route. Manley had entirely too much experience for the hard-hitting Lynch, who lost almost every round.

At San Luis, Colo.—Mike Montoya, La Veta middleweight, made short work of the veteran Bob Fitzsimmons, Denver light-heavy. After being down at the bell in the third round, the Denverite's seconds tossed in the towel. In the semi-windup, Sully Roybal, Del Norte, and Joe Espinosa of Costilla fought eight rounds to a draw.

At Las Vegas, N. M.—Mike Montoya rung up another victory, this time at the expense of Jim Perry, Fort Sumner. The battle was a very close affair, with most of the crowd thinking Perry was entitled to the edge. The judges disagreed, as usual, and Referee Davy cast the deciding vote.

The semi-final was barely under way when Ernie Cordova, Wagon Mound bantam, forgot to duck a thundering punch launched by Joe Perry and was counted out. Joe is a brother of Jim's, so the Perrys wound up fifty-fifty for the evening.

At Juarez, Mexico, D. F.—Johnny Johnson, Las Vegas lightweight, easily outpointed Babe Colima, Juarez kayo artist, over the ten-round route. Kid Gallina scored a technical kayo over Simon Barragan in the second round of the scheduled eight-round semi-windup.

At Santa Rosa, N. M.—Jim Perry won over John Velasquez, Las Vegas middleweight, in the seventh round of the eight-round main event. Perry, though the winner, found a hard nut to crack in the rugged Velasquez.

At Springer, N. M.—In the first boxing show held in this historic old city in many years, Johnny Johnson, Las Vegas lightweight, won an easy ten-round decision over Lee Baca of Denver. The Denverite was down for "nine" counts in both the fifth and eighth sessions.

Boxing is definitely on the up-grade in the Sunshine State, thanks to the efforts of Joe M. Roybal, Las Vegas promoter. Roybal would especially like to get in touch with any middleweights and lightweights who would care to mingle with boys like Montoya and Johnson.

At Fort Morgan, Colo.—Chuck Reed, Fort Morgan welterweight, scored a technical knockout over Billy Neiheisel, Boulder battler, in the ninth round of a scheduled ten-round go. Neiheisel's seconds tossed in the towel at the start of the ninth when he was unable to answer the bell.

The Colorado Boxing Commission is busy trying to locate state champions in the flyweight, bantamweight, lightweight, welterweight and middleweight divisions. It recently decreed these divisions vacant so far as champs are concerned.

The only title-holders in the eyes of the commission are: Ernie Lara, Pueblo, featherweight; Emilio Martinez, Denver, light-heavy and heavyweight.

At Albuquerque, N. M.—Speedy Ryan outscored Porfirio Vera of El Paso, Texas, in a twelve-round bout. Both men weighed in at 155 pounds.

At Pueblo, Colo.—Ernie Lara, Pueblo featherweight, knocked out Sol Levinson of Denver in the ninth round of a scheduled ten-round bout. At the time Lara shot over the finisher, he was trailing the Denverite on points.

In the semi-windup, Johnny Johnson, Las Vegas, N. M., lightweight, scored a technical kayo over Ritchie Pro of Greeley in the sixth round.

Emilio Martinez, Denver Mexican, who looked like a world beater a year ago, seems to be losing interest in the game. When he is approached with an offer to mingle with any of the "better" light-heavies, he promptly looks the other way.

Hank Bath surely is getting plenty of publicity out on the Pacific Coast. His battles with Norwood, Hill and Butch Rogers have been cause for plenty of controversy. They say publicity hurts no fighter, but when it's all bad, I'm not so sure.

The writer has a list of all the active Colorado boxing promoters that you can have for a ten-cent piece. Will also answer any queries concerning the fight game out here, but don't forget to enclose return postage if you expect an answer. Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

WORLD'S featherweight champion, Freddie Miller, made a belated return to his nee-championship haunts several weeks ago and copped a ten-round unpopular verdict at the expense of Claude Varner, the Roaming Rambler from Texas, in one of the Parkway Club's feature tilts at the Music Hall sports arena in Cincinnati.

Promoters Herman and Maxwell Katz immediately offered Freddie a return go but the champion was booked solid for the following week. Varner wanted a fifteen-rounder in a return, but the champ couldn't see that, but the Katzs finally secured Freddie's signature to a ten.

Springfield shared the spotlight with the Miller-Varner first go with the ten-round draw between former champion Tommy Paul of Buffalo and Al George of Columbus, Ohio's lightweight champion. George won the even decision by a "Garrison finish." Perhaps the fast wind-up for the state titleholder can be explained as such a sort of a finish as Bill Garrison is pilot of the Buckeye 135-pound champ.

Bob Bonner's entourage of Cinci scrappers made a quick roundabout trip to northwestern climes and returned with Al Hamilton, his ace lightweight, dropping two verdicts, both to Cecil Payne of Louisville, one by an unpopular decision and the other by a technical knockout. Hamilton, according to Manager Bonner, received a heavy whiff of the northwestern salt air and as a result was as weak as a cat when he entered the ring for the second Payne shindy.

Joey Palmo, Curley Denton and Emory Helms, with Bonner and Hamilton on the western invasion, fared well. Palmo beat Russ McMillan in one of his starts and on the same card, Helms won on a foul from Joe Calder, and Denton drew with Young Corpuz.

The International Boxers' Mutual Benefit Association will open its headquarters in Cincinnati in the very near future. This new association is just what the game needs throughout the world. Complete information can be secured through the writer.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—J. Warner Davis' light-heavyweight, Daniel Boone, chalked up number one win when he defeated Jerry Whiteford of Cincinnati . . . . Davis has his Kentucky caveman, whom he is booking as the "Luther McCarty of 1936," billed for engagements at the Music Hall and also one at the Bavarian Arena in Covington . . . . another swell looking prospect Warner (Pop) has is Johnny Wass, a fast stepping Lebanon, O., lightie . . . . Shorty Hardave of Akron is touting his colored lightweight, Jesse Jack, who he would like to see battle Tiger Walker for the state Negro title . . . . Hardave also has Jess Caldwell, his Negro heavyweight, going great guns at this scribbling . . . . Bud Creesy of Andover, Ohio, is now handling the business of Patsy Severo, who holds wins over Tommy Paul and Jimmy Vaughn, which enough said for Patsy's fistic ability.

Benny Ray is looking after Danny Millilo, Italian welter from Cinci, on the latter's Chicago invasion . . . . Danny isn't going so sizzling on his win and lose record up in the Windy City, but the kid's getting that much needed experience with the fast steppers . . . . Bill Powers, Millilo's manager, just was recuperating at his home in Cincinnati following an operation at the Good Samaritan Hospital . . . . good luck, old-timer, hope when you read this, you'll be feeling "fit as a fiddle" . . . . Mac McDonald, New York fight pilot, has a good looking white hope heavyweight in Lou Kieswetter, dubbed the heavyweight champion of Canada . . . . Louis' photo is captioned "The Prairie Teuton," and he hails from Saskatchewan, the buckle of the world's wheat belt.

Johnny Hansion of Akron was after a Freddie Miller-Tommy Paul go, but it fell through as Miller was booked solid for almost five to six weeks in a row . . . . better luck next time, Johnny . . . . Mickey Kilcher has a comer in Bobby Kietz, 118-pound Newport puncher . . . . there hasn't been much doing for Nate Bartell, Jewish heavyweight, since he was salted away by Art Sykes some time ago . . . . Nate dropped some unknown up in Dayton, but he has yet to make his comeback before the local dyed-in-wools . . . . Herman Katz's contention is that a heavyweight fighter today must do his fighting in the ring, not in training quarters . . . . Herman says, "Give me a good heavyweight put in the gym, then turn him loose. If he has it, he goes; if not, he don't" . . . . Herman points to the Joe Louis case . . . . and with a Merry Cheer to all RING readers for a Happy and Prosperous Christmas, I am, yours truly.

The writer has compiled a National Boxing Promoters' Directory, which includes the names of over 350 of the leading promoters in the country. Fifty cents in cash will get you this handy andy for all livewire promoters, managers and free agent boxers. Ohio's Promoter List is also ready at one thin dime and a stamped envelope. Address the writer at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. Information in regard to boxing in this locality can be secured at the same residence.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
BY MICKEY McINTIRE

RAY IMPELLITIERE, better known as "The Imp," was the winner in the outstanding boxing show in Michigan during the month. The Imp had as his opponent Ford Smith, the Kalispell cowhand. Smith forced the fighting all the way and landed all the telling blows, but The Imp kept his left in Smith's face most of the time, and when Smith got into close quarters, The Imp tied him up.

In the semi-final, Lorenzo Pack, colored heavy, made short work of Dick Madden of Boston, stopping him in round one.

Clinton Bridges and Dave Clark, stablemates of Pack, boxed on the same card. Bridges had an easy time with Irish Mickey Dugan of Cleveland, the latter going out in the third round, but Clark had to call upon all of his speed and skill to defeat Frank Kapanowski, another Detroit middleweight.

Sammy Chivas and Jackie Sherman, a pair of promising welterweights, hooked up in the six-round opener. Sherman dropped Chivas twice for counts in the first round, but Sammy came back to take the decision handily.

Wesley Ramey and Bobby Pacho met in a return match over in Grand Rapids, and this time the Chicago Mexican held Ramey to a draw. Red Casson, Detroit featherweight, walloped Gib Black, and Joey Stalnes of Detroit easily defeated Bud Getz of Kalamazoo.

Burnette Burton, Negro welterweight from Detroit, is the leading ace at Bob Brace's weekly Dearborn shows. Burton is a good welterweight. He lost a close decision to Johnny Gallo, but whipped George Buckles in his last start. Burton and Gallo are boxing a return match at this writing.

Pete Gardner, who has been running boxing shows in Bay City and wrestling in Owosso, expects to start at Madison Garden, formerly known as Danceland, soon. Pete expects to run good shows, using nationally known boys. Eastern managers can get in touch with Pete by addressing him in care of Chateau Frontenac, Detroit.

Matty Bagnato, good welterweight, making his headquarters in Detroit, defeated Lee Belden at Kalamazoo. Red Casson looked good in whipping Dorsey Sage, former Golden Glove champion, on the same card.

Max O'Conner, dark destroyer of Michigan middleweights, knocked out Jack Dolcherone at Hazel Park in the second round. Haywood Storey, another good colored middleweight, beat Young Tiger Flowers, and Joe Nadeau scored over Georgie Place of Toledo.

Bud Creed, light-heavyweight of Pawhuska, Oklahoma, whipped the veteran, Fritz Heinz, at Bay City. Creed gave Heinz a bad beating. Mickey Misko kayoed Billy Porter in two rounds of the semi-final.

Ansell Bell, who made a trip to New Orleans to visit his daughter, is back in town, and mail will reach him at 5740 28th Street. He is no longer connected with the West Side A. C.

Frankie Misko, Michigan middleweight champion, successfully defended his title when he got a draw with Bill Bommer at Walter Sharp's last show at the Deutsches Haus. Joey Miehielove beat Stanley Porado on the same card.

Frankie Misko defended his title against Morrie Sherman for Pete Gardner at Bay City. The fight was a tough one all the way. Mickey Misko kayoed Kid Wolf and Joe Misko stopped Forest Henry. Jimmy Adamick, favorite of Bay City fans, knocked out Al White of Detroit and the St. Louis Kid beat Young Alabama, a pleasant fellow from the South. Alabama put up a good fight and made a hit with the Bay City people.

Morrie Sherman boxed a draw with Johnny Phagen in a main go at Chicago. Tony Lamerato, coming Detroit light-heavyweight, outscored Johnny Ryger of St. Paul in the semi-final.

Frankie Wolfram, Michigan's leading featherweight, has been out with a bad hand. The hand is better now, and Frankie is ready to go again.

Chuck Woods defeated the veteran, Tony Herrera, in ten rounds at Saginaw. Chuck can beat plenty of the good welterweights. Edwin Waling beat Oliver Johnson in the semi-final.

Red Casson, the smart little featherweight who just come back from New York, has been going good.

Roger Bernard, veteran Flint war horse, is still going strong. He lost a close one to Freddie Miller at Montreal, and then went down to Chicago, where he ran into the educated left hand of Davey Day, who beat him.

Edwin Waling is back in harness and is ready for the best of the 130-pound boys. Waling has been boxing professionally a year and has yet to meet defeat.

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OPPOSITE

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS

By G. A. M. TUTTY

DETROIT'S dusky dynamiter, Joe Louis, has come and gone, but he showed only to a slim 4,200 crowd and so the show financially was a flop as it also was in Montreal and Ottawa. The promoter was out all around. Louis was not to blame. His tour was the best exhibition seen in Toronto for years, but they don't like exhibitions here.

Frankie Genovese and Ralph Vona, New York, put on the best fight on the balance of the card, with Genovese being declared winner after a good scrap. Roger Bernard of Flint, Mich., was no set-up for Freddie Miller, world's featherweight champion, and gave him plenty to worry about in the latter stages of the eight-round semi-windup, but Miller is the best boy to show here in many a day. Ray Cook was K.O.'ed in the second round by Tony Gandhill, Buffalo's colored boy. Chuck Murphy won, as did "Lefty" Gwynne, Canada's next bantam champion, if Frankie Martin will risk his crown. Gwynne is a hustling, rugged boy, and deserves better breaks in Toronto than he has received to date. Armstrong, Genovese and Gwynne could have been built up in the Queen City if the right type of promoter would take the reins and develop the game.

The writer has no "dirty washing" to air, but he's hoping that the right man will soon take over the promotional reins and again build up the good old game here. Our interest in the game is not personal, but a love for the game itself, when played on the level, for the good of the sport as a whole. It has been ruined by parties keener upon making than giving. Make and play the game right, and financially it will then be a success.

Amateur boxing is showing a small revival here, with Danny Johnston, Fred Nobert and Ben Stockley doing the promotion for their clubs in Toronto. Anyone can write them personally if they wish to show their boys here. The writer has had a number of enquiries asking about amateur boxing, but forgot the return stamped addressed envelope, hence no answer. My readers will kindly note this, please.

Your scribe wishes at this time to say "A Happy New Year, everybody, and may 1936 be your best year, in boxing and in health and business."

Tommy Bland, erstwhile Canadian lightweight champion, is fighting frequently in England and winning. He beat "Panther" Purchase last month in the tight little isle. Purchase is the South African champion, 147 pounds, now in England.

"Spider" Armstrong also beat Bert Kirby easily, the former British champion, last month in England. Armstrong, as predicted by us in last two issues, is one of the best boys at his weight in the British Empire and should go far if he gets the breaks and keeps his nose to the grindstone.

Lou Dettner of Montreal, the promoter of the Canadian "Joe Louis tours," in exhibition bouts, says, "He may be a pal of Promoter Jacobs and took Mike's tip to be promoter of the shows in Canada, but he lacks both the luck and experience to make dough at the boxing game."

By the time this column appears on the stands yours truly will be spending New Year's Day, etc., in New York on a well-earned vacation, hoping to see a number of gyms, etc., while there; also the editor, Nat Fleischer, amongst others in the boxing game, will be interviewed during the stay in Gotham.

The leaders of their divisions in Ontario are as follows:

FLYWEIGHT—"Spider" Jack Armstrong, now in England fighting regularly.

BANTAMWEIGHT—Horace "Lefty" Gwynne, now in Michigan, U. S. A. Next Canadian champ.

FEATHERWEIGHT—Ray Cook, Canadian champion at this weight. Needs work.

LIGHTWEIGHT—George Platt. Improving in every fight.

WELTERWEIGHT—Frank Genovese, followed by Eddie Carroll and Tommy Bland. All on a par with each other, with Carroll kept busy and Bland winning regularly in England.

MIDDLEWEIGHT—Len Wadsworth, the Hamiltonian.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—No one in pro ranks of account at this weight.

HEAVYWEIGHT—Lou Keiswetter, now going well in New York. Next champ of Canada.

Of these boys, Armstrong, Gwynne, Genovese, Carroll and Keiswetter show the stuff that should put them high up in their respective fields this coming year, and we sincerely hope they will get the opportunity to advance. Armstrong, in Kaplansky's hands in England, has a great chance, as "Lefty" Gwynne has in Detroit with Jack Brady. But Lou Keiswetter, who is in Gotham, the best spot in the world for heavyweights, is tops with Chas. G. MacDonald as his mentor and should easily attain the Canadian title and hold it for some time to come, as MacDonald keeps him busy and treats him right. A swell combination of a fighter and his manager.

CANADIAN TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

JOE LOUIS' invasion of Canadian rings during early November in four-round exhibitions headlining cards staged by the Club Lido of Montreal in Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Quebec, respectively, did not attract the expected interest. The gigantic enterprise was deserving of better patronage than it attracted and the ten thousand dollar loss suffered by Lou Dettner and Harry Feldman, the sponsors, was a pretty stiff set-back to take—even if they did take it without an apparent whimper. The venture further confirmed the fact that exhibition bouts fail to interest the fans, no matter who the performer may be.

Plenty of hard fought action was provided in the supporting cards, a good program being carded in Montreal, though lack of a main bout of appeal was the main factor in keeping the attendance below the five thousand mark, with the net being around thirty-four hundred dollars. Four eights and a six-rounder comprised the Montreal card. Henri Pilotte, local French-Canadian 140-pounder, gained a close award over Harry Carlton, Jersey, and avenged his previous decisive defeat at the latter's hands. The verdict in Pilotte's favor, however, was none too popular. Harry Gerson, local bantam star, surprised by stopping Dick LiBrandi, New York, in four heats. The Gerson-LiBrandi battle was promising, with both hitting the floor, but LiBrandi finally sustained a badly gashed eye that stopped him.

Maxie Berger, rising local 130 pounder, asserted his superiority over his rugged local rival, Roland Lauziere, clearly outpointing his opponent in a spicy eight rounder. Lauziere had previously earned a draw with Berger but the Jewish lad left no doubt this time with his masterful display. In the other eight rounder, Joe Marciente, rugged local veteran, surprised with his peppery display to decisively outscore Roland Santos, Lou Brix's Puerto Rican featherweight. The six round opener was about the best fight of the night with Myer Alper, classy local 130-pounder, sharpshooting out a close win over Doug Marsh, former amateur champion.

Joe Marsh, Montreal 140 pounder, sprang somewhat of a surprise when he copped a disputed "duke" from Sonny Jones, coloured Vancouver welter flash, in the ten round feature at Ottawa. Marsh fought defensively most of the time but opened up in short spurts to catch the eyes of two of the judges though his blows did little damage while Jones, the aggressor throughout, had Marsh shaky at times, especially in the ninth heat.

Montreal fighters just about comprised the prelims. Katsumi Mariaki, Vancouver's flashy Jap flyweight, outpointed Johnny Conlin, clever Montrealer, in an eight rounder; Henri Auger, young Montreal welter, stopped George Sidders, former Canadian champ, in three heats; Bert White, Montreal flyweight, won on a foul in the fourth over his rival of the amateur ranks, Desse Greene, and Phil Latouf, Montreal, outslugged Ray Lirzin, veteran feather, in four stanzas.

Freddie Miller, world's featherweight king, scored a close victory over Roger Bernard in the main "tenner" at Toronto, where the gate amounted to $5200. A couple of surprises were sprung in the prelims, with Lefty Gwynne, Toronto bantam, outscoring Harry Gerson, Montreal, in an eight rounder and Tony Gamble, Syracuse featherweight, knocking out Ray Cook, Toronto's claimant of the Canadian featherweight title, in two heats. Frankie Genovese, Toronto welter, beat Johnny Vona, New York, in a six rounder and Chuck Murphy, Toronto flyweight, stopped Jackie Bowman, Erie, Pa., in two heats.

The tour then wound up at Quebec where Greggie Gregersen, Montreal, retained his Canadian flyweight crown by staging a rally in the last half of a 12 rounder with Raoul "Kid" Lacasse to gain a draw. Katsumi Mariaki, Jimmy Jones' classy Jap stylist, scored a clean cut win over Aurelien (Young) Lamothe, Quebec, in the eight round semi-final. The scheduled eight rounder between battling Henaire, Drummondville, and Art Gagne, Montreal, was declared "no contest" in the fourth and Roland Lauziere, rugged Montreal 130-pounder, stopped Buddy Lewis, Quebec, in two rounds.

STRAY SHOTS—Authoritative sources have it that the Club Lido interests have decided to discontinue boxing promotions . . . . too bad . . . . Armand Vincent still keen to get backing to stage fights . . . . hopes to show Jock McAvoy here and also Joe Louis again in a ballpark battle next summer . . . . Myer Alper, classy 130 pounder, coming along well . . . . after scoring over Joe Marciente in Ottawa and Doug Marsh in Montreal he paid a visit to Burlington, Vermont, and whipped Al Bolduc . . . . pleasing performer with wicked wallop in right maulie . . . . Joe Marciente getting back to surprisingly good form . . . . plenty youngsters turning pro . . . . new faces never hurt . . . . Frankie "Fireball" Battaglia, Winnipeg walloper, earned non-title battle with Babe Risko by stopping Paul Pirrone in five heats.

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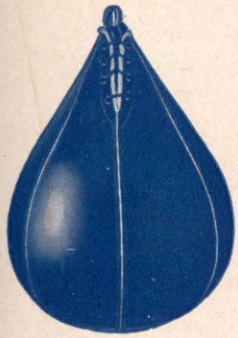

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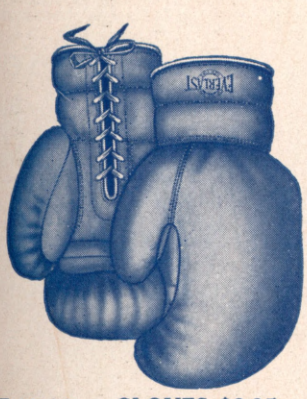

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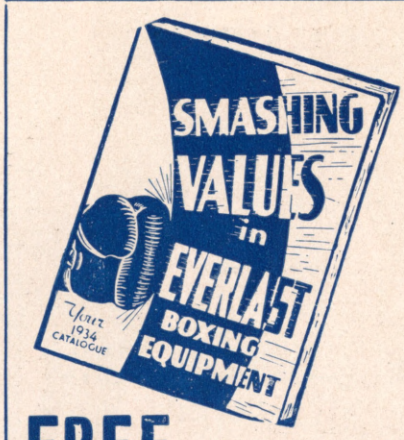

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I'LL give you PROOF in 7 DAYS that I can turn you, too, into a man of might and muscle. Just think of it! Right in the first week under my guidance you will see and feel the improvement! Then as my weekly instructions arrive in your home you continue to re-build, renew and "overhaul" your body. By the end of three months you are the owner of a powerful body that you will be proud to display anywhere, anytime!

People will notice the ruddy glow of health in your face, the sparkle in your clear eyes, your broad shoulders, and they will seek your company. You will be the fellow who will walk off with the prettiest girl and the best job while the others wonder how you did it!

Write your name and address carefully on the coupon below. I'll send you, absolutely free, a copy of my new book, "*Everlasting Health and Strength.*" It reveals the secrets that changed me from a 97-pound flat-chested weakling into a husky fellow who won the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" against all comers! And it shows how I can build you into an "Atlas Champion" the same way.

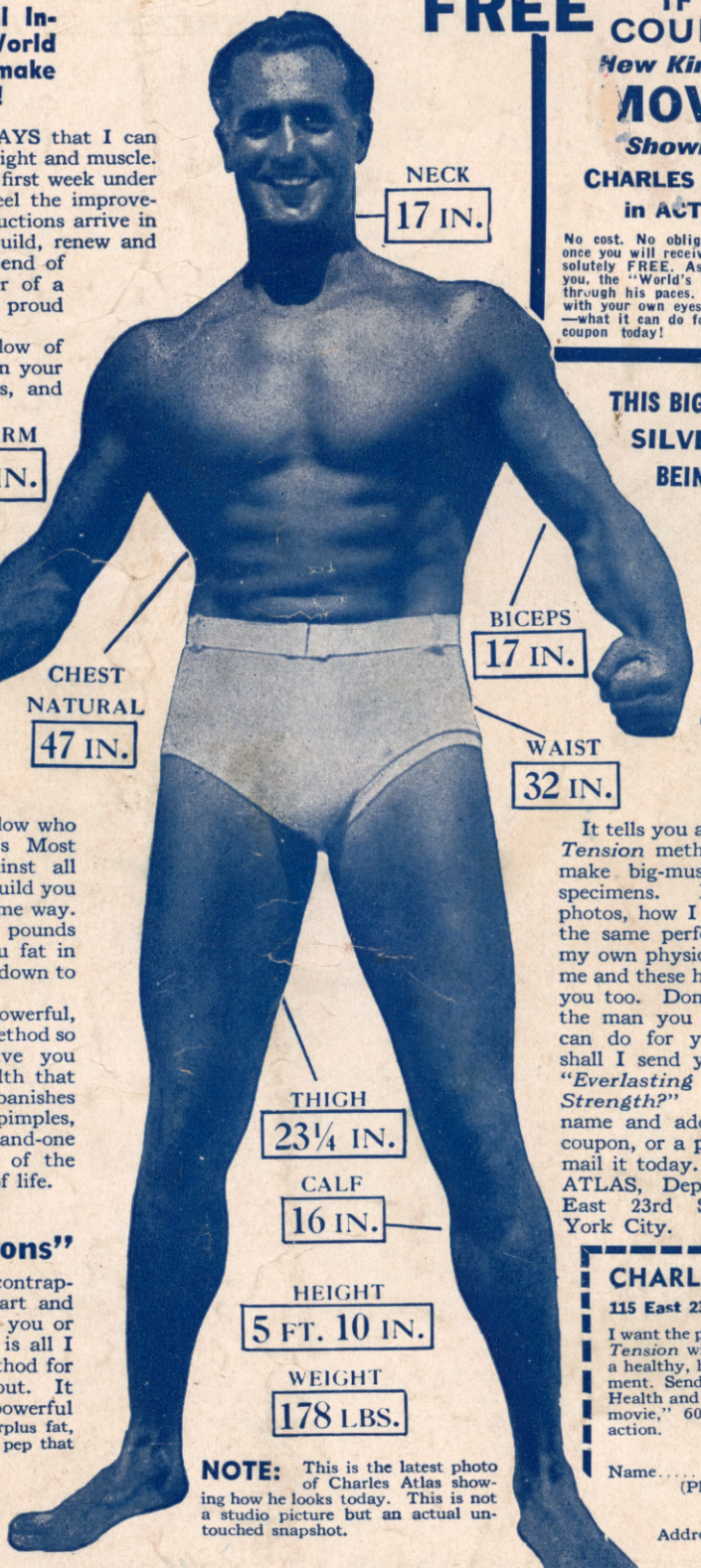
Are you underweight? I'll add pounds where they are needed! Are you fat in spots? I'll show you how to pare down to fighting trim.

And with the big muscles and powerful, evenly-developed body that my method so quickly gives you, I'll also give you through-and-through health—health that digs down into your system and banishes such things as constipation, pimples, skin blotches and the hundred-and-one similar conditions that rob you of the good times and the good things of life.

I've Got No Use At all for "Contraptions"

I haven't any need for contraptions that may strain your heart and other vital organs. I don't dose you or doctor you. *Dynamic-Tension* is all I need. It's the natural, tested method for developing real men inside and out. It distributes added pounds of powerful muscles over your body, gets rid of surplus fat, and gives you the vitality, strength and pep that win you the admiration of every woman and the respect of any man.

Get my free book, "*Everlasting Health and Strength*"! Mail my coupon today. Gamble a stamp to prove I can make YOU a new man!



NOTE: This is the latest photo of Charles Atlas showing how he looks today. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.

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Stands about 14 in. high, on black mahogany base. I will award it to my pupil who makes the most improvement in his physical development within next three months. Therefore, no matter what your measurements are now, you have equal chance to win this cup to keep—with your name engraved on it!

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